

199.



BIBLIOTECA DELLA R. CASA
IN NAPOLI

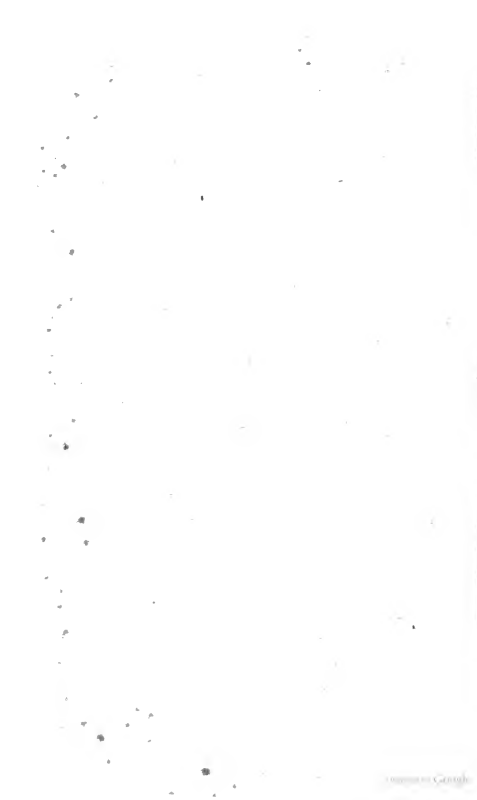
N.º d'inventario,

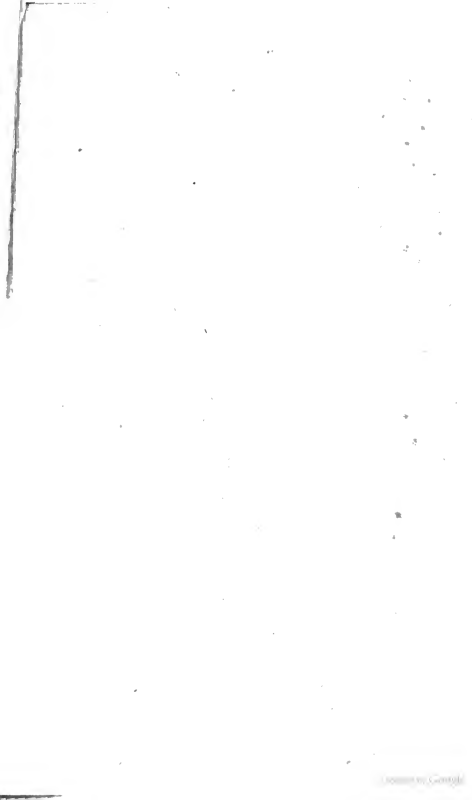
Sala Grande

Scansia N.º 9 Palchetto 1

N.º d'ord. 28

Palat XX 24





THE
ILIAD
OF
H O M E R.

TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

11.3.

C. and R. Baldwin, Printers,
New Bridge-street, London.

580746

THE
ILIAD
OF
HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

————— SANCTOS AUSUS RECLUDERE FONTES.

VIRG:

—————
A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

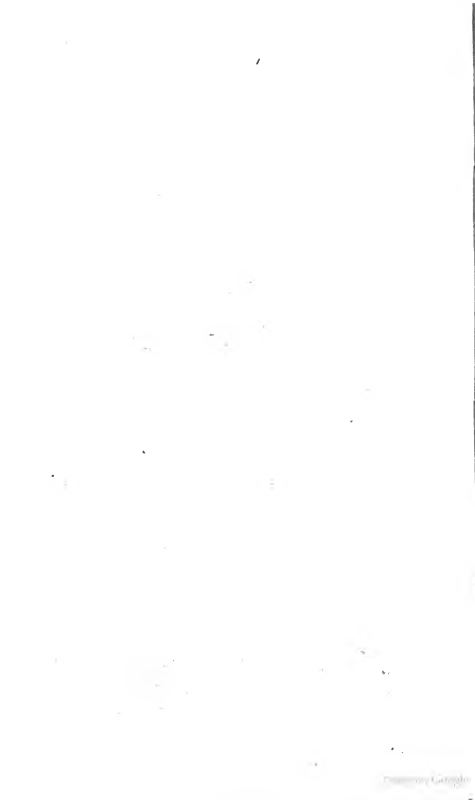
—————
VOLUME V.
—————

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON, W. OTTRIDGE AND SON, J. NICHOLS
AND SON, R. BALDWIN, G. AND W. NICOL, P. C. AND J. RIVINGTON, LEIGH AND S.
SOTHEY, J. SOTHEY, T. PAYNE, J. WALKER, J. CLARKE AND SON, R. FAULDER,
P. MACQUEEN, J. NUNN, LACKINGTON, ALLEN AND CO. SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN,
VERNOR, HOOD AND SHARPE, J. WHITE, CADELL AND DAVIES, G. KEARSLEY, J. AND T.
CARPENTER, POTZ AND WILLIAMS, LONGMAN, HURST, REES AND ORME, J. MAWMAN,
AND J. BOOKER.

—————
1806.





THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.



THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter, with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book is entirely different from all the foregoing : though it be a battle, it is entirely of a new and surprising kind, diversified with a vast variety of imagery and description. The scene is totally changed: he paints the combat of his hero with the rivers, and describes a battle amidst an inundation. It is observable, that though the whole war of the *Iliad* was upon the banks of these rivers, Homer has artfully left out the machinery of the River-Gods in all the other battles, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhausted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this description of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contrast in that of the drought : the part of Achilles is admirably sustained, and the new strokes which Homer gives to his picture are such as are derived from the very source of his character, and finish the entire draught of this hero.

How far all that appears wonderful or extravagant in this episode, may be reconciled to probability, truth and natural reason, will be considered in a distinct note on that head : the reader may find it on ver. 447. P.

THE
 TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
 OF THE
 I L I A D.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they
 drove,
 Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
 The river here divides the flying train.
 Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,

Ver. 1.] I have elsewhere proved, at a similar passage, that our poet should have rendered, as follows, to express the language of his author :

And now to Xanthus' *rapid* stream they drove,
 To *gulfy* Xanthus, progeny of Jove.

Ver. 2. *Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.*] The river is here said to be the son of Jupiter, on account of its being supplied with waters that fall from Jupiter, that is, from heaven. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 3.] His original runs thus:

Then parting, there, some through the plain he drives
 To Troy, what way the Greeks in wild rout fled,
 That day, when Hector put forth all his rage,
 There in dismay they pour'd.

Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
 The clust'ring legions rush into the flood:
 So plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside, 20
 (Which spreading tam'risks on the margin hide)
 Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
 Arm'd with his sword, high-brandish'd o'er the
 waves:

the locusts to avoid the intense heat were forced to cast themselves into the water. From this observation the poet draws his allusion, which is very much to the honour of Achilles, since it represents the Trojans with respect to him as no more than so many insects.

The same commentator takes notice, that because the island of Cyprus in particular was used to practise this method with the locusts, some authors have conjectured that Homer was of that country. But if this were a sufficient reason for such a supposition, he might be said to be born in almost all the countries of the world, since he draws his observations from the customs of them all.

We may hence account for the innumerable armies of these locusts, mentioned among the plagues of Ægypt, without having recourse to an immediate creation, as some good men have imagined, whereas the miracle indeed consists in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the Ægyptians. I have often observed with pleasure the similitude which many of Homer's expressions bear with the holy scriptures, and that the most ancient heathen writer in the world, often speaks in the idiom of Moses: thus as the locusts in Exodus are said to be driven into the sea, so in Homer they are forced into a river. P.

Thus Ogilby:

As locusts scorcht from burning camps retire,
 Pursu'd by eager flames and hungry fire.

Ver. 16.] The rhymes are incorrect. Thus?

To 'scape destruction from the driving gleam,
 The trembling legions rush into the stream.

Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound:
 Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd, 26
 And the warm purple circled on the tide,
 Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
 So the huge Dolphin tempesting the main, 30
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train,
 Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
 Now tir'd with slaughter, from the Trojan band
 Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land; 35

Ver. 24.] His original would dictate this alteration:

There, bent on slaughter, whirs the faulchion round.

Ver. 30. *So the huge Dolphin, &c.*] It is observable with what justness the author diversifies his comparisons according to the different scenes and elements he is engaged in. Achilles has been hitherto on the land, and compared to land-animals, a lion, &c. Now he is in the water, the poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a dolphin. Eustathius. P.

This fine expression was taken from Milton, *Par. Lost*, vii. 412:

————— part huge of bulk
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate,
Tempest the ocean.

And our translator indulges his fancy in this comparison, which may be simply represented thus!

As from th' enormous Dolphin fly the tribes
 Of fish, and trembling seek the cavern'd depths
 Of a smooth harbour: sure to die if caught—.

Ver. 34. *Now tir'd with slaughter.*] This is admirably well suited to the character of Achilles, his rage bears him headlong on the enemy, he kills all that oppose him, and stops not, till nature

With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their
chains.)

itself could not keep pace with his anger; he had determined to reserve twelve noble youths to sacrifice them to the Manes of Patroclus, but his resentment gives him no time to think of them, till the hurry of his passion abates, and he is tired with slaughter: without this circumstance, I think an objection might naturally be raised, that in the time of a pursuit Achilles gave the enemy too much leisure to escape, while he busied himself with tying these prisoners: though it is not absolutely necessary to suppose he tied them with his own hands. P.

Ver. 35. *Twelve chosen youths.*] This piece of cruelty in Achilles has appeared shocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excused by considering the ferocious and vindictive spirit of this hero. It is however certain that the cruelties exercised on enemies in war were authorised by the military laws of those times; nay, religion itself became a sanction to them. It is not only the fierce Achilles, but the pious and religious Æneas, whose very character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to sacrifice them to the Manes of his favourite hero. Æn. x. ver. 517:

“ ————— Sulmone creatos
“ Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens,
“ Viventes rapit; inferias quos immolet umbris,
“ Captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammās.”

And Æn. xi. ver. 81:

“ Vinxerat & post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
“ Inferias, cæso sparsuros sanguine flammam.”

And (what is very particular) the Latin poet expresses no disapprobation of this action, which the Grecian does in plain terms, speaking of this in Iliad xxiii, ver. 176:

————— Κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μὲνδ' ὅλο ἔψα. P.

As the circumstances of the action sufficiently shew, that these youths were *alive*, the omission of that idea would have been preferable to the suppression of another, which may be introduced thus:

Twelve chosen youths he drags, *like fawns*, to land.

These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.

Then, as once more he plung'd amid the
flood, 40

The young Lycaon in his passage stood;
The son of Priam, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel)

Ver. 41. *The young Lycaon, &c.*] Homer has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving such incidents as set the characteristic qualities of his heroes in the highest point of light. There is hardly any in the whole Iliad more proper to move pity than this circumstance of Lycaon; or to raise terror, than this view of Achilles. It is also the finest picture of them both imaginable. We see the different attitude of their persons, and the different passions which appeared in their countenances: At first Achilles stands erect, with surprize in his looks at the sight of one whom he thought it impossible to find there; while Lycaon is in the posture of a suppliant, with looks that plead for compassion; with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: afterwards, when at his death he lets go the spear, and places himself on his knees with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how strongly is this painted? I believe every one perceives the beauty of this passage, and allows that poetry (at least in Homer) is truly a speaking picture. P.

Ver. 44.] Thus Ogilby:

Whom busie cutting down with well-edg'd steell
Wild fig-tree branches for a chariot wheel—

Ver. 45.] Some thoughts of his original, not included in this version, might be thus introduced here:

The busied yonth, when night had curtain'd round
The globe, an unthought ill! Achilles found.

To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave, 46
 Where Jason's son the price demanded gave;
 But kind Eëtion touching on the shore,
 The ransom'd prince to fair Arisbe bore.
 Ten days were past, since in his father's reign 50
 He felt the sweets of liberty again;
 The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
 Gives the same youth to the same conqu'ring hand;
 Now never to return! and doom'd to go
 A sadder journey to the shades below. 55
 His well-known face when great Achilles eyed,
 (The helm and visor he had cast aside
 With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
 His useless lance and unavailing shield.)
 As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled, 60
 And knock'd his falt'ring knees, the hero said.

Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my
 view!

Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms subdue?
 Sure I shall see yon' heaps of Trojans kill'd,
 Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:

Ver. 59.] These *epithets* tend in some measure to convey a wrong notion of the passage. I should prefer, as more conformable to the purpose of his author, something like the following verse:

His ponderous lance and his oppressive shield.

The youth had thrown off his armour to expedite his escape: and this *naked* appearance principally constitutes the propriety of Achilles' pretended suspicion, that he was a ghost, escaped from the regions of Pluto.

As now the captive, whom so late I bound 66
 And sold to Lemnos stalks on Trojan ground!
 Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
 That bar such numbers from their native plain:
 Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying spear! 70
 Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
 If Earth at length this active prince can seize,
 Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.

Ver. 64.] The rhymes are insufferable. We might easily rectify the couplet by this alteration:

Sure I shall see yon' heaps of Trojans *slain*

Rise from the shades, and brave me on the *plain*.

And then below, to obviate a too quick recurrence of the same sound,

Not barr'd by ocean, who with boundless tides

Such numerous exiles from their homes divides.

Ver. 69.] Thus Chapman:

————— and that (that many a man doth keepe

From his lov'd countrie) *barres* not him.

Ver. 71.] A poor rhyme! Thus, in every respect better; with more elegance, I think, and superiour vigour:

Try, if the grave can *keep* the wanderer *here*.

Ver. 73.] *Grammar* requires *holden*, the proper participle of *hold*. This inaccuracy might be thus avoided:

Earth, whose strong grasp *holds* down *c'en* Hercules:

but the whole is interpolation; since his original says merely,

Whether he thence too will return, or earth

Will hold, all-fostering; who the strongest holds.

For our translator was pleased with Chapman's invention, and adopted it accordingly:

————— or kind earth can any surer *scise*

On his slie person; whose strong armes, have held down

Hercules.

Thus while he spake, the Trojan pale with fears
 Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant
 tears;

75

Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
 And his soul shiv'ring at th' approach of death.
 Achilles rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;
 He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
 And while, above, the spear suspended stood, so
 Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
 One hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the
 dart,

While thus these melting words attempt his
 heart.

Ver. 79.] More correctly thus:

He grasps his knees low-crouching on the ground.

Plung'd in the field the frustrate weapon stood.—

The other English translators are right, except Chapman, who misled our poet on this occasion:

————— His foe
 Observ'd all this; and up he rais'd his lance, *as he would*
throw.

Dacier also misconceives the passage: "*Achille leve sa pique, et la lance de toute sa force pour le percer:*" which destroys the propriety of the author, in making Lycaon afterwards lay his hand on the spear. I shall give a literal translation of the original:

Then his long lance Achilles lifted up,
 Prepar'd to strike: he, stooping, ran beneath,
 And seiz'd his knees: above his back the spear
 Plung'd in the ground, athirst for human blood.

And our translator has taken into this verse Chapman's phrase below, at the beginning of Lycaon's speech!

But thus besought: I *kisse* thy knees, divine Æacides.

Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see,
 Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee. 85
 Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
 Who shar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board ;
 Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,
 Far from his father, friends, and native shore :
 A hundred oxen were his price that day, 90
 Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
 Scarce respite from woes I yet appear, [here;
 And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me

Ver. 84. *The speeches of Lycaon and Achilles.*] It is impossible for any thing to be better imagined than these two speeches : that of Lycaon is moving and compassionate, that of Achilles haughty and dreadful ; the one pleads with the utmost tenderness, the other denies with the utmost sternness : one would think it impossible to amass so many moving arguments in so few words as those of Lycaon : he forgets no circumstance to soften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of Patroclus, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to Hector, and would willingly put himself upon him as a suppliant, and consequently as an inviolable person : but Achilles is immoveable, his resentment makes him deaf to entreaties, and it must be remembered that anger, not mercy is his character.

I must confess I could have wished Achilles had spared him : there are so many circumstances that speak in his favour, that he deserved his life, had he not asked it in terms a little too abject.

There is an air of greatness in the conclusion of the speech of Achilles, which strikes me very much : he speaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for asking life so earnestly, a life that was of so much less importance than his own. P.

Ver. 84.] The first edition has *trembling* : as well.

Ver. 86.] His author dictates,

Some reverence to a suppliant's name afford :

or, as the reverence is claimed on the ground of former hospitality,

Some grace, some reverence to my prayer afford :

Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
 Again, her victim cruel Fate demands! 95
 I sprung from Priam, and Laothœe fair,
 (Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
 Who held in Pedasus his fam'd abode,
 And rul'd the fields where silver Satnio flow'd)
 Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore: 100 }
 For ah! onespear shall drink each brother's gore, }
 And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
 How from that arm of terroure shall I fly?
 Some Dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
 If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind, 105
 Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
 Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
 With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus'
 death.

Ver. 92.] A miserable line in my opinion. Thus? more exactly:
Scarce have my sorrows clos'd their long career:
Scarce the twelfth morning's sun beholds me here.

Ver. 95.] More closely,
Her short liv'd victim Fate again demands.

Ver. 97.] Lelege, if I mistake not, was the name of the country: and not Lelegia.

Ver. 99.] Homer gives no *epithet* to the river: it was furnished by Chapman:

In height of upper Pedasus, neare Satnius silver flood.

Ver. 107.] This appears to me a wretched line. I cannot presume to attempt every passage that appears exceptionable to my judgement; but propose the following couplet on this occasion, as not less fully expressive of Homer's sense, than our poet's more amplified version:

These words, attended with a show'r of tears,
 The youth addrest to unrelenting ears ; 110
 Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)
 Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies :
 In vain a single Trojan sues for grace ;
 But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.

Yet the same womb (ah ! think on this, and spare !)
 Not thy friend's murderer and this suppliant bare :

which indeed are the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 110.] These *tears* our translator found convenient, and above at verse 75, equally unauthorized by his author at both places. *Tears* are no effort of Nature at a crisis like this. The learned reader may compare my note on the *Hercules Furens* of Euripides, v. 448.

But our poet might take a wrong direction from Chapman just below :

Die, die, (my friend) what *tears* are these ? what sad
 lookes spoils thy face ?

Where Ogilby and Mr. Cowper also are erroneous, if erroneous.

Ver. 111.] Thus Ogilby :

Talk not to me of pleas, and ransome, fool !

But our translator makes too short dispatch with his author on this occasion ; who may be plainly represented thus :

Talk not to me of ransoms, simple wretch !

Before Patroclus' fatal day arriv'd,

To spare the Trojans then my soul prefer'd,

And many a living captive sold for gain.

But now not one 'scapes death, by fortune thrown

Into these hands, near Ilium's wall ; not one

Of all the Trojans, least of Priam's sons.

Ver. 113.] Thus Ogilby :

————— None shall escape, not one

That falls into my hands must hope for grace ;

But least of all old Priam's *cursed* race.

Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore? 115
 The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
 He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
 "And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality?"
 See'st thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
 Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born; 120
 The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
 By night or day, by force or by design,
 Impending death and certain fate are mine.

Ver. 118.] The inverted commas, affixed by our poet to this verse, imply it to be borrowed. I have searched for the author in vain; and suppose it taken from some translation of the well-known passage in Lucretius, where that noble author has imitated Homer.

And accordingly I find it, upon the information of Mr Steevens, in Dryden's version of that portion of Lucretius, improperly omitted in some subsequent collections of the great poet's works:

*Ancus, thy better far, was born to die:
 And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?*

* Ver. 121. *The day shall come* ———

When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart.]

This is not spoken at random, but with an air of superiority; when Achilles says he shall fall by an arrow, a dart, or a spear, he insinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a close fight, or engage him hand to hand. Eustathius. P.

I should prefer a version, that attempted to represent more faithfully the remarkable simplicity of his original. Thus?

*E'en me resistless Death will make his prey,
 At early dawn, at twilight, or mid-day.
 Some lance shall pierce me, or some feather'd dart,
 Twang'd from the fatal bow, transfix my heart:*

for the rhymes of our translator's *second* couplet are inadmissible.

Die then—He said: and as the word he spoke 125
 The fainting stripling sunk, before the stroke:
 His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear;
 While all his trembling frame confest his fear.
 Sudden, Achilles his broad sword display'd,
 And buried in his neck the reeking blade. 130
 Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand:
 The victor to the stream the carcase gave,
 And thus insults him, floating on the wave.

Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround 135
 Thy bloated corse, and suck thy gory wound:
 There no sad mother shall thy fun'ral weep,
 But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
 Whose ev'ry wave some wat'ry monster brings,
 To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings. 140

Ver. 127.] More exactly thus:

His hands, stretch'd out for mercy, left the spear.

Ogilby, corrected, is accurate and not contemptible:

The youth, despairing, let the javelin go,

And sits with hands displaid to move the foe.

Ver. 135.] Our poet in this fine translation treads in the steps of Ogilby; below criticism, perhaps, but not imitation:

Lycaon, lye thou there, till fish surround

Thy soaking corps and suck thy bleeding wound:

Nor shall thy mother at thy fun'ral weep,

But thee swift Xanthus hurry to the deep.

Ver. 139.] Our poet has not been careful to ennoble his translation with the significant and delicate phraseology of his original. The reader must acquiesce in an humble substitute from myself:

So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
 Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
 What boots ye now Scamander's worship'd
 stream,
 His earthly honours, and immortal name;
 In vain your immolated bulls are slain, 145
 Your living coursers glut his gulphs in vain:

Soon to the black wave's rippling edge shall spring
 The lurking fish, to gorge Lycaon's fat.

Our poet might get his *monster* from *Ogilby*:

Thy juicie flesh shall scalie *monsters* gorge:

or from *Dacier*: "Où quelque *monstre marin* s' élançant sur la
 " surface des flots.—" *Hobbes* is not amiss:

Where to the curled water leaps a fish,
 Upon Lycaon's dainty fat to feed.

Ver. 140.] The reader is here furnished with another proof of our poet's relish for a lick at *Kings*: which humour of his has been pointed out before, and is finely taken off in that imitation of *Pope* on a " Pipe of Tobacco :"

Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
 And let me taste thee unexcis'd by *kings*:

so that our translator's character of *Thersites* may be deemed by some not unsuitable to himself:

Ulysses or *Achilles* still his theme;
 But *royal scandal* his delight supreme.

Ver. 143.] The rhyme is not to be tolerated. Thus, more faithfully:

What boots you swift Scamander's honour'd wave?
 His ample stream no votary now shall save.

Ver. 146. *Your living coursers glut his gulphs in rain.*] It was an ancient custom to cast living horses into the sea, and into rivers, to honour, as it were, by these victims, the rapidity of their streams. This practice continued a long time, and history supplies us with

Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate ;
 Thus, 'till the Grecian vengeance is compleat :
 Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd shade,
 And the short absence of Achilles paid. 150

These boastful words provoke the raging God ;
 With fury swells the violated flood.
 What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
 To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy ?
 Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare 155
 The great Asteropeus to mortal war ;
 The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
 Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine !
 (Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
 With all his reflux waters circled round) 160

examples of it : Aurelius Victor says of Pompey the younger, *Cum mari feliciter uteretur, Neptuni se filium confessus est, cumque bobis auratis & equo placavit.* He offered oxen in sacrifice, and threw a living horse into the sea, as appears from Dion, which is perfectly conformable to this of Homer. Eustathius. Dacier. P.

Ver. 148.] The rhyme is vicious. I will propose a substitution :

"Till my tired vengeance general carnage sate.

Others, no less faulty, soon follow ; but the correction of all were endless.

Ver. 152. *With fury swells the violated flood.*] The poet has been preparing us for the episode of the river Xanthus ever since the beginning of the last book : and here he gives us an account why the river wars upon Achilles : it is not only because he is a river of Troas, but, as Eustathius remarks, because it is in defence of a man that was descended from a brother River-God : he was angry too with Achilles on another account, because he had choaked up his current with the bodies of his countrymen, the Trojans. P.

Ver. 160.] This line is added by our translator.

On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
 And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
 The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
 To avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
 Near as they drew, Achilles thus began: 165

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
 Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire,
 Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
 (Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race? 170.
 From rich Pæonia's vallies I command
 Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;

Ver. 164.] This elision is ungraceful. Thus, with more fidelity:

The flood, with slaughter fill'd and swoll'n with rage,
 Impell'd the ruthless warrior to engage.

Ver. 166.] Homer says only,

Who, and whence, art thou, that dar'st thus oppose?
 Sons of unhappy sires, resist my rage:

so that our translator had in view a former passage at Iliad vi. ver. 152, where he employs the same verse.

Ver. 171. *From rich Pæonia's—&c.*] In the Catalogue Pyrræchmes is said to be commander of the Pæonians, where they are described as bow-men; but here they are said to be armed with spears, and to have Asteropeus for their general. Eustathius tells us, some critics asserted that this line in the Cat. ver. 355:

Πηλεΐδης δ' ὤϊδ' ἐπεμύδης Ἀστεροπαΐτης,

followed

Ἀστὴρ Πυρραΐχμου ἄγχι Παιόνιας ἀγκυλοεξής.

but I see no reason for such an assertion. Homer has expressly told us in this speech that it was but ten days since he came to the aid of

Now shines the tenth bright morning since I
came

In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame: 174

Axius, who swells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,

Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:

Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!

Threat'ning he said: the hostile chiefs advance;

At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance, 180

(For both his dext'rous hands the lance cou'd
wield)

One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;

Troy; he might be made general of the Pæonians upon the death of Pyræchmes, who was killed in the sixteenth book. Why also might not the Pæonians, as well as Teucer, excel in the management both of the bow and the spear?

Ver. 173.] Thus Chapman, less studious of his own ease than our poet:

————— and here th' *eleventh* faire light
Shines on us, since we entered Troy.

Ver. 176.] He might here have preserved the beautiful repetition of his author:

Axius, who round the floated region fills.

A good couplet may be made from Ogilby:

*Axius my grandsire, who with spreading waves
The region round, delicious current! laves.*

Ver. 177.] This couplet is executed with an ingenuity and fidelity truly admirable. The literal sense is this:

Who spear-fam'd Pelegon begat, be me.
Prepare we now, illustrious chief! to fight.

Ver. 181.] Thus Ogilby:

But he, whose either hand a spear *could* wield,
Straight both discharg'd; one lights upon his *shield*.

One raz'd Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
 Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood
 Like light'ning next the Pelian javelin flies: 185
 Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
 Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
 Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
 And on his foe with doubled fury flew. 190
 The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted
 wood;

Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
 The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in vain;
 Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;

Ver. 184.] So Chapman:

————— forth, the blacke blood *spunne*.

And our poet might have preserved a lost idea of his author thus:

————— in earth the *thirsting* weapon stood.

Ver. 187. *Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd;—*]

It was impossible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the strength of Achilles, than he has by this circumstance: his spear pierced so deep into the ground, that another hero of great strength could not disengage it by repeated efforts; but immediately after, Achilles draws it with the utmost ease: how prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a spear half way into the earth, and then with a touch release it. P.

Ver. 192.] To prevent a misconception of this passage, which is too ambiguous to be decisively apprehended in this translation, I would propose:

His efforts thrice the Pelian lance withstood.

His belly open'd with a ghastly wound, 195
 The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
 Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
 And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
 While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
 His radiant armour tearing from the dead: 200
 So ends thy glory! such the fate they prove
 Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
 Sprung from a River didst thou boast thy line?
 But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
 How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny? 205
 Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
 The race of these superiour far to those,
 As he that thunders to the stream that flows.
 What rivers can, Scamander might have shown;
 But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son, 210
 Ev'n Achelöus might contend in vain,
 And all the roaring billows of the main.
 Th' eternal Ocean, from whose fountains flow
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,

Ver. 199.] More accurately thus:

His *arms* the victor tearing from the dead,
Trod on his breast, and thus *insulting said*.

Ver. 208.] This is very happy and noble. His original says merely,

Streams, that to Ocean flow, Jove far exceeds.

Perhaps our poet took a hint from Chapman:

Thunder-voic't Jove farre passeth floods.

The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear, 215
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said; then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcase lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave; 220
'Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest
slain)

Th' amaz'd Pæonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew, 225
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnesus slew;

Ver. 215.] An admirable couplet: and so indeed is the whole speech. The rhymes here might be got from Ogilby, and the necessity of variation led him to the original thought before us:

For he Jove's lightning and dire thunder fear'd,
When in the sky such dismal cracks he heard.

Homer, literally translated, runs thus:

E'en him the bolts of mighty Jove affright,
And horrid thunder, when from heaven it roars.

Ver. 222.] This is sufficiently faithful to his author, but the distinction between *eels* and *fishes* does not sound well in modern language. I should prefer:

Of eels, and every native of the flood.

Chapman has well expressed a thought of his author, on which our translator, more studious of delicacy and dignity, could not venture:

————— about which fauns, and other fish,
Did shole, to nibble at the fat, which his sweet kidneys hid.

Ver. 223.] Thus Ogilby, very well:

Who fled amaz'd, their valiant leader slain.

The yellow Flood began: O son of Jove!
 Was not the mandate of the sire above 250
 Full and express? That Phœbus should employ
 His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
 And make her conquer, 'till Hyperion's fall
 In awful darkness hide the face of all? 254

He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay
 Plows thro' the boiling surge his desp'rate way.
 Then rising in his rage above the shores,
 From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
 Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast, 259
 And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost.
 While all before, the billows rang'd on high
 (A wat'ry bulwark) skreen the bands who fly.

Ver. 253.] Thus, with more fidelity to Homer's language:

'Till the late lamp of day had run his race,
 And Earth in twilight veil obscur'd her face.

Ver. 255.] A sublime passage, in the translation, as well as the original; but an image, or two, is dropped by our poet, which add considerably to the animation of the description. Thus?

He spake: *the warrior sprang with furious force*
Off the steep bank, and urg'd his desperate course.
 From all his deep the boiling River roars,
And foamy surges lash the bellowing shores.

Ver. 256.] Thus Chapman:

— then sweld his waves, then rag'd, then boyld againe.

Ver. 260.] The rhymes are not sufficiently correct. Thus?

Huge heaps of slain disgorges *from his bed,*
 And o'er the banks *foams out* the ghastly dead.

Now bursting on his head with thund'ring
sound,

The falling deluge whelms the hero round:

His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide; 265

His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide,

Slidd'ring, and stagg'ring. On the border stood

A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;

He seized a bending bough, his steps to stay;

The plant uprooted to his weight gave way, 270

Heaving the bank, and undermining all;

Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall

Ogilby preserves (as Chapman also) the *simile* of his author:

Then bodies, roaring like a bull, *disgorg'd*;

and probably supplied our poet with this emphatical and sonorous term so well adapted to the majesty of the description.

Ver. 263. *Now bursting on his head, &c.*] There is a great beauty in the versification of this whole passage in Homer: some of the verses run hoarse, full and sonorous, like the torrent they describe; others by their broken cadences, and sudden stops, image the difficulty, labour and interruption of the hero's march against it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the rushing of the branches in the water, are all put into such words, that almost every letter corresponds in its sound, and echoes to the sense, of each particular.

Ver. 264.] Or, more correctly and faithfully,

An eddying deluge—.

Ver. 265.] There is too much amplification here. I should prefer an expulsion of the couplet, with this adjustment of the passage, and with no sacrifice to fidelity:

Now, bursting on his *shield* with thundering sound,

An eddying deluge whirls the hero round,

His feet *all buoyant*. On the border stood—.

Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
 Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero stay'd
 On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand, 275
 Leapt from the channel, and regain'd the land.

Ver. 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood across:—*] If we had no other account of the river Xanthus but this, it were alone sufficient to shew that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here says that the elm stretched from bank to bank, and as it were made a bridge over it: the suddenness of this inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river. P.

We may banish a superfluous word, and introduce a neglected, but important, idea, of his author, with improvement to the number, thus:

Bridg'd the rough flood: th' affrighted hero stay'd—.

Ver. 276. *Leapt from the channel.*] Eustathius recites a criticism on this verse, in the original the word *Λίμνη* signifies *Stagnum, Palus*, a standing water; now this is certainly contrary to the idea of a river, which always implies a *current*: to solve this, says that author, some have supposed that the tree which lay across the river stopped the flow of the waters, and forced them to spread as it were into a pool. Others, dissatisfied with this solution, think that a mistake has crept into the text, and that instead of *ἐκ Λίμνης*, should be inserted *ἐκ Δύνης*. But I do not see the necessity of having recourse to either of these solutions; for why may not the word *Λίμνη* signify here the *channel* of the river, as it evidently does in the 317th verse of the original? And nothing being more common than to substitute a part for the whole, why may not the channel be supposed to imply the whole river? P.

Exactly thus:

Leapt from the stream to fly along the land.

But the full sense of Homer may be thus exhibited:

He from the channel sprang, and rusht to flight,

Alarm'd with all his swiftness through the plain.

Chapman is poetical:

————— the rage did terrifie,

Even his great spirit, and made him adde wings to his swiftest feet:

Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
 The God pursues, a huger billow throws,
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy
 The man whose fury is the fate of Troy. 280
 He, like the warlike eagle speeds his pace,
 (Swiftest and strongest of th' ærial race)
 Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs
 At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
 Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry side, 285
 And winds his course before the following tide;

which *Paradise Lost*, ii. 700. resembles:

—————back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings:
 but is originally found in Virgil, *Æn.* viii, 224:
 —————pedibus timor addidit alas.

Ver. 277.] More accurately, thus:

*Nor rests the mighty flood, but blackening rose,
 And a huge billow at the warrior throws.*

Ver. 278.] This elegance our poet might derive from Chapman:

—————And yet not there, the flood left his retreat:
 But thrust his billows after him, and blackt them all at top.

Ver. 280.] I should like better—"the bane of Troy."

Ver. 284.] There is a similar superfluity in Ogilby:

Upon his breast his rattling arms resound:

May I venture to propose a substitution?

Far as a brandish'd lance, each effort spring
 His bounding feet: his arms, terrific, ring.

Ver. 285.] These are fine verses, and display astonishing ingenuity; but I leave the reader to judge, whether the sublimity of the description be not broken by such minute and studied expansion of his author; whose entire sense is concentrated in the following couplet:

The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
 So when a peasant to his garden brings
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs, 290
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his
 bow'rs
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and
 flow'rs;
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,
 And marks the future current with his spade,

Now here, now there, *his course oblique* he wheels;
Close swells the stream, and bellows at his heels.

Ver. 289. *So when a peasant to his garden brings, &c.*] This changing of the character is very beautiful; no poet ever knew, like Homer, to pass from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; such transitions, when properly made, give a singular pleasure, as when in musick a master passes from the rough to the tender. Demetrius Phalereus, who only praises this comparison for its clearness, has not sufficiently recommended its beauty and value. Virgil has transferred it into his first book of the Georgicks, ver. 106:

"Deinde satis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentes:
 "Et cùm exustus ager morientibus æstuat herbis,
 "Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
 "Elicit: illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
 "Saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva." Dacier. P.

Thus Ogilby:

"As when a skillful gard'ner water *brings*
 "His plants to comfort from refreshing *springs*.

Ver. 291.] Our poet imitates Dryden in a couplet, which introduces the parallel description in Virgil, Georg. i. 155:

And call the floods from high, to rush amain
With pregnant streams to swell the teeming grain.

Swift o'er the rolling pebbles down the hills 295
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
 Before him scatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
 And shine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes 299
 Still swift Scamander rolls wher-e'er he flies :
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods ;
 The first of men, but not a match for Gods.
 Oft' as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes ;
 So oft' the surge, in wat'ry mountains spread, 305
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.

Ver. 295.] Ogilby renders,

The purling stream, o'er murm'ring pebbles rowl'd.

Ver. 298.] This verse is a fancy of our translator ; nor does the couplet in general give a satisfactory likeness of the author. Chapman's translation is distinct, and correspondent to his original.

————— under it, the pebbles all give way,
 And where it finds a fall, runnes swift : nor can the leader
 stay,
 His current then : before himselfe, full pac't, it murmures
 on.

Ver. 299.] Thus, with perfect accuracy :

Still flies *the warrior swift* ; before his eyes
The surge, more swift, still swells where'er he flies.

Ver. 301.] Better, perhaps, as more explicit,
 And try, if all th' *immortals* were *his* foes.

Ver. 305.] A glorious couplet ! Thus his original, to a word :
 So oft th' ætherial stream's enormous wave
 High o'er his shoulders wander'd.

In my opinion, this description of the conflict of Achilles and

Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.
 Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil; 310
 When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expansion thrown)
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan.

Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
 No pow'r t' avert his miserable end?
 Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date, 315
 And make my future life the sport of Fate.

Scamander from first to last, for sublimity of thought, an exquisite propriety of expression, felicity of description, noble imagery, and a continued succession of glowing scenery, exceeds, beyond all competition, every passage in the Iliad.

Ver. 307.] This open vowel would, perhaps, be well superseded thus:

Yet dauntless still th' *opposing* flood he braves.

Ver. 309.] There is an unpleasant superfluity in this verse. Thus?

Beat by the tides——.

Ver. 314.] The removal of this inelegant and harsh elision may be effected thus:

And will no god Achilles *then* befriend,

No pow'r avert his miserable end?

Ver. 315.] This couplet represents the last of ver. 274, in the original; and in this sense editors, translators, and the *scholiast* agree; but are all, I apprehend mistaken. The words are *πειττα δὲ καὶ τὴ παθοίμι*: *atque adeo mihi vel acciderit aliquid*: “and accordingly I may even die in this river:” for the *euphemismus* of *τὴ παθῶ* for *ἀπεθῆσκω* it too common to need illustration or proof. This couplet therefore might be expunged, were the *first* verse of this address adjusted:

Will then no god Achilles, Jove! befriend?

Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
 But most of Thetis must her son complain;
 By Phœbus darts she prophesy'd my fall,
 In glorious arms before the Trojan wall. 320
 Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
 Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!

Ver. 321. *Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm, &c.*] Nothing is more agreeable than this wish to the heroick character of Achilles: glory is his prevailing passion; he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. Virgil has made use of the same thought in the same circumstance, where Æneas is in danger of being drowned, Æn. i. ver. 98:

" ————— O terque quaterque beati,
 " Queis ante ora patrum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
 " Contigit oppetere! O Danaûm fortissime gentis
 " Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
 " Non potuisse? tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?"

Lucan in the fifth book of his *Pharsalia*, representing Cæsar in the same circumstance, has (I think) carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundless thirst of glory, in this hero; when, after he has repined in the same manner with Achilles, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired:

" ————— Licet ingentes abruperit actus
 " Festinata dies fati, sat magna peregi.
 " Arctos domui gentes: inimica subegi
 " Arma manu: vidit Magnum mihi Roma secundum."

And only wishes that his obscure fate might be concealed, in the view that all the world might still fear and respect him:

" ————— Lacerum retinete cadaver
 " Fluctibus in mediis; desint mihi busta, rogosque,
 " Dum metuar semper, terræque expecter ab omni."

Ver. 324.] This thought is interpolated by the translator.

Ah no ! Achilles meets a shameful fate, 323
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great !
 Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
 An unregarded carcase to the sea. }

Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief, 330
 And thus in human form address'd the chief:
 The pow'r of Ocean first. Forbear thy fear,
 O son of Peleus ! Lo thy Gods appear ?
 Behold ! from Jove descending to thy aid,
 Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid. 335

Indeed he might fashion this couplet by Dryden's translation of the parrallel place in Virgil, *Æn.* i. 139:

Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train,
 Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain ?

Ver. 329.] An excellent verse, singly considered ; but the rhyme is vicious, and the sense unauthorized : it might, therefore, be expunged without any injustice to the fidelity of translation. Chapman is pointed :

————— One, heaven borne, shall like a hog-herd
 die,
 Drown'd in a durtie torrents rage :

and Ogilby, with trivial alteration, will gratify the reader :
But now the Fates determine to destroy
By death ignoble, like a shepherd's boy,
 Drown'd in a swelling flood, when muster'd rills
 In gutt'ring torrents tumble from the hills.

Ver. 330.] Here the following line of the author is passed over in silence :

Each graspt his hand, and chear'd with soothing words.,

Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.

But thou, the counsel heav'n suggests, attend!
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
 'Till Troy receive her flying sons, 'till all 340
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
 Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
 And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance.
 Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the Gods:
 Then swift ascended to the bright abodes. 345

Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n
 impell'd,

He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
 O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
 Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
 Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of
 gold 350

And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.

Ver. 336.] His original would prescribe :

Soon shalt thou see the torrent cease to rave.

Ver. 342.] The term *chance* has no other object than to facilitate the rhyme; and there seems to be vulgarity in the expression. Thus?

Hector alone to meet thee shall advance :

or,

Hector alone to combat shall advance.

Ver. 347.] The rhyme is vicious, or rather none. Thus? with the words *plain* and *field* transposed :

His course impetuous to the plain he held.

Ver. 350.] Or thus? to avoid an expression, not sufficiently dignified, perhaps, for such a noble passage :

High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
 He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
 Not a whole river stops the hero's course,
 While Pallas fills him with immortal force. 355
 With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
 And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to Simois: Haste, my brother flood!
 And check this mortal that controls a God:
 Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight, 360
 And Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height.
 Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,
 From all thy fountains swell thy wat'ry store,
 With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
 Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head. 365

'Midst scatter'd *armour* floating, *casques* of gold,
 And *shields* inverted, *glittering* as they roll'd.

Ver. 352.] I have not discovered the distinction between *leaps* and *bounds*; and would therefore presume on some alteration of the passage:

High o'er the surging *stream* the *warriour* bounds,
 And *stems* the tide: the parting wave resounds.

Ver. 357.] Better, perhaps, as more forcible:
Still lifts his billows.—

Thus Sandys in his *Travels*, p. 17:

Nor shrunk Scamander, but inrag'd the more,
 A climbing billow high in air up-bore.

Ver. 358.] May the vicious rhyme be superseded thus?
 Then *calls* to Simois: Brother! haste, *engage*
With waves united this *bold* mortal's rage.

Ver. 364.] The conclusion of this verse is a sublime effusion of the translator's enthusiastic fancy, set on fire by the subject.

He said; and on the chief descends amain,
 Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
 Then murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
 And a foam whitens on the purple waves: 381
 At ev'ry step, before Achilles stood
 The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.
 Fear touch'd the Queen of heav'n: she saw dis-
 may'd,
 She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid. 385
 Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires
 Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!

Ver. 378.] Considering the vigour and grandeur of his author,
 our translator has not kept pace with his customary animation.
 Thus? more closely and exactly:

He said, and *pours his boiling tides* amain,
Roaring with foam, and blood, and heaps of slain.
The darkling stream in swelling mountains raves,
Nor 'scapes the chief the fury of his waves.

Ver. 382.] An admirable couplet! representative of *three*
 words only in his author:

———— and Achilles overtook.

Ver. 384.] Thus Ogilby:

But Juno for Achilles much *dismaid*,
 'Gainst this assault call'd Vulcan to his *aid*.

Ver. 386.] I shall venture a literal version of this speech, to
 shew the deviations of our translator:

Vulcan, my son, arise; we think, in fight
 The gulfy Xanthus is a match for thee.
 Bring instant aid, and light a copious flame;
 Whilst I depart a furious storm to raise
 From ocean, with swift winds from west and south,
 To parch the Trojans, and their armour burn;

While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
 Rush the swift Eastern and the Western wind:
 These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,
 Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe, 391
 Corpses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
 Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy pow'r, 394
 Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour.
 Scorch all the banks! and ('till our voice reclaim)
 Exert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!

The Pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
 At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil; 400
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
 As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
 And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
 So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
 While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around. 403

Winds, instinct with perdition. Wither thou
 The trees on Xanthus' banks, and fire his bed;
 By soothing words alike unmov'd, and threats.
 Nor stop thy fury, 'till a shout from me
 Give signal; then th' unwearied flame may cease.

Ver. 398.] I cannot admire the word ignipotent! Thus?
 The god of fire her sovereign word obeys.

Ver. 401.] Thus Chapman:
 ————— the quite drown'd field it dried,
 And *shrunke* the flood up.

Ver. 404.] The following description, though not perfectly

Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys:
 Along the margin winds the running blaze:
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
 The flow'ry Lotos, and the Tam'risk burn,
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire; 410
 The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire.
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
 Or gasping, turn their bellies to the sky. 415

correspondent to the original in all its circumstances, is replete with elegance and ingenuity; and exhibits, I think, one of the finest specimens of our translator's extraordinary powers.

Ver. 405. *While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blast around.*] It is in the original, ver. 355:

Παιῖ τεύχε' ἄνθρωποι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστειο.

The epithet given to Vulcan in this verse (as well as in the 367th) Ἡφαίστειο πολυμήτιος, has no sort of allusion to the action described: for what has *wisdom* or *knowledge* to do with burning up the river Xanthus? This is usual in our author, and much exclaimed against by his modern antagonists, whom Mr. Boileau very well answers. "It is not so strange in Homer to give these epithets to persons upon occasions which can have no reference to them; the same is frequent in modern languages, in which we call a man by the name of Saint, when we speak of any action of his that has not the least regard to his sanctity: as when we say, for example, that St. Paul held the garments of those who stoned St. Stephen." P.

Ver. 413.] An open vowel, particularly unpleasant, I would discard by substituting simply, *And eels —*.

Ver. 415.] This verse is entirely the production of the translator, not unassisted by Ogilby:

And fishes which 'mongst silver billows glide
 Beneath his boyling waters gasping dy'd:

At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short-panting, to the God he said.

Oh Vulcan! oh! what pow'r resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight—
I yield—Let Ilion fall; if fate decree— 420
Ah—bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice, 425
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:

or, probably, by Hobbes :

And eels and fishes in the water hote
Tumbled and *turn'd their bellies* up with heat.

Ver. 416.] We are indebted for this imagery to the translator.
His original says only,

The stream, in pain with heat, bespoke the god.

Ver. 424. *As when the flames beneath a caldron rise.*] It is impossible to render literally such passages with any tolerable beauty. These ideas can never be made to shine in English, some particularities cannot be preserved; but the Greek language gives them lustre, the words are noble and musical:

Ὡς δὲ λίβης ζῆν ἔδον ἐκινέμενος πυρὶ πολλῇ,

Κίεσσι μελιδόμενος ἀπαλειτρεφίης σιάγειο,

Πάσιθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκατα κίτται.

All therefore that can be expected from a translator is to preserve the meaning of the simile, and embellish it with some words of affinity that carry nothing low in the sense or sound. P.

Ver. 426.] This elegant verse might be suggested by Chapman's version :

Till all the caldron be *engirt* with a consuming blaze:
but the *simile* may be thus literally represented:

So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
 And chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
 To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air, 430
 The burning River sends his earnest pray'r.

Ah why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
 Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
 On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
 For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy. 435
 Submissive I desist, if thou command;
 But ah! with-draw this all-destroying hand.
 Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
 Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,
 *Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
 And in one ruin sink the Trojan name. 441

His warm intreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
 She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
 Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
 Infest a God: th' obedient flame withdraws: 445

As boils a caldron, hasten'd by the blaze
 Of copious fire from well-dried wood, while seeths
 A melting well-fed brawn, all-bubbling round.

Ver. 427.] The concluding clause is from the parallel passage
 in Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 466:

————— volat vapor ater ad auras:
 ————— black vapours rise in air:

Ver. 431.] More exactly thus:

The *Stream in anguish* sends his earnest pray'r.

Ver. 435.] His author prescribes,

For *other* gods *more aid* the cause of Troy.

Ver. 444.] The passage would receive equal animation and
 fidelity by a very slight alteration, thus:

Recall *thy* flame.

Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

Ver. 446.] A comparison of this couplet with that of Ogilby :

This said, grim Vulcan quench'd his raging flame,
And back the river to his channell came :

will very happily point out the difference between a mere formal versifier and a genuine poet. The production of one translator is such as myself, or a thousand others, could hammer out, and perhaps with some improvement, after no very painful effort : but the production of the other would defy all the strainings of us vulgar artists to eternity, and can only be stricken off by the felicity of true genius with unelaborate inspiration. Just in the same manner, I would engage to give in a variety of instances, and without much difficulty, a more concise, and smooth, and harmonious version, than Mr. Cowper's : but my version, on the whole would be flat and insipid compared with his : a mere twilight, neither night nor day ; unilluminated by those frequent coruscations of fancy, which throw a lustre over the whole performance of that elegant translator.

Ver. 447. *And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.*] Here ends the *episode of the river-fight* ; and I must here lay before the reader my thoughts upon the whole of it : which appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true history. Nothing can give a better idea of Homer's manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plainest and simplest incidents noble and poetical, than to consider the whole passage in the common historical sense, which I suppose to be no more than this. There happened a great overflow of the river Xanthus during the siege, which very much incommoded the assailants : this gave occasion for the fiction of an engagement between Achilles and the River-God : Xanthus calling Simois to assist him, implies that these two neighbouring rivers joined in the inundation : Pallas and Neptune relieve Achilles ; that is, Pallas, or the *wisdom of Achilles*, found some means to divert the waters, and turn them into the sea ; wherefore Neptune the God of it, is feigned to assist him. Jupiter and Juno (by which are understood the aerial regions) consent to aid Achilles ; that may signify, that after this great flood there happened a warm, dry, windy season, which assuaged the waters, and dried the ground :

While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
 The warring Gods in fierce contention join :
 Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breast alarms; 450
 With horrid clangor shock'd the ætherial arms :
 Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
 And wide beneath them groans the rending
 ground.

Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,
 And views contending Gods with careless eyes.

and what makes this in a manner plain, is, that Juno (which signifies the air) promises to send the *north* and *west winds* to distress the river. Xanthus being consumed by Vulcan, that is dried up with heat, prays to Juno to relieve him: what is this, but that the drought having drunk up his streams, he has recourse to the *air* for rains to re-supply his current? Or, perhaps, the whole may signify no more, than that Achilles being on the farther side of the river, plunged himself in to pursue the enemy; that in this adventure he run the risk of being drowned; that to save himself, he laid hold of a fallen tree, which served to keep him afloat; that he was still carried down the stream to the place where was the confluence of the two rivers (which is expressed by the one calling the other to his aid) and that when he came nearer the sea [Neptune] he found means by his prudence [Pallas] to save himself from his danger.

If the reader still should think the fiction of rivers, speaking and fighting, is too bold; the objection will vanish by considering, how much the heathen mythology authorizes the representation of rivers as persons: nay, even in old historians nothing is more common than stories of rapes committed by River-Gods; and the fiction was no way unprecedented, after one of the same nature so well known, as the engagement between Hercules and the river Achelous. P.

Vcr. 454. *Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene describes,
 And views contending Gods with careless eyes.*]

I was at a loss for the reason why Jupiter is said to smile at the discord of the Gods; till I found it in Eustathius; Jupiter, says

The pow'r of battles lifts his brazen spear, 456
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War.

he, who is the lord of nature, is well pleased with the war of the Gods, that is, of earth, sea, and air, &c. because the harmony of all beings arises from that discord: thus the earth is opposite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet from this opposition arises that discordant concord by which all nature subsists. Thus heat and cold, moist and dry, are in a continual war, yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that Jupiter, who according to the Greeks, is the soul of all, may well be said to smile at this contention. P.

Ver. 455.] This epithet *careless* is, perhaps, scarcely consistent with the tenour of the preceding verse. I would propose an alteration of the passage on this account:

Jove from Olympus sees the tumult rise,

And views contending gods with raptur'd eyes.

Ver. 456. *The pow'r of battles, &c.*] The combat of Mars and Pallas is plainly allegorical: Justice and Wisdom demanded that an end should be put to this terrible war: the God of war opposes this, but is worsted. Eustathius says that this holds forth the opposition of Rage and Wisdom; and no sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, as Venus succours Mars. The poet seems farther to insinuate, that Reason when it resists a temptation vigorously, easily overcomes it: so it is with the utmost facility, that Pallas conquers both Mars and Venus. He adds, that Pallas retreated from Mars in order to conquer him: this shews us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it. P.

The rhymes are imperfect, and the version too concise. The following attempt is plain and faithful:

Nor long apart they stood: fell Mars began,

Mars, shield-destroyer; and at Pallas ran.

Thus, while the god protends his brazen spear,

With words contemptuous he assails her ear.

The former rhymes, I since see, are those of Chapman: whose version will probably draw a smile from the reader:

————Of them all, thump-buckler Mars began;

And at Minerva with a lance, of brasse he headlong ran—.

What mov'd thy madness, thus to dis-unite
 Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight ?
 What wonder this, when in thy frantick mood
 Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God? 461
 Thy impious hand 'Tydides' javelin bore,
 And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

Hespoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
 Which bears Jove's thunder on it's dreadful field;
 The adamantine Ægis of her sire, 466
 That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
 Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
 A stone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,

Ver. 463.] After this verse, a line is dropped by our poet to the following purport :

Now wilt thou rue, I think, thy late misdeeds.

Ver. 464.] His original runs accurately thus :

He spake ; and, spear in hand, her Ægis smites,
 Deep-fring'd, terrific ; 'gainst Jove's thunder proof :
 There with long lance smote blood-polluted Mars.

Ver. 468. *Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
 A stone, &c.*]

The poet has described many of his heroes in former parts of his poem, as throwing stones of enormous bulk and weight ; but here he rises in his image : he is describing a goddess, and has found a way to make that action excel all human strength, and be equal to a deity.

Virgil has imitated this passage in his twelfth book, and applied it to Turnus ; but I cannot help thinking that the action in a mortal is somewhat extravagantly imagined : what principally renders it so, is an addition of two lines to this simile which he borrows from another part of Homer, only with this difference, that whereas Homer says no two men could raise such a stone, Virgil extends it to twelve.

There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast:
This, at the heav'nly homicide she cast. 471

Thund'ring he falls, a mass of monstrous size;
And sev'n broad acres covers as he lies.

The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves un-
bound;

Loud o'er the field his ringing arms resound:

The scornful dame her conquests views with
smiles, 476

And glorying thus, the prostrate God reviles.

Hast thou not yet, insatiate Fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dars't withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand; 481

“ ———Saxum circumspicit ingens

“ Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,

“ Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.”

(There is a beauty in the repetition of *saxum ingens*, in the second line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leisure to consider the vastness of the stone;) the other two lines are as follow:

“ Vix illud, lecti bis sex cervice subirent,

“ Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.”

May I be allowed to think too, they are not so well introduced in Virgil? For it is just after Turnus is described as weakened and oppressed with fears and ill omens; it exceeds probability; and Turnus, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epic poem. P.

Ver. 471.] Exactly, thus:

This on the neck of the fierce God she cast.

Ver. 475.] Thus, more faithfully:

Soild were his locks: his ringing arms resound.

Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.

The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes
away,

That beaming round, diffus'd celestial day. 483
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.
'This the bright empress of the heav'ns survey'd,
And scoffing, thus, to war's victorious Maid. 491

Lo! what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The Smiles and Love's unconquerable queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue. 495

Ver. 484.] His author may be given in a single couplet:

The Goddess spake, and turn'd her *radiant* eyes:
Jove's *beauteous* daughter aids him as he lies.

Much in the same manner his Eloisa:

Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.

Ver. 489.] The conclusion of this verse has nothing correspondent in the original; but so Chapman:

————— but *from the prease of death*

Kind Aphrodite was his guide:

and Hobbes:

————— Then to him went

Venus, and led him groaning *from the place*—.

Ver. 492.] This form of the *genitive* in two syllables *Mars's*, is bad, I think, even in these colloquial and unadorned passages.

Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
 And slightly on her breast the wanton strook :
 She, unresisting, fell ; (her spirits fled)
 On earth together lay the lovers spread
 And like these heroes, be the fate of all 500
 (Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall !
 To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygian be,
 So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me ;
 Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd—
 Thus she, and Juno with a smile approv'd. 505
 Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
 The God of ocean dares the God of light.

Ver. 497.] Rather,

With her rude hand the wanton's bosom strook :

as Chapman :

Strooke with ~~her~~ hard hand, her soft breast.

Ver. 499.] Homer says only :

And thus, they both on earth, all-fostering, lay :

so that the satirical interpolation was derived from Ogilby :

And thrusting Venus on the bosome, casts
 Down with her *paramour*.

Ver. 500.] I shall give a literal version of this speech, to assist the reader in his judgement of our translator :

Just such may all, that aid the Trojans, prove,
 When pitch'd in battle with the warrior Greeks ;
 So bold and hardy they, as Venus now,
 Whilst Mars she succours, and opposes me.
 Sure then our war long since had seen an end,
 And we in ruins well-built Troy had laid.

Ver. 506.] This couplet seems to have been constructed from Chapman :

What sloth has seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns
the sound ?

Next Neptune and Apollo stood, upon the point of field ;
And thus spake Neptune :

for that portion of Homer, which corresponds to this and the following distich, runs thus :

Then thus th' earth-shaking Power to Phœbus spake :
Why stand we thus apart ? it fits not us,
Whilst others have begun.

Ver. 507. *The God of ocean dares the God of light.*] The interview between Neptune and Apollo is very judiciously in this place enlarged upon by our author. The poem now draws to a conclusion, the Trojans are to be punished for their perjury and violence : Homer accordingly with a poetical justice sums up the evidence against them, and represents the very founder of Troy as an injurious person. There have been several references to this story since the beginning of the poem, but he forebore to give it at large till near the end of it ; that it might be fresh upon the memory, and shew, the Trojans deserve the punishment they are going to suffer.

Eustathius gives the reason why Apollo assists the Trojans, though he had been equally with Neptune affronted by Laomedon : this proceeded from the honours which Apollo received from the posterity of Laomedon ; Troy paid him no less worship than Cilla, or Tenedos ; and by these means won him over to a forgiveness : but Neptune still was slighted, and consequently continued an enemy to the whole race.

The same author gives us various opinions why Neptune is said to have built the Trojan wall, and to have been defrauded of his wages ; some say that Laomedon sacrilegiously took away the treasures out of the temples of Apollo and Neptune, to carry on the fortifications ; from whence it was fabled that Neptune and Apollo built the walls. Others will have it, that two of the workmen dedicated their wages to Apollo and Neptune ; and that Laomedon detained them : so that he might in some sense be said to defraud the deities themselves, by with-holding what was dedicated to their temples.

Shall, ignominious, we with-shame retire, 510
 No deed perform'd, to our Olympian sire?
 Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
 Suits not my greatness, or superiour age:
 Rash as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
 (Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own) 515 }
 And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
 Hast thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,
 We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?

The reason why Apollo is said to have kept the herds of Laomedon, is not so clear. Eustathius observes that all plagues first seize upon the four-footed creation, and are supposed to arise from this deity: thus Apollo in the first book sends the plague into the Grecian army: the ancients therefore made him to preside over cattle, that by preserving them from the plague, mankind might be safe from infectious diseases. Others tell us, that this employment is ascribed to Apollo, because he signifies the sun: now the sun cloaths the pastures with grass and herbs; so that Apollo may be said himself to feed the cattle, by supplying them with food. Upon either of these accounts Laomedon may be said to be ungrateful to that deity, for raising no temple to his honour.

It is observable that Homer, in this story, ascribes the building of the wall to Neptune only: I should conjecture the reason might be, that Troy being a sea-port town, the chief strength depended upon its situation, so that the sea was in a manner a wall to it; upon this account Neptune may not improbably be said to have built the wall.

P.

Ver. 512.] Thus Ogilby:

Begin, thou younger art; first to engage

Suits not with my experience nor age.

Ver. 518.] An aggravating clause of his original is here omitted:

————— and he, imperious! orders gave.

Troy walls I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands)

And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:

Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves 521

Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.

But when the circling seasons in their train

Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;

With menace stern the fraudulent king defy'd 525

Our latent godhead, and the prize deny'd:

Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,

And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.

Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing,

And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king. 530

Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,

And not like us, infest the faithless race;

Like us, their present, future sons destroy,

And from its deep foundations heave their Troy

Ver. 527.] The taste of Ogilby was less squeamish, than that of our author, and has expressed all his original :

Vowing that he would bind thy hands and feet,

And send to isles far distant in his fleet ;

Nay with his pruning knife our ears to crop.

Ver. 533.] His author says,

Like us, their *children and their wives* destroy.

Ogilby is not much amiss ; and seems to have been followed by Pope :

Rather than joyn with us 'gainst perjur'd Troy,

'And root and branch that cursed race destroy ?

VOL. V.

E

Apollo thus: To combat for mankind 535
 Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
 For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
 They owe their life and nourishment to earth;
 Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
 Smile on the sun; now, wither on the ground. 540
 To their own hands commit the frantick scene,
 Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly
 fires,
 And from the senior Pow'r, submiss retires;

Ver. 535.] More accurately as follows :

Apollo thus : To combat for mankind

Might well impeach the wisdom of my mind.

But the whole speech is executed with incomparable skill.

Ver. 537. *For what is man ? &c.*] The poet is very happy in interspersing his poem with moral sentences ; in this place he steals away his reader from war and horror, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. " Shall I (says Apollo) contend " with thee for the sake of man? man, who is no more than a leaf " of a tree, now green and flourishing, but soon withered away and " gone?" The son of Sirach has an expression, which very much resembles this, Ecclus. xiv. 18. *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, some fall, and some grow, so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.* P.

Ver. 544. *And from the senior Pow'r, submiss retires.*] Two things hinder Homer from making Neptune and Apollo fight. First, because having already described the fight between Vulcan and Xanthus, he has nothing farther to say here, for it is the same conflict between humidity and dryness. Secondly, Apollo being the same with Destiny, and the ruin of the Trojans being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it. Dacier. P.

Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids, 545
The quiver'd huntress of the Sylvan shades.

And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow! 550
Now boast no more in yon' celestial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking
Pow'r.

Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What insolence has driv'n 555
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heav'n?
What tho' by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart? 560

Ver. 557. *The female plague ————*
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind, &c.]

The words in the original are, *Though Jupiter has made you a lion to women*. The meaning of this is, that Diana was terrible to that sex, as being the same with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of child-birth: or else that the ancients attributed all sudden deaths of women to the darts of Diana, as of men to those of Apollo: which opinion is frequently alluded to in Homer. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 560.] Our translator, I presume, thought one of the scolding cat-tribe the most suitable resemblance of a celestial viren,

What tho' tremendous in the woodland chase,
 Thy certain arrows pierc'd the savage race?
 How dares thy rashness on the pow'rs divine
 Employ those arms, or match thy force with
 mine?

Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—565
 She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;

against the dictates of his author, (as indeed he himself informs us) who may be sufficiently seen through the medium of Hobbes :

I know to women you a *lion* are.

Ver. 566. *She said, and seiz'd her wrists, &c.*] I must confess I am at a loss how to justify Homer in every point of these combats with the Gods: when Diana and Juno are to fight, Juno calls her *an impudent bitch*, *καὶ ἄδελφῆς*: when they fight, she boxes her soundly, and sends her crying and trembling to heaven: as soon as she comes thither, Jupiter falls a laughing at her: indeed the rest of the deities seem to be in a merry vein during all the action: Pallas beats Mars, and laughs at him: Jupiter sees them in the same merry mood: Juno, when she had cuff'd Diana, is not more serious: in short, unless there be some depths that I am not able to fathom, Homer never better deserved than in this place the censure passed upon him by the ancients, that as he raised the characters of his men up to gods, so he sunk those of gods down to men.

Yet I think it but reasonable to conclude, from the very absurdity of all this, (supposing it had no hidden meaning or allegory) that there must therefore certainly be some. Nor do I think it any inference to the contrary, that it is too obscure for us to find out; the remoteness of our times must necessarily darken yet more and more such things as were mysterious at first. Not that it is at all impossible, notwithstanding their present darkness, but they might then have been very obvious; as it is certain, allegories ought to be disguised, but not obscured: an allegory should be like a veil over a beautiful face, so fine and transparent, as to shew the very charms it covers. P.

These in her left hand lock'd, her right
unt'y'd

The bow, the quiver, and its plummy pride.

About her temples flies the busy bow;

Now here, now there, she winds her from the
blow; 570

The scattering arrows rattling from the case,

Drop round and idly mark the dusty place.

Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,

And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:

So, when the falcon wings her way above, 575

To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,

(Not fated yet to die) there safe retreats,

Yet still her heart against the marble beats.

Our translator, I presume, had his eye on Chapman, who is in some respects more exact:

————— Soudainly, with her left hand she catcht
Both Cythia's palmes, *lockt* fingers fast; and with her right, *'*
' she snatcht
From her faire shoulder, her guilt bow; and (laughing) laid
' it on,
About her eares.

Ver. 571.] This couplet is imagined from *three* words of his author:

————— and the swift shafts fell out.

Ver. 573.] Thus, conformably to Homer:

Without her bow the baffled huntress flies.

Ver. 578.] This fine effort of poetical enthusiasm is entirely the production of our translator.

Ver. 579.] No part of this line also is authorised by his original.

To her, Latona hastes with tender care;
 Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war. 580
 How shall I face the dame, who gives delight
 To him whose thunders blacken heav'n with
 night?

Go matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
 And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.

He spoke; and past: Latona, stooping low, 585
 Collects the scatter'd shafts and fallen bow,
 That glitt'ring on the dust, lay here and there;
 Dishonour'd relicks of Diana's war.

Then swift pursu'd her to her blest abode, 589
 Where, all confus'd, she sought the sov'reign God:
 Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th'ambrosial vest
 Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The Sire, superiour smil'd; and bade her show
 What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's
 woe?

Ver. 580. *Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.*] It is impossible that Mercury should encounter Latona: such a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and she representing the night; for the planets owe all their lustre to the shades of the night, and then only become visible to the world. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 588.] An interpolated verse, with a vicious rhyme; as is that also of the next couplet.

Ver. 594.] Our translator banishes the dialogue-form of his author, and gives full scope to his fancy. The tenour of the original may be seen from Ogilby's version:

Who, dearest daughter! thus unkindly us'd,
 And like a malefactor thee abus'd?

Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse; 595
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:

The Guardian-God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her
fall. 600

Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial sire.

Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still pro-
ceeds, 605

O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames with fury driv'n
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;

She sighing then reply'd; Juno thy wife,
Who still foment contention here and strife.

Whence the reader will discover, that most elegant poetical fancy
in verse 596 to be the pure device of our poet.

Ver. 597.] Our admirable translator seems to have forgot, that
the Gods were not on Olympus, but on the *dusty fields* of Troy, as
verse 587 and 601. Homer says only:

Thus with each other they conversing sat:
Meanwhile, Apollo goes to sacred Troy.

Ver. 607. *As when avenging flames with fury driv'n,
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n.*]

This passage may be explained two ways, each very remarkable.
First, by taking this fire for a real fire, sent from heaven to punish a
criminal city, of which we have example in holy writ. Hence we

The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
 And the red vapours purple all the sky: 610
 So rag'd Achilles: death and dire dismay,
 And toils, and terrours, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
 And marks the waste of his destructive hands;

find that Homer had a notion of this great truth, that God sometimes exerts his judgments on whole cities in this signal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other sense, simply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who assault it, (and only expressed thus by the author in the same manner as Jeremy makes the city of Jerusalem say, when the Chaldeans burnt the temple, (*The Lord from above hath sent fire into my bones*, Lament. i. 13.) Yet still thus much will appear understood by Homer, that the fire which is cast into a city comes not, properly speaking, from men, but from God, who delivers it up to their fury. Dacier. P.

Ver. 610.] This beautiful image was probably suggested by Chapman's version; for Homer stands literally thus:

As when aspiring smoak high heaven ascends:

but thus our poet's predecessor in translation:

————— And as a citie fir'd

Casts up a heate, that purples heaven.

Ver. 613. *High on a turret hoary Priam, &c.*] The poet still raises the idea of the courage and strength of his hero, by making Priam in a terrour that he should enter the town after the routed troops: for if he had not surpassed all mortals, what could have been more desirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then destroyed him?

Here again there was need of another machine to hinder him from entering the city; for Achilles being vastly speedier than those he pursued, he must necessarily overtake some of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops, without his mingling with the hindmost. The story of Agenor is therefore admirably contrived, and Apollo, (who was to take care that the fatal decrees should be punctually executed) interposes both to save Agenor and

Views, from his arm, the Trojans scatter'd
flight,

615

And the near hero rising on his sight!
No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face,
Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls. 620
You to whose care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:

Troy; for Achilles might have killed Agenor, and still entered with the troops, if Apollo had not diverted him by the pursuit of that phantom. Agenor opposed himself to Achilles only because he could not do better; for he sees himself reduced to a dilemma, either ingloriously to perish among the fugitives, or hide himself in the forest: both which were equally unsafe: therefore he is purposely inspired with a generous resolution to try to save his countrymen, and as the reward of that service, is at last saved himself. P.

Ver. 616.] This verse, excellent as it is, seems capable of improvement. Our translator should have written, not only from fidelity to his author, but with a view to the natural exaggeration of *fear* in these circumstances, in which respect the passage is truly sublime; our translator, I say, should have written thus:

And the *huge* hero rising on his sight.

For a further and circumstantial elucidation of this beauty, I beg leave to refer the reader to my remarks on the Eumenides of Æschylus, verse 44, where he may gratify his taste by a profusion of poetical luxuries from some fine writers of antiquity.

Ver. 617.] This string of little words certainly enfeebles and degrades the passage. I should prefer something of this complexion:

All strength, all courage gone.

Ver. 619.] Thus Ogilby:

Thence straight *descending* hastens to the walls,
And thus to th' out-guards and bold warders calls.

On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
 And gladsome see their last escape from Fate.
 Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
 Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain:
 And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on 635
 With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the
 town.

Enrag'd Achilles follows with his spear;
 Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquir'd,
 And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd; 640
 But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
 Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
 To young Agenor force divine he gave,
 (Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold and brave)
 In aid of him, beside the beech he sat, 645
 And wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.
 When now the gen'rous youth Achilles spies,
 Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise,

Ver. 621.] Our translator gives full scope through this passage to the luxuriance of his fancy. The following attempt exhibits a plain representation of the original to his conclusion of the paragraph :

Straight fled they to the city and high wall,
 Parching with thirst, all-dusty, from the plain;
 He with his lance close-following. Fury fell
 Seiz'd all his soul, and rag'd to reap renown.

Ver. 642.] There seems to be, in the former clause of this verse, the same impropriety as that mentioned at verse 597.

* Apollo.

(So e'er a storm, the waters heave and roll)
 He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul. 650
 What, shall I fly this terrour of the plain ?
 Like others fly, and be like others slain ?
 Vain hope ! to shun him by the self-same road
 Yon' line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
 No : with the common heap I scorn to fall— 655
 What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
 While I decline to yonder path, that leads
 To Ida's forests, and surrounding shades ?

Ver. 649.] Our translator has expanded to a *simile* the metaphorical language of his author, which may be thus displayed in an English dress :

His heart with gloomy fluctuation wav'd :

but he took Dacier's version for his guide on this occasion :
 " Agenor, voyant approcher le furieux Achille, sent son cœur
 " agité d'autant de divers mouvemens que la mer est agitée de
 " vents contraires pendant la tempête."

Ver. 651. *What, shall I fly ? &c.*] This is a very beautiful soliloquy of Agenor, such a one as would naturally arise in the soul of a brave man, going upon a desperate enterprise : he weighs every thing in the balance of reason ; he sets before himself the baseness of flight, and the courage of his enemy, till at last the thirst of glory preponderates all other considerations. From the conclusion of this speech it is evident, that the story of Achilles's being invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of latter ages ; for had he been so, there had been nothing wonderful in his character. Eustathius.

P.

Ver. 658.] The rhymes are vicious : both they will be improved, and greater attention to the original preserved, by this alteration :

To Ida's forests and *entangled meads*.

So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
 From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood, 660
 As soon as night her dusky veil extends,
 Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
 What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?
 Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?
 Ev'n now perhaps, e'er yet I turn the wall, 665
 The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
 Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,
 And such his valour, that who stands must die.
 Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,
 Here, and in public view, to meet my fate. 670
 Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel
 (Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;
 One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
 And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.

He said, and stood, collected in his might; 675
 And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
 So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
 Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:

Ver. 659.] Chapman has the same rhymes, but deserves not quotation.

Ver. 674.] More agreeably to the spirit and language of his author, thus:

Though Jove's high favour give him all this fame.

Ver. 675.] Milton, in similar language, Par. Lost, iv. 985:

————— On t' other side Satan alarm'd,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood.

Ver. 677.] So Chapman:

————— and stares forth, *from out some deepe-growne wood.*

Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds; 680
Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the
pain;

And the barb'd javelin stings his breast in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.

Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir 685
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus bespoke the foe. 690

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ, 695
And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy.

Ver. 681.] Again the same translator, and very faithfully to his model:

*Though strooke, though wounded; though quite through, she
feels the mortal speare.*

Ver. 685.] The incorrectness of the rhyme may be remedied by the following adjustment of the passage; whence the original also is more faithfully expressed, and *grammatical* accuracy attained:

Not less resolv'd, Antenor's valiant son
Confronts Achilles, and *disdains to run*
From trial of his prowess: rais'd before—.

Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said: with matchless force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuishes rung 700
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in th' ætherial arms.

Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,

His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:

But jealous of his fame Apollo shrouds 705

The god-like Trojan in a veil of clouds.

Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,

Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth with-
drew.

Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape, 710

Flies from the furious chief in this disguise;

The furious chief still follows where he flies.

Ver. 697.] Homer does not express the *possibility* of this event, but it's *certainly*: and I would propose this correction of the passage, as more conformable to the original:

Thee, bold and dreadful as thou art, this day

Shall, on this spot, a breathless carcase lay.

Ver. 709. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape, &c.*] The poet makes a double use of this fiction of Apollo's deceiving Achilles in the shape of Agenor: by these means he draws him from the pursuit, and gives the Trojans time to enter the city, and at the same time brings Agenor handsomely off from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that destiny would not yet suffer Troy to fall.

Eustathius fancies that the occasion of the fiction might be this: Agenor fled from Achilles to the banks of Xanthus, and might there conceal himself from the pursuer behind some covert

Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd
strides,

Now urge the course where swift Scamander
glides:

The God now distant scarce a stride before, ⁷¹⁵
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore;
While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay; no thought to ask, or tell,
Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell. ⁷²⁰
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

that grew on the shores; this perhaps might be the whole of the story. So plain a narration would have passed in the mouth of the historian, but the poet dresses it in fiction, and tells us that Apollo (or Destiny) concealed him in a cloud from the sight of his enemy.

The same author farther observes, that Achilles by an unseasonable piece of vain glory, in pursuing a single enemy, gives time to a whole army to escape: he neither kills Agenor, nor overtakes the Trojans. P.

Ver. 719.] This, as indeed the whole conclusion of this book, is finely executed, but not with scrupulous attention to his author; who may be accurately represented thus:

Nor ventur'd one without the city-walls
To wait his neighbour's coming, and observe,
Who 'scap'd, and who had died: all gladly pour'd
Tumultuous in, whom strength and swiftness sav'd.

THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

VOL. V.

F

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy. P,

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

IT is impossible but the whole attention of the reader must be awakened in this book : the heroes of the two armies are now to encounter ; all the foregoing battles have been but so many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event, wherein the whole fate of Greece and Troy is to be decided by the sword of Achilles and Hector.

This is the book, which of the whole Iliad appears to me the most charming. It assembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other : Terroure and Pity are here wrought up in perfection ; and if the reader is not sensible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taste, or the translator of all skill, in poetry.

P.

THE
 TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
 OF THE
 I L I A D.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panick fear,
 The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
 There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
 And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
 Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields 5
 Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
 March, bending on, the Greeks embody'd pow'rs,
 Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.
 Great Hector singly staid; chain'd down by fate,
 There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate; 10

Ver. 4.] A picturesque circumstance of his original is omitted :
 Against the polish'd battlements reclin'd.

Ver. 5.] There are *four* elegant verses, but spun from his
 author with unusual amplification; of whom the following is a
 commensurate resemblance:

————— but the Greeks
 Came near the walls, their shoulders spread with shields.

Ver. 9.] Thus Ogilby :
 But Hector, instigated by his *fate*,
 Expecting stood, without the Scæan gate.

Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
(The Pow'r confest in all his glory burns)
And what (he cries) has Peleus' son in view, 15
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain: 20
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantick rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Ilium else had refuge found? 25
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?

Ver. 11.] This whole couplet is a superfluous addition of the translator.

Ver. 14.] This verse also is mere interpolation; for which Chapman might supply a hint:

————— Achilles still made way
At Phœbus; who, *his bright head turn'd*; and ask—
Homer says merely,
But then Apollo Peleus' son bespeaks.

Ver. 17.] This couplet entirely misrepresents his author, who may be thus simply stated:

————— nor yet thou seem'st to know
My godhead; restless rage so drives thee on!

Ver. 22.] More accurately thus:

Whilst aims thy frenzy at a deathless god.

Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
 Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
 Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,
 To cheat a mortal who repines in vain. 30

Then to the city terrible and strong,
 With high and haughty steps he tow'r'd along.
 So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
 To the near goal with double ardour flies.
 Him, as he blazing shot across the field, 35
 The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
 Not half so dreadful rises to the sight
 Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night

Ver. 27.] This version is elegant and dextrous, but not strictly faithful, nor with the force of his original; which the reader may wish to see in a literal translation :

Thou of great fame hast robb'd me, and sav'd them
 With ease, of future punishment secure:
 Had I but power, my vengeance shouldst thou feel.

Ver. 32.] Thus, agreeably to the original :

The haughty chief, impetuous, rusht along.

Ver. 33.] The following version is exact :

Just as the steed, victorious, in the car
 Stretches with easy fleetness o'er the plain,
 So nimbly plies the prince his knees and feet.

Ver. 35.] This incomparable verse must discharge it's obligation to Chapman :

————— and *shot*, along the field his raies.

Ver. 37. *Not half so dreadful rises, &c.*] With how much dreadful pomp is Achilles here introduced! How noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terrour of his appearance, the desolation round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a croud of terrible ideas in this one simile!

Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
 And o'er the feeble stars exerts his rays; 40
 Terrifick glory! for his burning breath.
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
 So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
 He strikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
 He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies; 45
 He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;
 The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
 Full at the Scaean gates expects the war;
 While the sad father on the rampart stands,
 And thus abjures him with extended hands. 50

But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their son: that is succeeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of Hector, all on fire, obstinately bent on death, and expecting Achilles; admirably painted in the simile of the snake rolled up in his den, and collecting his poisons: and indeed, through the whole book, this wonderful contrast, and opposition of the Moving and of the Terrible, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other; I cannot find words to express how so great beauties affect me. P.

Ver. 40.] Thus, more closely to his author:

And *dims the host of stars with streaming rays.*

Ver. 43.] He should have written rather,

————— then *groan'd*, (or *shriekt*,) the sage;

as Chapman, by whom our poet has profited:

Out flew *his tender voice in shrieks*; and with rais'd hands he smit
His reverend head:

but our translator might follow Ogilby, who is right and wrong at the same time:

————— *aloud old Priam cries,*

Beating his breast, *tears* trickling from his eyes:

and so Barbin the older French translator: "Il appelloit son fils,
 " *ayant les larmes aux yeux.*"

Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
 Hector! my lov'd, my dearest bravest son!
 Methinks already I behold thee slain,
 And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
 Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be 55
 To all the gods no dearer than to me!
 Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
 How many gallant sons I late enjoy'd,
 Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd: 60

Ver. 51. *The speech of Priam to Hector.*] The poet has entertained us all along with various scenes of slaughter and horror: he now changes to the pathetick, and fills the mind of the reader with tender sorrows. Eustathius observes that Priam preludes to his words by actions expressive of misery: the unhappy orator introduces his speech to Hector with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The father and the king plead with Hector to preserve his life and his country. He represents his own age, and the loss of many of his children, and adds, that if Hector falls, he should then be inconsolable, and the empire of Troy at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in Homer, to make the fall of Troy to depend upon the death of Hector: the poet does not openly tell us, that Troy was taken by the Greeks; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to understand in this speech, that the city was taken, and that Priam, his wives, his sons, and daughters, were either killed or made slaves. P.

Ver. 56.] The verse appeared thus in the *first* edition:

To all th' *immortals* hateful as to me:

but there is much more bitterness and energy in the *negative* form of the wish.

Ver. 58.] He might have collected the remaining sentiment of his author into a triplet:

Nor my breast feel this weight of sorrows more.

Ver. 59.] The *two* verses of his author our translator would

Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.

Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore, }
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore, }
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more! 65 }

Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give?
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their
own,

Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne)
But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost, 70
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast;
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I? unutterable woe!

Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee. 75

Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!

have found no difficulty in concentrating in a single couplet, not to mention the defective rhymes in the latter of the present two. Thus?

Me of what sons have reft those murderous hands!

Or slain, or captives sold in foreign lands.

Dr. Johnson indeed calls the word *reft* obsolete; but fine havoc will be made with the copiousness of a language, if true English expressions, in every view unexceptionable, and sanctioned by our noblest and purest writers, are to be proscribed by such hasty and capricious sentences. I should much prefer the revival of sterling phraseology from our early writers to the *latinising* pedantry and pompous verbosity of some modern artists.

Ver. 70.] The rhymes may be thus amended:

But if, already lost, *each hapless ghost,*

All pale! *be wandering* on the Stygian coast—.

Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs; 80
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage,
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
 Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain: 85
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
 And number all his days by miseries!
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor; 90
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!

Ver. 76. *Enter yet the wall; And spare, &c.*] The argument that Priam uses (says Eustathius) to induce Hector to secure himself in Troy is remarkable: he draws it not from Hector's fears, nor does he tell him that he is to save his own life; but he insists upon stronger motives: he tells him he may preserve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther persuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall. P.

Ver. 88.] Our translator is not scrupulously attentive to his author, who may be thus exhibited with faithfulness and simplicity:

My sons destroy'd, my daughters rudely torn,
 Their bridal chambers ravag'd, and their babes,
 In heat of carnage, on the pavement dash'd,
 And matrons dragg'd by the fell hands of Greeks.

Ver. 90. *My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor.*] Cruelties which the Barbarians usually exercised in the sacking of towns. Thus Isaiah foretells to Babylon that her children shall be dashed in pieces before her eyes by the Medes. *Infantes eorum allidentur in oculis eorum*, xii. 16. And David says to the same city, *Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones*.

Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
 The last sad relick of my ruin'd state,
 (Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall; 95
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
 Yet for my sons I thank ye gods! 'twas well;
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
 Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best, 100
 Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
 But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,

Psal. cxxxvii, 9. And in the prophet Hosea, xiii. 16. *Their infants shall be dash'd in pieces.* Dacier. P

Ver. 96.] Or, more conformably to Homer's language,
 Where *raving* dogs :

for Eustathius on the passage mentions a conceit of the ancients, that household dogs fell into madness by feeding on human flesh.

Ver. 98.] This conclusion of the speech is not executed with fidelity. Let the reader accept the following resemblance of the original :

————— no youth it misbecomes,
 In battle slain and gor'd with pointed steel
 To lie: all forms, each circumstance of death
 To him is comely : but, when dogs deform
 The hoary head and hoary beard of age,
 And riot on his carcase uncontroll'd—;
 This beggars all the woes of woful man !

Ver. 102. *But when the Fates, &c.*] Nothing can be more moving than the image which Homer gives here, in comparing the different effects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the dust. *The old man,*

In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform, 104
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
 This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
 That man, can feel; man, fated to be curst!

He said, and acting what no words could say,
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.
 With him the mournful mother bears a part; 110
 Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
 The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said.

Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
 The words of age: attend a parent's pray'r! 115

it is certain, touches us most, and several reasons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himself, and death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakness, prayers, and tears. They must be very insensible of what is dreadful, and have no taste in poetry, who omit this passage in a translation, and substitute things of a trivial and insipid nature. Dacier. P.

Ver. 113.] This verse, I think, does not equal the beauty of it's associates, and might be improved in a variety of ways; for example:

And thus, *while stream'd her eyes with tears*, she said.

Ver. 114. *The speech of Hecuba.*] The speech of Hecuba opens with as much tenderness as that of Priam: the circumstance in particular of her shewing that breast to her son which had sustained his infancy, is highly moving: it is a silent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to listen, by prepossessing the eye in favour of the speaker.

Eustathius takes notice of the difference between the speeches of Priam and Hecuba: Priam dissuades him from the combat, by enumerating not only the loss of his own family, but of his whole

If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast ;
 Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
 But by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
 Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it) should'st
 thou bleed,
 Nor must thy corpse lie honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear ;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains. 125

country : Hecuba dwells entirely upon his single death ; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make Priam a father to his whole country ; but to describe the fondness of the mother as prevailing over all other considerations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her.

This puts me in mind of a judicious stroke in Milton, with regard to the several characters of Adam and Eve. When the Angel is driving them both out of Paradise, Adam grieves that he must leave a place where he had conversed with God and his angels ; but Eve laments that she shall never more behold the flowers of Eden. Here Adam mourns like a man, and Eve like a woman. P.

More faithfully thus :

Hector, my son, *this awful sight* revere !

With pity listen to a mother's prayer :

the rhymes, however, are not unexceptionably correct.

Ver. 117.] Or, more conformably to the language of his author,

Or, *lull'd to sleep thy sorrows* at this breast :

but our translator might take his direction from Chapman :

—— if ever she, had *quieted his exclaime,*

He would cease hers.

Ver. 125.] The word *plains* furnisht an easy rhyme, and thence

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents
roll ;

But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul :
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.

So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
Beholds the traveller approach the brake ;

the *vultures* of the translator for the *dogs* of Homer. Thus? more exactly :

In Græcian ships, thy funeral rites unpaid,
A helpless prey to dogs voracious, laid !

Dacier, according to her practice, includes both animals : " Et
" tu serviras de pâture *aux chiens et aux oiseaux* près des navires des
" Grecs."

Ver. 130.] Thus, more closely :

So rolls before his den the swelling snake,
Soon as he sees the swain approach the brake :

for the lingering enunciation of the word *traveller* in three syllables is void, I think, of suitable vivacity. But his predecessors might misguide our poet ; for thus Chapman :

Wraps all her caverne in her folds :

and thus Ogilby :

Coyl'd up before his mansion's narrow gates :

and, lastly, Hobbes:

And as a snake *roll'd up* before his den.

And so, I see, Mr. Cowper ; very erroneously, and in a stile but little suited to the restless impatience of this enraged and alarmed animal. I know not if Dacier saw the force and beauty of her author's expression : "*Faisant plusieurs circles de son énorme corps.*"

Ver. 131.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel passage of Virgil,
Æn. ii. 641 :

So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested *snake*,
Who slept the winter in a thorny *brake*.

When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains ;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire. 135
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.

Where lies my way ? To enter in the wall ?
 Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall :

Ver. 138. *The soliloquy of Hector.*] There is much greatness in the sentiments of this whole soliloquy. Hector prefers death to an ignominious life: he knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with dishonour. The reproach of Polydamas affects him; the scandals of the meanest people have an influence on his thoughts.

It is remarkable that he does not say, he fears the insults of the brave Trojans, but of the most worthless only. Men of merit are always the most candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themselves. They cannot bear that any one should be so bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the least miscarriage. This sentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and sensible mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this speech. Hector's mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breast, and consulting what method to pursue: he doubts if he should not propose terms of peace to Achilles, and grants him very large concessions; but of a sudden he checks himself, and leaves the sentence unfinished. The paragraph runs thus; "If," says Hector, I should offer him the largest conditions, give all "that Troy contains"—There he stops, and immediately subjoins, "but why do I delude myself, &c."

It is evident from this speech that the power of making peace was in Hector's hands: for unless Priam had transferred it to him, he could not have made these propositions. So that it was Hector who broke the treaty in the third book (where the very same conditions were proposed by Agamemnon.) It is Hector therefore

Should proud Polydamas before the gate 140
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 I feel my folly in my people slain. 145
 Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
 No—If I e'er return, return I must 150
 Glorious, my country's terrour laid in dust:

that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving the Greeks and Trojans in blood. This conduct in Homer was necessary: he observes a poetical justice, and shews that Hector is a criminal, before he brings him to death. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 140. *Shall proud Polydamas, &c.*] Hector alludes to the counsel given him by Polydamas in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow; it was, to withdraw to the city, and fortify themselves there, before Achilles returned to the battle. P.

Ver. 142.] In the next *twelve* lines our translator gives a very indistinct and general resemblance of his author; of which the reader may judge from the following close version:

Who bade me lead the Trojans to the town,
 That dreadful night, when fierce Achilles rose:
 But this far better counsel I disdain'd.
 The people thus my folly's victims made,
 Our Trojans and their wives I dread to meet;
 Lest some, inferiour to myself, should say,
 "This headstrong chief brought ruin on our men!"
 Thus they, reproachful. Sure 'twere better far,
 Or to return with slain Achilles' spoils,
 Or in the face of Troy with glory fall.

Or if I perish, let her see me fall
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
 And yet suppose these measures I forego,
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe, 155
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay
 down,

And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
 The wife with-held, the treasure ill-detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
 With honourable justice to restore; 160
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd
 Greece

May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go, }
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, 165 }
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow? }
 We greet not here, as man conversing man,
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;

Ver. 158.] More properly,

The wife *with-holden*, treasures ill-detain'd;
 but still the rhymes are inaccurate, and at ver. 160, none.

Ver. 167. *We greet not here, as man conversing man,*

Met at an oak, or journeying o'er the plain, &c.]

The words are literally these, "*There is no talking with Achilles, ἀπὸ δρυὸς καὶ ἀπὸ πέτρης, from an oak or from a rock, [or about an oak or a rock] as a young man and a maiden talk together.*" It is thought an obscure passage, though I confess I am either too fond of my own explication in the above cited verses, or they make it a very

No season now for calm familiar talk,
 Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk: 170
 War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
 To die, or triumph, that, determine Heav'n!

clear one. "There is no conversing with this implacable enemy in
 "the rage of battle; as when sauntering people talk at leisure to
 "one another on the road, or when young men and women meet
 "in a field." I think the exposition of Eustathius more far-fetched,
 though it be ingenious; and therefore I must do him the justice not
 to suppress it. It was a common practice, says he, with the hea-
 thens, to expose such children as they either could not, or would
 not educate: the places where they deposited them, were usually
 in the cavities of *rocks*, or the hollow of *oaks*: these children being
 frequently found and preserved by strangers, were said to be the
 offspring of those oaks or rocks where they were found. This
 gave occasion to the poet to feign that men were born of *oaks*, and
 there was a famous fable too of Deucalion and Pyrrha's repairing
 mankind by casting *stones* behind them: it grew at last into a
 proverb, to signify idle tales; so that in the present passage it
 imports, that Achilles *will not listen to such idle tales as may pass*
with silly maids and fond lovers. For fables and stories (and parti-
 cularly such stories as the preservation, strange fortune, and ad-
 ventures of exposed children) are the usual conversation of young
 men and maidens. Eustathius's explanation may be corroborated
 by a parallel place in the Odyssey, where the poet says,

Οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἴσσι παλαιφάτη, ἢ δ' ἀπὸ πέτρης.

The meaning of which passage is plainly this, *Tell me of what race*
you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not,
according to the old story, descended from an oak or a rock. Where
 the word *παλαιφάτη* shews that this was become ancient pro-
 verb even in Homer's day. P.

Chapman is neat and concise; nor has he neglected the pleasing
 repetition of his author:

To men of oke and rocke, no words; virgins and youths
 talk thus;

Virgins and youths, that love, and wooe; there's other
 warre with us.

Thus pond'ring like a god the Greek drew nigh;
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
 The Pelian jav'lin in his better hand, 175
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
 And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
 Like Jove's own light'ning, or the rising sun.
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise, 179
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.

Ver. 173.] Thus, more accurately expressive of his author:
 Thus *waits* he pondering, *whilst* the Greek drew nigh;
 Like *Mars*, his *crest nods* dreadful from on high.

Ver. 176.] This is unauthorised by the original, and wants diversity, by anticipating the subsequent image. Thus? more exactly:

Pois'd from the shoulder, as his steps advance,
 More and more horrid, shakes the Pelian lance:
 From his broad breast-plate vivid splendours blaze,
 Like flashing fire, or Titan's rising rays:

for the rhymes of the *second* couplet are not sufficiently precise, and were found in Ogilby:

———— his arms *like lightning shone*,
 Like blazing fire, or like the rising sun.

Ver. 179.] There is interpolation here, and similar rhymes occur too soon. I can only give an accurate literal translation:

Hector beholds, and trembles; nor dares stay:
 The gates he leaves, and frighted flies: the foe
 Springs after, trusting to his nimble feet.

Ver. 180.] *Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies.*] I doubt not most readers are shocked at the flight of Hector: it is indeed a high exaltation of Achilles (which was the poet's chief hero) that so brave a man as Hector durst not stand him. While Achilles was at a distance he had fortified his heart with noble resolutions, but at his approach they all vanish, and he flies. This (as

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.

exceptionable as some may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for distance, as it lessens all objects, so it does our fears; but where inevitable danger approaches, the stoutest hearts will feel some apprehensions at certain fate. It was the saying of one of the bravest men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Shew me but a certain danger, and I shall be as much afraid as any of you.* I do not absolutely pretend to justify this passage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that Hector was in this desperate circumstance.

First. It will not be found in the whole Iliad, that Hector ever thought himself a match for Achilles. Homer, (to keep this in our minds) had just now made Priam tell him, as a thing known (for certainly Priam would not insult him at that time) that there was no comparison between his own strength, and that of his antagonist:

————— ἵππειν πολὺ φέρτερός ἐστιν. *

Secondly. We may observe with Dacier, the degrees by which Homer prepares this incident. In the eighteenth book the mere sight and voice of Achilles unarmed, has terrified and put the whole Trojan army into disorder. In the nineteenth the very sound of the celestial arms given him by Vulcan, has affrighted his own Myrmidons as they stand about him. In the twentieth, he has been upon the point of killing Æneas, and Hector himself was not saved from him but by Apollo's interposing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible slaughter of all that oppose him, he overtakes most of those that fly from him, and Priam himself opens the gates of Troy to receive the rest.

Thirdly, Hector stays, not that he hopes to overcome Achilles, but because shame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city; a shame (says Eustathius) which was a fault that betrayed him out of his life, and ruined his country. Nay, Homer adds further, that he only staid by the immediate will of heaven, intoxicated and irresistibly bound down by fate.

Ἐκτερά δ' αὐτῷ μῦσαι ὅλοι μοῦζ' ἐπέδρουν.

Fourthly, He had just been reflecting on the injustice of the war he maintained; his spirits are depressed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himself abandoned by the gods, (as he

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)

184

directly says in ver. 300, &c. of the Greek, and 384 of the translation) so that he might say to Achilles what Turnus does to Æneas,

"*Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.*"

This indeed is the strongest reason that can be offered for the flight of Hector. He flies not from Achilles as a mortal hero, but from one whom he sees clad in impenetrable armour, seconded by Minerva, and one who had put to flight the inferior gods themselves. This is not cowardice according to the constant principles of Homer, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himself independent on the Supreme Being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author suffered the courage of Hector entirely to forsake him even in this extremity : a brave man's soul is still capable of rousing itself, and acting honourably in the last struggles. Accordingly Hector, though delivered over to his destiny, abandoned by the Gods, and certain of death, yet stops and attacks Achilles ; when he loses his spear, he draws his sword : it was impossible he should conquer, it was only in his power to fall gloriously ; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

If the reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this passage, for his own particular ; yet to induce him to suspend his absolute censure, he may consider that Virgil had an uncommon esteem for it, as he has testified in transferring it almost entirely to the death of Turnus ; where there was no necessity of making use of the like incidents ; but doubtless he was touched with this episode, as with one of those which interest us most of the whole Iliad, by a spectacle at once so terrible, and so deplorable. I must also add the suffrage of Aristotle, who was so far from looking upon this passage as ridiculous or blameable, that he esteemed it marvellous and admirable. "*The wonderful*, says he, ought to have place in tragedy, "*but still more in epick poetry, which proceeds in this point even* "*to the unreasonable : for as in epick poems one sees not* "*the persons acting, so whatever passes the bounds of reason is* "*proper to produce the admirable and the marvellous. For* "*example, what Homer says of Hector pursued by Achilles,* "*would appear ridiculous on the stage ; for the spectators could*

Just when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,
 Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aërial way;
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
 No less fore-right the rapid chace they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd; 190
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
 Where the high watch-tow'r o'erlooks the plain;
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
 (A wider compass) smoke along the road.

"not forbear laughing to see on one side the Greeks standing without any motion, and on the other Achilles pursuing Hector, and making signs to the troops not to dart at him. But all this does not appear when we read the poem: for what is wonderful is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that they who relate any thing, usually add something to the truth, that it may the better please those who hear it."

The same great critick vindicates this passage in the chapter following. "A poet, says he, is inexcusable if he introduces such things as are impossible according to the rules of poetry: but this ceases to be a fault, if by those means he attains to the end proposed; for he has then brought about what he intended: for example, if he renders by it any part of his poem more astonishing or admirable. Such is the place of the Iliad; where Achilles pursues Hector." Arist. Poet. chap. xxv. xxvi. P.

The person alluded to in the former part of our translator's note, and whose reply is there quoted, is said to have been the Earl of Peterborough, by writers of anecdotes.

Ver. 189.] The following couplet is accurately correspondent to the original:

Thus he shot eager: trembling Hector flees -
 Beneath Troy wall, and plies his nimble knees.

Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two fam'd mountains burst the parted
ground;

196

This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows. 200

Ver. 196. *Where two fam'd fountains.*] Strabo blames Homer for saying that one of the sources of Scamander was a warm fountain; whereas (says he) there is but one spring, and that cold; neither is this in the place where Homer fixes it, but in the mountain. It is observed by Eustathius, that though this was not true in Strabo's time, yet it might in Homer's, greater changes having happened in less time than that which passed between those two authors. Sandys, who was both a geographer and critic of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witness, that there are yet some hot water springs in that part of the country, opposite to Tenedos. I cannot but think that gentleman must have been particularly diligent and curious in his enquiries into the remains of a place so celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the most learned, but one of the best poets of his time: I am glad of this occasion to do his memory so much justice as to say, the English versification owes much of its improvement to his Translations, and especially that admirable one of Job. What chiefly pleases me in this place, is to see the exact Landscape of old Troy, we have a clear idea of the town itself, and of the roads and country about it; the river, the fig-trees, and every part is set before our eyes.

P.

Ver. 200.] His original prescribes,
Cold, as *or hail, or ice, or winter snows*:
and so, I perceive, *Hobbes* renders very faithfully:
As cold as is the hail, or ice, or snow.
Our translator seems to have followed *Ogilby*:
The other in the summer solstice would
Be more than snow, than hail or *crystal* cold:

Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
 Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
 By these they past, one chasing, one in flight, 203
 (The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might)
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
 No vulgar victim must reward the day,
 (Such as in races crown the speedy strife)
 The prize contended was great Hector's life. 210
 As when some hero's fun'rals are decreed
 In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
 Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
 (Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)
 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal, 215
 And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.

who might be misled by Chapman :

——— And when the sunne, made ardent sommer glow,
 There waters *concrete cristall* shin'd.

Ver. 209.] These are the rhymes of Ogilby also :

For no mean prize they strove or sporting *strife*,
 A prince's blood the palme, and Hector's *life* :

and in nearly the same words at the parallel passage of Virgil,
 Æn. xii. where Dryden's couplet is this, verse 1109 :

No trivial prize is play'd : for on the life
 Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife.

Ver. 211.] These rhymes are by no means allowable: and the
 same may be said of verse 219.

Ver. 216.] This verse is interpolated by the translator.

Thus three times round the Trojan wall they
fly;

The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke. 220

Unworthy sight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,

Ver. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky.*] We have here an instance of the great judgment of Homer. The death of Hector being the chief action of the poem; he assembles the Gods, and calls a Council in heaven concerning it: it is for the same reason that he represents Jupiter with the greatest solemnity weighing in his scales the fates of the two heroes: I have before observed at large upon the last circumstance in a preceding note, so that there is no occasion to repeat it.

[I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion it is a very necessary observation, and shews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greatest and finishing action of the poem of such importance that it engages the Gods in debates. P.

Our poet has the same beautiful image in his *St. Cecilia*:

And angels *lean* from heaven to hear:

and so his master Dryden, as I find him quoted in Johnson's Dictionary:

The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their sights, and *leaning* from their stars.

Ver. 219.] A very defective rhyme. Thus?

Then, as attentive sat the heavenly quire,
Of mortals and immortals *spake* the sire.

Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
 From Ida's summits, and the tow'rs of Troy: 226
 Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
 And Fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
 Consult, ye Pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate)
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
 (Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?

Then Pallas thus: shall he whose vengeance
 forms
 The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,

Ver. 225.] More poetically, perhaps, thus, and with less appearance of superfluous sentiment:

Whose *costly* fumes the gods *inhal'd* with joy.

Ver. 226. *From Ida's summits.*] It was the custom of the Pagans to sacrifice to the Gods upon the hills and mountains, in scripture language upon the *high places*, for they were persuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited such eminences: wherefore God ordered his people to destroy all those high places, which the nations had profaned by their idolatry. *You shall utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which you shall possess served their Gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree.* Deut. xii. 2. It is for this reason that so many kings are reproached in scripture for not *taking away the high places.* Dacier. P.

Ver. 228.] The words *And Fate* are an animated and sublime addition of the translator.

Ver. 229.] I should propose the reduction of these *four* verses to *two*, not only because the original may be well expressed in a less compass, but from the imperfection of the rhyme in the *second* couplet; as follows:

Yield we the chief to death, ye Gods, declare,
 Achilles' victim; or his virtues spare?

Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath! 235
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
 No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?

Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
 Exert thy will; I give the Fates their way. 240
 Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
 And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn
 The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
 In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245
 Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;

Ver. 242.] Consistency and his author both suggested,
 And *darts* impetuous —.

Ogilby is not amiss, and is faithful to the language of his original :

She, prompt before, this said, glides swiftly down
 From tow'ry spires, which steep Olympus crown :

but Pope was more attentive, in this instance, to Chapman's version:

————— Then *stoopt* she *from the skie*,
 To this great combat.

Ver. 243.] Thus, more accurately :

The well-breath'd beagle thus, o'er *hill* and lawn
 Drives, *from her covert rous'd*, the flying fawn :
 In vain *she* tries the *shelter* of the brakes —.

Ver. 246.] Had our poet written,

Or, *squat* beneath the trembling thicket, shakes ;

he would have exhibited the full force of the original term *κατακλιθεῖς* : see my note on the *Hercules furens* of Euripides, ver. 976, and 977 : and the term in question is dignified by the use of Milton, Dryden, and our author himself.

Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
 The certain hound his various maze pursues.
 Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
 There swift Achilles compass'd round the field. 250
 Oft' as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
 And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
 (Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
 From the high turrets might oppress the foe)
 So oft' Achilles turns him to the plain: 255
 He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
 As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
 One to pursue, and one to lead the chace,

Ver. 247.] This verse is interpolated by our translator: and much in the same strain Ogilby:

He hunts close on the foot, senting the trace.

Ver. 249: *Thus step by step, &c.*] There is some difficulty in this passage, and it seems strange that Achilles could not overtake Hector, whom he excelled so much in swiftness, especially when the poet describes him as running in a narrower circle than Hector. Eustathius gives us many solutions from the ancients; Homer has already told us that they run for the life of Hector; and consequently Hector would exert his utmost speed, whereas Achilles might only endeavour to keep him from entering the city: besides, Achilles could not directly pursue him, because he frequently made efforts to shelter himself under the wall, and he being obliged to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more steps than Hector. But the poet, to take away all grounds of an objection, tells us afterwards, that Apollo gave him a supernatural swiftness. P.

Ver. 255.] Thus Ogilby:

Achilles turns him to the open plain.

Ver. 257. *As men in slumbers.*] This beautiful comparison has been condemned by some of the ancients, even so far as to judge

Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake: 260
 No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain;
 While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.

What God, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
 With Fate itself so long to hold the course?

it unworthy of having a place in the Iliad: they say the diction is mean, and the similitude itself absurd, because it compares the swiftness of the heroes to men asleep, who are in a state of rest and inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundless criticism: the poet is so far from drawing his comparison from the repose of men asleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: it is a race in fancy that he describes; and surely the imagination is nimble enough to illustrate the greatest degree of swiftness; besides the verses themselves run with the utmost rapidity, and imitate the swiftness they describe. Eustathius.

What sufficiently proves these verses to be genuine, is, that Virgil has imitated them, *Æn.* xii:

“Ac veluti in somnis.”—— P.

Ogilby aims well; and some correction would make his efforts close and elegant. I shall quote him as he is:

As in his sleep one dreams pursuit he makes,
 Who flies not scapes, nor who pursues o'ertakes;
 So nor could Hector from Achilles go,
 Nor yet Achilles reach the flying foe.

But our poet would have written, I think, more properly, thus:

As men in slumbers seem with *struggling* pace—

And the rhymes are those of Chapman just after:

So, nor Achilles chace could reach, the flight of Hector's *pace*;
 Nor Hector's flight enlarge itself, of swift Achilles *chace*.

Ver. 259.] Thus Dryden in the parallel passage of Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 1315:

Our *sinking limbs forsake us in the course*.

Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour, 265
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with
pow'r:

And great Achilles, lest some Greeks advance
Should snatch the glory from the lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day. 270

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.

Ver. 269. *Sign'd to the troops, &c.*] The difference which Homer here makes between Hector and Achilles deserves to be taken notice of; Hector is running away towards the walls, to the end that the Trojans who are upon them may overwhelm Achilles with their darts; and Achilles in turning Hector towards the plain, makes a sign to his troops not to attack him. This shews the great courage of Achilles. Yet this action which appears so generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; Plutarch in the life of Pompey gives us to understand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory. Indeed this is not a single combat of Achilles against Hector, (for in that case Achilles would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from assaulting him) this was a rencounter in a battle, and so Achilles might, and ought to take all advantage to rid himself, the readiest and the surest way, of an enemy whose death would procure an entire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expose himself to the hazard of losing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the publick weal, and the safety of all the Greeks, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own person? I grant it is a fault, but it must be owned to be the fault of a hero. Eustathius. Dacier. P.

Ver. 270.] After this verse, our translator slips by one of his author, which the reader shall have from Chapman:

But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two founts.

Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's
fate; 273

Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the
weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:
Oh lov'd of Jove! this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far, 281
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of light.

Ver. 277. *Then Phœbus left him—*] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of describing a plain circumstance: the hour of Hector's death was now come, and the poet expresses it by saying that Apollo, or Destiny, forsakes him: that is, the Fates no longer protect him. Eustathius. P.

Verse id. — *Fierce Minerva flies To stern Pelides, &c.*] The poet may seem to diminish the glory of Achilles, by ascribing the victory over Hector to the assistance of Pallas; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of Achilles: but poetry loves to raise every thing into a wonder; it steps out of the common road of narration, and aims to surprize; and the poet would farther insinuate that it is a greater glory to Achilles to be beloved by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: for many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 279.] His original says literally,

Now we, I trust, shall bear, chief lov'd by Jove!
Back to the ships great glory to our Greeks:

but Pope seems to have regulated the turn of his version by his predecessor Ogilby:

Now, now the Greeks great honour shall acquire,
And slaught'ring Hector by thy hand expire.

See, where in vain he supplicates above, 285

Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!

Rest here: my self will lead the Trojan on,

And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind

Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd. 290

While like Deïphobus the martial Dame

(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)

Ver. 285.] His author suggests the following alteration :

E'en though, a suppliant in the courts above—.

Ver. 287.] The rhymes are not allowable. Ogilby's couplet on this occasion is altogether superiour, in my opinion, both for elegance and fidelity :

But stay and breathe, 'till Hector I engage

To stand thy charge, and meet thy fatal rage.

Ver. 289.] The phrase *joyful mind* has something in it not sufficiently poetical, and a glimpse of a botching aspect. Thus :

The chief obeys with joy the voice divine ;

Prop'd on his lance, his wearied limbs recline :

for we cannot admit in the verses of such an artist as Pope,

That one for sense, and one for rhyme,

Is quite sufficient at one time.

Ver. 290. *Obey'd; and rested.*] The whole passage where Pallas deceives Hector is evidently an allegory: Achilles perceiving that he cannot overtake Hector, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the pursuit; the stratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy: this the poet expresses by saying that Pallas, or Wisdom, came to assist Achilles. Hector observing his enemy stay to rest, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at last finds himself deceived; thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; so that his own *false judgment* is the treacherous Pallas that deceives him. Eustathius. P.

In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice
 bely'd.

Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
 Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight: 296
 It fits us now a noble stand to make,
 And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he. O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
 Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
 Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
 Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd
 more!

Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
 Defend my life, regardless of your own. 304

Again the Goddess. Much my father's pray'r,
 And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:
 My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
 But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
 Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
 Let the steel sparkle, and the javelin fly; 310

Ver. 301.] Thus Ogilby:

Deiphobus, said he, I love thee *more*
 Than all my brothers; us one mother *bore*.

Ver. 303.] Or, more closely to the words of his author:

Since you, of all, *the towers forsake*, alone
To shield my life—.

Ver. 308.] After this, there is an omission of Homer's sense
 to the following purport:

Stung by thy woes; whilst all with terror quake.

Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke; 315
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.

Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
But now some God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die. 320

Ver. 317. *The speeches of Hector and of Achilles.*] There is an opposition between these speeches excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes. That of Hector is full of courage, but mixed with humanity; that of Achilles of resentment and arrogance. We see the great Hector disposing of his own remains; and that thirst of glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as Eustathius observes, that what once was Hector may not be dishonoured. Thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the speech of Hector: but in that of Achilles there is a *fiertè*, and an insolent air of superiority. His magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a victory; he bids him prepare to defend himself with all his forces: and that valour and resentment which made him desirous that he might revenge himself upon Hector with his own hand, and forbade the Greeks to interpose, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably sustained, and though Achilles be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmost absurdity to have softened one line upon this occasion, when the soul of Achilles was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend Patroclus. I must desire the reader to carry this observation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where Achilles says he could eat the very flesh of Hector; though I have a little softened it in the translation, ver. 437. P.

Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
 And for a moment's space suspend the day;
 Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
 The just conditions of this stern debate.
 (Eternal witnesses of all below, 329
 And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
 To them I swear; if victor in the strife,
 Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
 No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue;
 Stript of its arms alone (the conqueror's due) 330
 The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
 Detested as thou art, and ought to be, 335
 Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
 Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
 Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,

Ver. 319.] The words of Homer prescribe rather,
 But now *my soul courageous* bids me try—.

Ver. 323.] By the following alteration of this verse,
 Yet *first call ye the Gods* to arbitrate;
 the preceding couplet is rendered wholly superfluous.

Ver. 331.] I should banish this colloquial and undignified
 contraction altogether, and write simply in the *present* form for
 the *future*, as significant of a firm and settled purpose.

The rest to Greece uninjur'd *I* restore.

Ver. 337.] The rhymes are not correct. The following
 attempt is literally expressive of Homer's language:

To such I call the Gods! one constant state
 Of lasting rancour and eternal hate: 340
 No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
 'Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
 Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
 Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
 No farther subterfuge, no farther chance, 345
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
 Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
 Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

As men and lions in no leagues combine,
 Nor wolves and sheep to friendly thoughts incline;
 But with fell rancour wars eternal rage:
 So must our souls nor love nor oaths engage.
 No room for kindness here! or thou shalt die,
 Or I to Mars a bleeding victim lie:

of which attempt the concluding line is borrowed from Ogilby.

Ver. 345.] Thus Ogilby:

Muster thy power:

for their original runs thus:

Shew all thy manhood: it becomes thee most
 To be a warrior now, expert and bold.

Hobbes is destitute of elevation, but well exhibits the meaning of his author:

It now behoves you all your pow'r to show,
 And be an able man of war indeed.

Ver. 346.] Dryden's pathetic conclusion of the *Æneis* was probably present to our translator's memory on this occasion:

'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives the deadly blow.

Ver. 348.] This is very sublime, and happily imagined. His original says only,

He spoke, and lanch'd his javelin at the foe;
 But Hector shun'd the meditated blow : 350
 He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
 Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
 Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
 Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,

————— now the numerous ills thou ru'st
 Of my associates, slain by thy mad spear.

There is a very magnificent passage in Valerius Flaccus, iv. 258, ennobled by imagery, like this of our translator, where the ghosts of those slain by Amycus request of Pluto permission to be spectators of the combat between that savage king and Pollux :

Et pater orantes cæsum Tartarus umbras.
 Nube cavâ tandem ad meritæ spectacula pugnae
 Emitterit: summi nigrescunt culmina mentis.
 The slaughter'd ghosts grim Pluto grants to view,
 By their entreaties won the approaching fight,
 Due to their prowess, in a hollow cloud :
 The mountain tops grow black with sudden gloom.

Statius has happily imitated this passage in his Thebaid, xi. 420, when he is preparing his reader for the single combat between Eteoclus and Polynices :

Ipse quoque Ogygios monstra ad gentilia manes
 Tartareus rector portâ jubet ire reclusâ :
 Montibus insidunt patriis, tristisque coronâ
 Infecere diem.

Th' infernal monarch bids the Theban ghosts
 View the sad spectacle of kindred guilt,
 And opes his portals. On their native hills
 The black assemblage sit, and blot the day.

Ver. 330.] More accurately, thus :

But Hector, watchful shuns the threaten'd blow.

Ver. 352.] This *metaphor* is not from his author, but Chapman :

————— This said, he brandished
 His long lance; and away it sung.

Unseen of Hector, who, clad with joy, 355
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of
Troy.

The life you boasted to that javelin giv'n,
Prince! you have mist. My fate depends on
heav'n.

To thee, presumptuous as thou art, unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own. 360
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrours sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least, 365
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy
heart!

Ver. 355.] So Chapman :

————— Athena, drew it, and gave her friend,
Unscene of Hector.

Ver. 357.] This translation is beautiful : but there is more
fidelity in the following closer adjustment of the passage :

The life you boasted to that javelin given,
Prince ! you have mist ; *nor knew the will of heaven.*
An artful vauunter thou, with fears to blind,
And damp the wonted vigour of my mind.

Ver. 363.] This verse appears to me miserably prosaic. Thus ?

But know, *by Fate what'er the death decreed,*
By no *disgraceful* wound shall Hector bleed.
If slain by thee, no fugitive at least—.

Ver. 367.] Our poet curtails the sense of his author in a passage

The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
 Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd 370
 The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground,
 Hector beheld his javelin fall in vain,
 Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
 He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear, 375
 In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
 All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
 'Tis so—Heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
 I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
 But he secure, lies guarded in the wall. 380

too pathetic to endure abbreviation. The following attempt gives no unfaithful representation of Homer's sense:

Now of mine arm beware: but may this dart
 Drink deep the vital current of thy heart!
 Then Troy some respite from her ills may know:
 Thy death will lighten half her load of woe.

Ver. 369.] This passage is not executed either with fidelity, or the customary skill of our translator. In the next couplet "*resulting with a bound*," and "*from off the orb*," are redundant and feeble phrases. I feel presumption enough to attempt a greater degree of accuracy in the subjoined effort:

The brandish'd spear it's course unerring held
 To the shield's centre; but the shield repell'd.
 Sent by his arm in vain wide flew the dart;
 His frustrate effort sadden'd Hector's heart.
 All motionless, a spectacle of woe he stands:
 No second javelin arms his helpless hands.

Ver. 377.] More conformably to Homer's language, and in compliance also with the variations above suggested, I would write
 Then *heav'd the conscious chief a boding sigh*.

'Tis so——.

A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black Fate approach! 'tis I must
bleed.

No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great: 386
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he
drew,

And, all collected, on Achilles flew. 390
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.

Ver. 387.] Thus Ogilby:

Not coward-like, but so will I *expire*,
That my last act all ages shall *admire*.

I cannot think the conclusion of this speech executed by any means in the best stile of our translator.

Ver. 391. *So Jove's bold bird, &c.*] The poet takes up some time in describing the two great heroes before they close in fight: the verses are pompous and magnificent, and he illustrates his description with two beautiful similes: he makes a double use of this conduct, which not only raises our imagination to attend to so momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleasing suspense, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of Hector or Achilles. P.

Ver. 391.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel passage of Virgil, *Æn.* ix. 761:

: Thus on some silver swan, or timorous *hare*
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper *air*.

Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
 Refulgent orb! Above his fourfold cone 395
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
 Nodding at ev'ry step: (Vulcanian frame!)
 And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
 As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night, 400
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
 So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.

The simile in Homer may be literally represented thus:

————— thus an eagle, soaring high,
 Darts to the plain through a black veil of clouds,
 To seize, or tender lamb, or skulking hare.

Ogilby gives a much more faithful likeness of his author, though modern ears will not acquiesce in the *second* rhymes:

This said, his sword he draws, and at him flies:
 As a swift eagle stooping cuts the skies,
 To seize a tim'rous hare or tender lamb;
 So Hector brandishing his falchion came.

Ver. 394.] Our translator dwells too much throughout the passage upon one idea. I would insert a different *epithet*, in correspondence with his original into this verse:

Before his breast *the high-wrought* shield he bears.

And yet the rhymes are not sufficiently diversified from those of the preceding couplet, as the following couplet is vicious in this article, and may be adjusted by this alteration of the *second* verse:

The hair of gold in wavy sparkles shone.

Ver. 398.] This line is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 399.] Chapman gives the comparison very briefly, but with the vivacity of genius:

————— and when he rais'd his lance,
 Up Hesperus rose, 'mongst the evening starres.

In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore, 405
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.

One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
 Gave entrance: thro' that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410
 Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the
 pow'r

Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries.

At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain, 415
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:

Ver. 409. *Thro' that penetrable part Furious he drove, &c.*] It was necessary that the poet should be very particular in this point, because the arms that Hector wore, were the arms of Achilles, that were taken from Patroclus; and consequently as they were the work of Vulcan, they would preserve Hector from the possibility of a wound: the poet therefore to give an air of probability to his story, tells us that they were Patroclus's arms, and as they were not made for Hector, they might not exactly fit his body: so that it is not improbable but there might be some place about the neck of Hector so open, as to admit the spear of Achilles. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 412.] This form of address is the translator's own, and proves his sympathy with the catastrophe of the Trojan prince.

Ver. 415.] With an exception of some defect in one or two of the rhymes, this speech is translated in a stile of uncommon excellence, but with no superstitious observance of the original order of expression, as the subjoined literal version may prove:

Then, prince! you should have fear'd, what
now you feel;

Achilles absent, was Achilles still.

Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid. 420
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rights adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

Then Hector fainting at th' approach of death. 423
By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!

Hector, you doubtless thought, Patroclus slain,
Regardless of me absent, to be safe.
Fool! an avenger, distant but more brave,
Still in the fleet, e'en I, was left behind;
Who now thy powers relax. While dogs and fowls
Thee vilely tear, him will the Greeks entomb.

Ver. 422.] Thus Dryden, in his *Absalom and Achitophel*:
His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, so heav'n will have it, *always mourn'd*,
And *always honour'd*.

A similar contrast may be seen at our poet's *Eloisa*, verse 9, and in my note there the passage of Virgil, which the lines of Dryden, quoted above, closely imitate. See also *Odyssey*, x. 495, of this version.

Ver. 427.] This beautiful line is due to the translator: at least it was wrought from one word of his author, whose verse runs thus:

Thee by thy life, thy parents' knees, I beg.

The common rites of sepulture bestow,
 To soothe a father's and a mother's woe; 430
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
 And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurst! relentless he replies,
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
 Not those who gave me breath shou'd bid me spare;
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r. 436
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
 No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.
 Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
 And giving thousands offer thousands more; 440

Ver. 437. *Could I myself the bloody banquet join !*] I have before hinted that there is something very fierce and violent in this passage: but I fancy that what I there observed will justify Homer in his relation, though not Achilles in his savage sentiments: yet the poet softens the expression by making Achilles only wish that his *heart would permit him* to devour him: this is much more tolerable than a passage in the Thebais of Statius, where Tydeus in the very pangs of death is represented as gnawing the head of his enemy. P.

The rhymes, as I have frequently observed in similar circumstances, and frequently avoided to observe from a consideration of the reader's patience, are defective. The original may be accurately given thus:

Oh! that my raging soul myself impell'd
 To gnaw thee now in slices, for thy deeds!
 So far the rescue of thy head from dogs.

Ver. 439. *Should Troy, to bribe me, &c.*] Such resolutions as Achilles here makes, are very natural to men in anger; he tells Hector that no motives shall ever prevail with him to suffer his body to be ransomed; yet when time had cooled his heat, and he had somewhat satisfied his revenge by insulting his remains, he restores them to Priam. This perfectly agrees with his conduct

Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
 Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral
 flame:

Their Hector on the pile they should not see;
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
 Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew: 446
 The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.

in the ninth book, where at first he gives a rough denial, and afterwards softens into an easier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of Achilles; his anger abates very slowly; it is stubborn, yet still it remits: had the poet drawn him never to be pacified, he had outraged nature, and not represented his hero as a man, but as a monster. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 441.] His author dictates, as might have been learned from Hobbes and Dacier, the following amendment:

Should Priam *offer*, and the weeping dame,
Thy weight in gold to buy one funeral flame.

I will venture on a versification of the passage, which will be found exact to the original:

Would Dardan Priam bring thy weight in gold;
 Nor then thy wailing mother should enfold
 Thy lifeless limbs, nor funeral couch should bear;
 But dogs and vultures every morsel tear.

Ver. 447.] See the note on book ix. verse 749. Thus our great dramatic genius in Richard ii. v. 2:

That had not God, for some strong purpose, *steel'd*
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.

Homer says only, for the materials of this couplet,
 ————— for sure thy mind is steel within.

Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
 And angry Gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee;
 Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate, 451
 And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.

He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his lab'ring
 breath,

And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way, 455
 (The manly body left a load of clay)
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies. 460

Ver. 449. *A day will come.*] Hector prophesies at his death that Achilles shall fall by the hand of Paris. This confirms an observation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were looked upon as prophecies; but whether such conjectures are true or false, it appears from hence, that such opinions have prevailed in the world above three thousand years. P.

Ver. 454.] This image is from Chapman:

———— Thus, *Deaths hand* close *his eyes*:

the original is,

Him, as he spoke, o'erveil'd the close of death.

Ver. 455.] This passage has occurred before, book xvi. verse 1032.

Ver. 459.] There is much addition here from the fancy of our translator. Thus his author:

Divine Achilles him, though dead, address:
 Die thou; I then my death will greet, when'er •
 Jove shall appoint it, and the rest of heaven.

Die thou the first! When Jove and heav'n ordain,
 I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.
 Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
 The reeking javelin, cast it on the ground.
 The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
 His manly beauty, and superiour size: 466
 While some ignobler, the great dead deface
 With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace.
 "How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late,
 "Sent light'ning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate?"

Ver. 467. *The great dead deface With wounds, &c.*] Eustathius tells us that Homer introduces the soldiers wounding the dead body of Hector, in order to mitigate the cruelties which Achilles exercises upon it. For if every common soldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what insults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflamed Achilles? But I must confess myself unable to vindicate the poet in giving us such an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy should have been so far from moving them to revenge, that it should have recommended him to their esteem: what Achilles afterwards acts is suitable to his character, and consequently the poet is justified; but surely all the Greeks are not of his temper? Patroclus was not so dear to them all, as he was to Achilles. It is true, the poet represents Achilles (as Eustathius observes) enumerating the many ills they had suffered from Hector; and seems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his resentment. Had Hector been living, they had been acted by a generous indignation against him: but these men seem as if they only dared approach him dead; in short, what they say over his body is a mean insult, and the stabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous. P.

Ver. 469.] Ogilby corrected gives a good resemblance of the turn and language of his author:

*Strange! or we Hector now more gentle meet,
 Than when with hostile flames he fir'd our fleet.*

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands, 471
 Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends.
 Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
 Since now at length the powerful will of heav'n
 The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n, 476
 Is not Troy fallen already? Haste ye pow'rs!
 See, if already their deserted tow'rs
 Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain? 480

Ver. 472.] *Surrounding* is a feeble and redundant word.

Ver. 474. *The speech of Achilles.*] We have a very fine observation of Eustathius on this place, that the judgment and address of Homer here is extremely worthy of remark: he knew and had often said, that the gods and fate had not granted Achilles the glory of taking Troy: there was then no reason to make him march against the town after the death of Hector, since all his efforts must have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjuncture? It was but reasonable that the first thought of Achilles should be to march directly to Troy, and to profit himself of the general consternation into which the death of Hector had thrown the Trojans. We here see he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great General; but after this on a sudden he changes his design, and derives a plausible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the last devoirs to his friend. The manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for *Patroclus*, make this very natural. At the same time, this turning off to the tender and pathetick has a fine effect; the reader, in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives that Achilles is still a man, and capable of softer passions. P.

Ver. 477.] The passage seems to hobble. I know not that I can suggest a real improvement, but propose the following alterations:

Haste, and assault the city: see, ye powers!

If Troy, despairing, her deserted towers

But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
 Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,
 Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
 Can his dear image from my soul depart, 485
 Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
 If, in the melancholy shades below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd,
 Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade. 490
 Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece in triumph bring
 The corpse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
 Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,
 "Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Hate left unmann'd; or, if *she* yet retain
 The souls of heroes, *her* great Hector slain.

Ver. 481.] This couplet corresponds to a single line of Homer, whose purport may be properly represented thus:

But why delay, fond soul! debating thus?
 so that our translator evidently profited from Chapman's version:

————— But why use I a word
 Of any act, but what concerns my friend?

Ver. 486.] More exactly to the language of his author, thus;
While nerves my limbs, or blood shall move my heart.

Ver. 487.] These *four* verses are a beautiful amplification upon the following *distich* of his original:

E'en in the grave, where black Oblivion broods,
 Shall dear Patroclus in my memory live.

Ver. 494. "*Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.*" I have followed the opinion of Eustathius, who thought that what Achilles

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead) 496

says here was the *chorus* or burthen of a *song* of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. Dacier observes that this is very correspondent to the manners of those times : and instances in that passage of the book of Kings, when David returned from the conquest of Goliath : the women there go out to meet him from all the cities of Israel, and sing a triumphal song, the *chorus* whereof is, *Saul has killed his thousands, and David his ten thousands.* P.

Accurately thus :

Our's is the praise : great Hector we have slain ;
To whom Troy paid, as to a God, her vows.

Ver. 496. *Unworthy of himself, and of the dead.*] This inhumanity of Achilles in dragging the dead body of Hector, has been severely (and I think indeed not without some justice) censured by several, both ancients and moderns. Plato in his third book de Republica, speaks of it with detestation : but methinks it is a great injustice to Homer, to reflect upon the morals of the author himself, for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.

It may justly be observed in general of all Plato's objections against Homer, that they are still in a view to morality, constantly blaming him for representing ill and immoral things as the opinions or actions of his persons. To every one of these, one general answer will serve, which is, that Homer as often describes ill things in order to make us avoid them, as good to induce us to follow them, (which is the case with all writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently shews the injustice of Plato's censure is, that many of those very actions for which he blames him are expressly characterised and marked by Homer himself as evil and detestable, by previous expressions or cautions. Thus in the present place, before he describes this barbarity of Achilles, he tells us it was a most unworthy action :

——— καὶ Ἐκτόρα δὴν ἀνείκελ μάλιστα ἔργα.

When Achilles sacrifices the twelve young Trojans in lib. xxii. he

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted thro' the double wound ;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
 Proud on his car the insulting victor stood, 501
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds ; the rapid chariot flies ;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air ; 505
 The face divine, and long-descending hair,
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand ;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land!

repeats the same words. When Pandarus broke the truce in lib. iv. he told us it was a mad, unjust deed ;

——— τῷ δὲ φένας ἄφρονι καὶ δυν.

And so of the rest.

P.

Ver. 502.] The latter clause is added by the translator, as commodious for a rhyme.

Ver. 506. *The face divine, and long-descending hair.*] It is impossible to read the actions of great men without having our curiosity raised to know the least circumstance that relates to them. Homer, to satisfy it, has taken care in the process of his poem to give us the shape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair ; thus he has told us that Achilles's locks were yellow, and here the epithet *Κυάνεαι* shews us that those of Hector were of a darker colour : as to his person, he told us a little above, that it was so handsome, that all the Greeks were surprised to see it. Plutarch recites a remarkable story of the beauty of Hector : it was reported in Lacedæmon, that a handsome youth who very much resembled Hector was arrived there ; immediately the whole city run in such numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the croud. Eustathius.

P.

Ver. 507.] The former circumstance represents no expression

Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
And, in his parent's sight, now dragg'd along! 510

The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses venerably grey,
And cast, far off, the regal veils away. }

With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow, 516

And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less, than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,

of his author, but seems derived from Dacier: "Et sa tête,
" emportée par la rapidité du char, ensanglante le sable."

Ver. 510.] This line is interpolated by our countryman, and
seems amplified from Chapman:

——— in his owne land, and by his parents scene.

Ver. 516.] Homer makes no mention of the *tears* of Priam;
and I have noted more than once this unseasonable and inaccurate
version of the Greek word *μυκτα*: so unfit on occasions too big
with calamity for *tears* in the leading sufferers. Yet thus Mr.
Cowper, whose accuracy in general is exemplary:

————— His father wept aloud:

and the former French translator "L' infortuné Priam estoit baigné
" *des larmes*." The other translators are unexceptionable in this
particular, more by accident, perhaps, than design. I would
propose this alteration in the passage before us:

Tears o'er the cheeks of each spectator flow.

See, however, verse 550, below, where the Greek word is
κλαιων, *weeping*: so that unless it be reasonable to suppose the
agony of sorrow to have relieved itself by this termination, part of
my remark will be invalidated.

O'er the proud citadel at length should rise, 520
 And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
 The wretched monarch of the fallen state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force: 525
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
 Imploring all, and naming one by one.
 Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530
 I, only I, will issue from your walls,
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)
 And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535
 He has a father too; a man like me,
 One, not exempt from age and misery,
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)

Ver. 525.] This verse is from the translator.

Ver. 529.] The rhyme is intolerable, and recurs too soon.
 Thus Ogilby :

Kneeling in dust, requesting *one by one*.

Ver. 532.] Somewhat better, perhaps, thus, as more exactly :

*Myself will supplicate, my-self alone,
 This ruthless, furious murderer of my son.*

How many valiant sons in early bloom, 540
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb?
 Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
 The son expiring in the sire's embrace, 545
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around. 551

Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears,
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears)

Ver. 543. *Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.*] It is in the Greek,

Οὐ μὲν ἄλγος ἐξὸν χαλίσσεται αἶψας ἔγω.

It is needless to observe to the reader with what a beautiful pathos the wretched father laments his son Hector: it is impossible not to join with Priam in his sorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line which is particularly tender, and almost word for word the same with that of the Patriarch Jacob; who upon a like occasion breaks out in the same complaint, and tells his children that, if they deprive him of his son Benjamin, they will *bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.* P.

Ver. 545.] The rhyme is not correct; and, in general, our translator, in my judgement, has not risen to the fulness of his proper excellence in his exhibition of this tender passage.

Ver. 548.] So in his Eloisa, verse 49:

Then share thy pain; allow that *sad relief*.

Ah why has heaven prolong'd this hated breath,
 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death? 553
 O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
 The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
 To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd;
 Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
 O fatal change! become in one sad day 560
 A senseless corse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
 To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
 As yet no messenger had told his fate,
 Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate. 565
 Far in the close recesses of the dome,
 Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;

Ver. 556.] Or thus? more accurately:

My Hector! *night and day* thy mother's joy;
 The pride and bulwark of thy native Troy.

And these rhymes are employed also by Ogilby:

————— Thou fountain of all joy,
 And honour both to me and those in Troy!

Ver. 553, &c.] The grief of Andromache, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praises that can be given it; but I must take notice of one particular which shews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of Hector appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to encrease her affliction by *surprise*: it is finely prepared by the circumstances of her being retired to her inmost apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her husband (as may be conjectured from what she says afterwards, ver. 657) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: all which (as the critics have observed) augment the surprise, and render this reverse of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

P.

A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
 Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
 The bath preparing for her lord's return: 571
 In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
 Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
 Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
 And all her members shake with sudden fear; 575
 Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
 As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls.

Ah follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
 Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.

Ver. 568.] Thus Ogilby:

In private she beguil'd the tedious *hours*,
 Working a curious web with *gaudy flow'rs*.

Ver. 572.] A very elegant couplet, but not equal to his original in simplicity; which may be thus exhibited:

Ah! much deceiv'd! far, from the bath he lay,
 Through Pallas slaughter'd by Achilles' hand:

Some of these pathetic apostrophes Milton had in memory at that exquisite passage of *Paradise Lost*, ix. 404:

O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose.

Ver. 577.] An old word, which wants revival, would be more forcible, I think, on this occasion:

As thus, *astounded*, to her maids she calls.

Ver. 578.] Vicious rhymes! not worse, perhaps, thus:

Ah! follow me! What *plaints* invade mine ear?

(She cry'd) 'Tis sure my mother's voice *I hear*:

except the too quick recurrence of these sounds.

My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert,
 A pulse unusual flutters at my heart; 581
 Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
 (Ye Gods avert it) threatens the Trojan state.
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast 585
 Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
 Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
 Safe in the croud he ever scorn'd to wait,
 And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath, 590
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
 She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face;
 Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursue)
 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.

Ver. 580.] Nor are these rhymes to be endured. The subsequent substitution is correctly representative of Homer's language :

With palpitations wild my bosom heaves ;
 My knees stiff horror of their strength bereaves.

Ver. 586.] Thus Ogilby :

And *chas'd* from Troy about the spacious *plain*
 Where he (too daring) may, woe's me! be *slain*.

Ver. 590.] In the same language Chapman :

———— and now the curious *heat*
 Of his still desperate spirit is *cool'd* :

and Addison in the *Campaign* :

O fatal love of fame! O *glorious heat* !

Ver. 592.] Thus Ogilby :

This said, like one *distracted*, out she *flew*.

Too soon her eyes the killing object found, 596
 The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
 She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour
 flies.

Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
 The net that held them, and the wreath that
 crown'd, 601

The veil and diadem, flew far away;
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day.)

Ver. 596.] Better, perhaps, with a repetition of the words:

Her view too soon the killing object found:

on account of the return of *eyes* in the next couplet.

Ver. 600. *Her hair's fair ornaments.*] Enstathius remarks, that in speaking of Andromache and Hecuba, Homer expatiates upon the ornaments of dress in Andromache, because she was a beautiful young princess; but is very concise about that of Hecuba, because she was old, and wore a dress rather suitable to her age and gravity, than to her state, birth, and condition. I cannot pass over a matter of such importance as a Lady's dress, without endeavouring to explain what sort of heads were worn above three thousand years ago.

It is difficult to describe particularly every ornament mentioned by the poet, but I shall lay before my female readers the Bishop's explanation. The Ἀμυνὴ was used, τὸ τὰς ἡμπροσθίας τρίχας ἀναδύν, that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the fore-part of the head: Κικρυφάλη was a veil of net-work that covered the hair when it was so tied: Ἀναδίσκη was an ornament used κυκλῶ περὶ τὰς κροτάφους ἀναδύν, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples; and the Κρήνη was a fillet, perhaps embroidered with gold, (from the expression of χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ) that bound the whole, and completed the dress.

The Ladies cannot but be pleased to see so much learning and Greek upon this important subject.

Around a train of weeping sisters stands,
 To raise her sinking with assistant hands. 605
 Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
 She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
 Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
 For sure one star its baneful beam display'd 610
 On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
 From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we
 came,
 At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
 Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
 And why was all that tender care bestow'd? 615

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that distinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: what Andromache here says, cannot be spoken properly by any but Andromache: there is nothing general in his sorrows, nothing that can be transferred to another character: the mother laments the son, and the wife weeps over the husband. P.

Ver. 604.] Here some circumstances are passed over by our translator, which appear thus in Ogilby :

When Hector in renowned Eëtion's house
 Her with an ample dowry did espouse :
 and may be exhibited with more polish in the following dress:
 When from Eëtion's hall in that bless'd hour
 The chief convey'd her with an ample dower.

Ver. 610.] This notion of the *star* is from the translator only, in imitation of Ogilby :

Us two, ah ! Hector, one disastrous *star*,
 Mark'd at our birth like miseries to share :
 or Dacier: " Hélas sous quel *astre* sommes-nous nés tous deux ? .

Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
 Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
 An only child, once comfort of my pains, 630
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
 No more to smile upon his sire! no friend
 To help him now! no father to defend!
 For should he'scape the sword, the common doom!
 What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
 Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd, 626
 Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
 The day, that to the shades the father sends,
 Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:

Ver. 618.] Thus Ogilby :

Since thou to Pluto's shady court art *gone*,
 Thy wife a woful widow left *alone*.

And I must observe, that our poet's version does not appear excellent in this place: and, in general, he keeps pace with his author more in the majesty of description and sublimity of sentiment, where magnificence of diction is required; than in the simplicity of *pathos*. Indeed, what is more difficult than an unaffected representation of natural passion; which admits no tumid exaggerations, and but few embellishments of poetical phraseology?

Ver. 622.] Ogilby, corrected, is not amiss, but plain and faithful :

Thy child, an orphan! Thou *no more shalt be*
 A help to him, nor he *a help* to thee!

Hobbes has a good and pathetic line in this place; see ver. 629 :

A child that is an orphan has no friend.

Ver. 628. *The day, that to the shades, &c.*] The following verses, which so finely describe the condition of an orphan, have

He, wretched outcasts of mankind! appears 630
 For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
 Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
 Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
 While those his father's former bounty fed,
 Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread: 635

been rejected by some ancient critics: it is a proof there were always critics of no manner of taste; it being impossible any where to meet with a more exquisite passage. I will venture to say, there are not in all Homer any lines more worthy of him: the beauty of this tender and compassionate image is such, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the Iliad is too much stained. These censurers imagined this description to be of too abject and mean a nature for one of the quality of Astyanax: but had they considered (says Eustathius) that these are the words of a fond mother, who feared every thing for her son; that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, because there is a possibility that they may; that Andromache is in the very height of her sorrows, in the instant she is speaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinions.

It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they sink us in a moment from the highest flow of prosperity to the lowest adversity: the poet judiciously makes use of this circumstance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmost tenderness, lamenting this reverse of fortune in her son; changed all at once into a slave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not examples in our own times of unhappy Princes, whose condition renders this of Astyanax but too probable? P.

Ver. 634.] His author says only "his father's associates:" but our poet might be thinking of the master performance of his preceptor, the Feast of Alexander:

Deserted in his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed.



The kindest but his present wants allay,
 To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
 Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
 Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
 Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feasts not here:"
 The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear. 641
 Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
 To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
 Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn. 645
 He, who with tender delicacy bred,
 With princes sported, and on dainties fed,

Ver. 636.] Chapman is more literal :

————— Of all his favourers
 If one the cup gives, tis not long ; the wine he finds in it,
 Scarce moistens his palate.

But, whoever wishes to form any notion of the most exquisite simplicity of Homer through this speech, he must by all means have recourse to Mr. Cowper's version. Ogilby gives no contemptible view of the thought before us :

Some one will from his goblet let him sip
 No more, perhaps, than wets his parched lip.

Ver. 647. *On dainties fed.*] It is in the Greek, "Who upon
 "his father's knees, used to eat marrow and the fat of sheep."
 This would seem gross if it were literally translated, but it is a
 figurative expression ; in the stile of the Orientals, marrow and fat-
 ness are taken for whatever is best, tenderest, and most delicious.
 Thus in Job xxi. 24. *Viscera ejus plena sunt adipe, & medullis ossa*
ejus irrigantur. And xxxvi. 16. *Requies autem mensæ tuæ erit*
plena pinguedine. In Jer. xxxi. 14. God says, that he will satiate
 the soul of the priest with fatness. *Inebriabo animam sacerdotum*
pinguedine. Dacier.

P.

And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
 Must—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
 Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls, 651
 Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
 Since now no more the father guards his
 Troy.

But thou, my Hector, ly'st expos'd in air,
 Far from thy parent's and thy consort's care, 655

The former clause is an interpolation from the translator. I would supplant it by the sentiment of his author, thus:

From his fond father's knee on dainties fed.

The discarded thought might have been suggested by Chapman:

————— He that late fed on his father's knee,

To whom all knees bow'd :

who is full of these conceited and punning *antitheses*.

With respect to Dacier's remark, quoted by our poet, we may observe from the following specimen, that Hobbes was not troubled by the sensations of a delicate translator :

That used was by his father to be fed

With *mutton fat* and marrow on his knee.

Ver. 648.] An agreeable image of his original should have been preserved here, which I cannot exhibit with adequate felicity :

And, when *with playful humours tir'd* to rest—:

or thus :

And, when *the froward wanton sank* to rest,

Repos'd in down—.

Ver. 655.] So Chapman, who is very exact to his author:

————— yet at fleete, thy naked corse must fill

Vile wormes, when dogs are satiate : *farre from thy parents care.*

Whose hand in vain directed by her love,
 The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
 Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
 Useless to thee, from this accursed day!

Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660
 An honour to the living, not the dead!

So spake the mournful dame: her matrons
 hear,
 Sigh back her sigh, and answer tear with tear.

Ver. 656.] Our translator indulges his fancy. Ogilby, with correction, becomes accurate, and not contemptible:

*But those rich vestments, by our damsels made
 For thee, and choicely in our wardrobes laid—.*

Ver. 657. *The martial scarf, and robe of triumph wove.*] This idea very naturally offers itself to a woman, who represents to herself the body of her husband dashed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. It is well known, that it was anciently the custom among princesses and great ladies to have large quantities of stuffs and moveables. This provision was the more necessary in those times than now, because of the great consumption made of them on those occasions of mourning. Dacier.

I am of opinion that Homer had a farther view in expatiating thus largely on the death of Hector. Every word that Hecuba, Priam, and Andromache speak, shews us the importance of Hector: every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the same time represents the sad effects of the anger of Achilles, which is the subject of it. P.

Ver. 660.] This is Chapman's language:

Thy sacrifice they shall be made:

to which nothing in Homer exactly corresponds.

Ver. 663.] Homer says,

VOL. V.

K

She wept; her women answer'd her with groans :

But Chapman thus :

Thus spake she weeping; all the dames endeavouring to
cheare,

Her desert state; (fearing their owne) wept with her *tears*
for tears.

THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the *Myrmidons* do honours to the body of *Patroclus*. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. *Achilles* sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of *Iris*) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. *Achilles* institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the *Cæstus*, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the *Discus*, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of *Patroclus* appears to *Achilles*: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS, and the following book, which contain the description of the funeral of Patroclus, and other matters relating to Hector, are undoubtedly superadded to the grand catastrophe of the poem; for the story is completely finished with the death of that hero in the twenty-second book. Many judicious criticks have been of opinion, that Homer is blameable for protracting it. Virgil closes the whole scene of action with the death of Turnus, and leaves the rest to be imagined by the mind of the reader; he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be said in favour of Homer, which may perhaps justify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *anger of Achilles*: and as that anger does not die with Hector, but persecutes his very remains, so the poet still keeps up to his subject; nay, it seems to require that he should carry down the relation of that resentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully satisfied: and as this survives Hector, and gives the poet an opportunity of still shewing many sad effects of Achilles's anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excrescences, but essential to the poem.

Virgil had been inexcuseable had he trod in Homer's footsteps; for it is evident that the fall of Turnus, by giving Æneas a full power over Italy, answers the whole design and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark: and though Homer proceeds after Hector's death, yet the subject is still the *anger of Achilles*.

We are now past the war and violence of the *Ilias*, the scenes of blood are closed during the rest of the poem; we may look back with a pleasing kind of horror upon the anger of Achilles, and see what dire effects it has wrought in the compass of nineteen days: Troy and Greece are both in mourning for it, heaven and earth, gods and men, have suffered in the conflict. The reader seems landed upon the shore after a violent storm; and has leisure to survey the consequences of the tempest, and the wreck occasioned by the former commotions, Troy weeping for Hector, and Greece for Patroclus. Our passions have been in an agitation since the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like some great master in musick, softens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderness and pity. P.

THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THUS humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the
strand,

5

All but the martial Myrmidonian band;
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds.

Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Release your smoking coursers from the car; 10

Ver. 1.] There is uncommon amplification here. The *three*
first verses of his author run thus:

Thus they in Troy lamented: but the Greeks,
When to their fleet and Hellespont they came,
Each to his ship, dispersing, bent his way:

which correspond to the *five* introductory lines of the translation.

But, with his chariot each in order led,
 Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
 Ever yet from rest or food we seek relief,
 Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led 13
 (Achilles first) their coursers round the dead;
 And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
 Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.

Ver. 12.] Or, more accurately :

His only solace ! wail Patroclus dead.

Thus Chapman :

————— and mourne about the corse :

'Tis proper honour to the dead.

Ver. 15.] Dryden, at the parallel passage of the *Æneid*, xi. 290 :

Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led,

And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.

Ver. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew,*

————— *Thetis aids their woe.*]

It is not easy to give a reason why Thetis should be said to excite the grief of the Myrmidons and of Achilles ; it had seemed more natural for the mother to have composed the sorrows of the son, and restored his troubled mind to tranquillity.

But such a procedure would have outraged the character of Achilles, who is all along described to be of such a violence of temper, that he is not easy to be pacified at any time, much less upon so great an incident as the death of his friend Patroclus. Perhaps the poet made use of this fiction in honour of Achilles ; he makes every passion of his hero considerable, his sorrow as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddess attends him and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancy that Homer animates the very sands of the seas, and the arms of the Myrmidons, and makes them sensible of the loss of Patroclus ; the preceding words seem to strengthen that opinion, because the poet introduces a Goddess to raise the

For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes
to flow. 20

But chief, Pelides: thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said.

sorrow of the army. But Eustathius seems not to give into this conjecture, and I think very judiciously; for what relation is there between the sands of the shores, and the arms of the Myrmidons? It would have been more poetical to have said, the sands and the rocks, than the sands and the arms; but it is very natural to say, that the soldiers wept so bitterly, that their armour and the very sands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear very just by reading the verse, with a comma after *τιύχια*, thus:

Διύοντο ψάμμοι, διύοντο δὲ τιύχια, φωνῶν
δάκρυσι.

Then the construction will be natural and easy, period will answer period in the Greek, and the sense in English will be, the sands were wet, and the arms were wet, with the tears of the mourners.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the run of these verses in Homer, every word has a melancholy cadence, and the poet has not only made the sands and the arms, but even his very verse, to lament with Achilles. P.

This verse in the *first* edition stood thus:

Tears drop the sands, and tears their arms bedew.

And the verbal criticism of our translator, where-ever he found it, is trivial and unnecessary. *Τιύχια φωνῶν* of Homer is the *arma virum* of the Roman: and a reader of the least attention or skill will naturally connect the substantive *δάκρυσι* with the verb in both clauses.

Ver. 23. *His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood,
On his dead friend's cold breast——]*

I could not pass by this passage without observing to my reader the great beauty of this epithet, ἀνδροφόνος. An ordinary poet would

All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost 25
 Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
 Behold! Achilles' promise is compleat;
 The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
 Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;
 And twelve sad victims, of the Trojan line, 30
 Sacred to vengeance, instant, shall expire;
 Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
 Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,

have contented himself with saying, he laid his hand upon the breast of Patroclus; but Homer knows how to raise the most trivial circumstance, and by adding this one word, he laid his *deadly* hands, or his *murderous* hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a single epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble achievements of Achilles through the Iliad. P.

Our translator has indeed given, in my opinion, a very happy and proper turn to the *χαῖμας ἀδριφεύουσας* of his author in this place; the beauty of which I had long ago myself remarked. Compare verse 51. The older French translator Barbin is the only one besides himself, who has attended to this propriety. "Ensuite met-
 "tant ses deux mains ensanglantées sur son amy—."

Ver. 25. *All hail, Patroclus, &c.*] There is in this apostrophe of Achilles to the ghost of Patroclus, a sort of savageness, and a mixture of softness and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character. Dacier. P.

Ver. 31.] He has taken these improper rhymes from Ogilby, as on a former occasion:

————— and at thy pyre
 Twelve Trojans to thy manes shall expire.
 Doubtless, *fire* would be well substituted here for *pyre*.

Ver. 34.] Thus Ogilby:

This said, before the herse he Hector threw.

Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around 35
 Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
 All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
 Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
 Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
 The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire: 40
 The huge ox bellowing falls; with feeble cries
 Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
 Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd
 In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.

Ver. 38.] Thus Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 797 :

In close recess and secret conclave sat
 A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full.

Ver. 39.] These variations from his author betray more ingenuity, perhaps, than strict correspondence to truth and nature. The English reader will wish to see a plain translation of the passage :

Many white oxen, struggling round the steel,
 Were slaughter'd : many sheep and bleating goats;
 And many white-tooth'd swine were stretch'd to roast,
 With fat luxuriant, round Vulcanian fire.

Chapman's version might set him forwards :

Oxen in heapes lay *bellowing*, preparing food for men
Bleating of sheepe, and goates, filld aire :

or Dacier : " Tout retentit du *mugissement* des taureaux, et des *cries*
 " des brebis."

Ver. 40.] Much in the same stile Chapman :

———— numbers of white-tooth'd swine,
 (Swimming in fat) lay *sindging* there.

Ver. 43.] The rhyme is not admissible. The true power of the original expression the learned reader will allow to be preserved in the following couplet :

And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
 The glorious victor to the King of kings. 46
 From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
 With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
 Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
 With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround; 50
 To cleanse his conqu'ring hands from hostile gore,
 They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore.
 No drop shall touch me, by almighty Jove!
 The first and greatest of the Gods above!
 'Till on the pyre I place thee; 'till I rear 55
 The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.

*On all sides round the prostrate carcase stood
 In frequent pools the reeking victims' blood.*

Ver. 51. *To cleanse his conqu'ring hands——*

———The chief refus'd ——]

This is conformable to the custom of the Orientals: Achilles will not be induced to wash, and afterwards retires to the sea-shore, and sleeps on the ground. It is just thus that David mourns in the Scriptures; he refuses to wash, or to take any repast, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth. P.

This is from Chapman:

*———to cleanse the blood sok't in
 About his conquering hands.*

Ver. 56.] Achilles intended to clip his *own hair*, as an oblation, not that of Patroclus: agreeably to many other passages in these poems, and other ancient authors. What could lead our poet into this error, when so many of his predecessors are right, I know not, except the ambiguity of the Latin interpretation, *totonderoque comam*, and of Chapman's version:

———not a drop shall touch me till I put

Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
 And soothe my sorrows, while I bear to live.
 Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay, 59
 And share your feast; but with the dawn of day,
 (O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
 That Greece the warriour's funeral pile prepare,
 And bid the forests fall: (such rites are paid
 To heroes slumb'ring in eternal shade) 64
 Then when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
 Let the leagu'd squadrons to their post retire.

Hespoke; they hear him, and the word obey; }
 The rage of hunger and of thirst allay, }
 Then ease in sleep the labours of the day. }

Patroclus in the funerall pile; before *these curls* be cut;
 His tombe erected.

And the vicious rhymes are from Ogilby:

Till I my friend lay on pyre, then *rear*,
 His obelisk, presenting him my *hair*.

Perhaps the following change would mend the couplet:

'Till on the pyre I place thee: 'till I rear
 The mound, and clip *my locks* to grace *thy bier*:

or thus:

'Till the fire seize thee; 'till the mound I rear,
 And from my head it's curling honours sheer.

Ver. 57.] There is no resemblance to Homer here: nor can
 I think what could occasion such deviation in this instance. His
 author runs thus:

—————whilst with the living I converse,
 No second woe like this shall pierce my heart:

or, in rhyme:

No sorrow, whilst I traverse life's dull round,
 Will on my heart inflict so deep a wound.

But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore, 70
 Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
 Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
 The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.
 Along the grass his languid members fall,
 Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall; 75
 Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
 At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.

Ver. 71.] This representation of the passage is very improper, and inconsistent with his original; and all the other translators had a wrong or inadequate conception of their author's intention in this description, except Chapman only, whose version is this:

————— the friend, the shores maritimal
 Sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and upon which
 plaide

The murmuring billows.

Homer's language is most obviously intended to describe a shore of gentle declivity, free from inequalities and unbroken by rocks, gently washen by the sea. The following translation appears to me perfectly descriptive of the original, in poetical expression:

In a smooth place, where lav'd an easy shore
 The kissing billows.

A verse in the fine *epithalamium* of Thetis and Peleus, by Catullus, will illustrate that before us:

Omnia quæ toto delapsa è corpore passim
 Ipsius ante pedes *fluctus salis alludebant*.

Our poet's version, therefore, might be thus accommodated to the intention of his master:

*On the smooth strand the great Pelides laid,
 Where the tir'd billows gently murmuring play'd.*

Ver. 74.] Rather in some such tenour as the following:.

At their full length his languid members fall.

Ver. 76.] I would propose, as follows, with a view to fidelity:

When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
 Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;
 In the same robe he living wore, he came, 80
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
 And sleeps Achilles, (thus the phantom said) }
 Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead? }
 Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care, 85
 But now forgot, I wander in the air.
 Let my pale corse the rights of burial know,
 And give me entrance in the realms below :

*There the soft murmurs of the dashing deep
 Soon lull'd his sorrows in the arms of sleep.*

Ver. 78. *The ghost of Patroclus.*] Homer has introduced into the former parts of the poem the personages of gods and goddesses from heaven, and of furies from hell; he has embellished it with ornaments from earth, sea, and air; and he here opens a new scene, and brings to the view a ghost, the shade of the departed friend. By these methods he diversifies his poem with new and surprising circumstances, and awakens the attention of the reader; at the same time he very poetically adapts his language to the circumstances of this imaginary Patroclus, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the state of separate souls. P.

Ver. 79.] This hesitating exception is very seasonable and beautiful in his *Eloisa*, under a system of *religion*, which admitted such a doubt:

“Come, sister! come:” it said, or *seem'd to say* :
 but is improper on this occasion, and unauthorised by his author.
 We may thus correct the passage :

When lo! before *the warrior's* closing eyes
 The shade of sad Patroclus seem'd to rise.

Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,
 But here and there th'unbody'd spectres chase 90
 The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
 Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.

Ver. 91.] The rhymes are not unexceptionable. The following substitution is no less expressive of his original :

Round *Pluto's spacious dome* my vagrant ghost ;
 Nor must th' irremeable flood be cross'd.

Ver. 92. *Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the souls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had received the funeral rites ; they supposed those that wanted them wandered an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river ; Virgil perhaps had this passage of Homer in his view in the sixth *Æneis*, at least he coincides with his sentiments concerning the state of the departed souls :

" Hæc omnis, quam cernis inops inhumataque turba est :

" Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta

" Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt ;

" Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum ;

" Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt."

It was during this interval between death and the rites of funeral, that they supposed the only time allowed for separate spirits to appear to men ; therefore Patroclus here tells his friend,

————— To the farther shore

When once we pass, the soul returns no more.

For the fuller understanding of Homer, it is necessary to be acquainted with his notion of the state of the soul after death : he followed the philosophy of the *Ægyptians*, who supposed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body ; the mind they call *φῆσις*, or *ψυχή*, the vehicle *εἰδωλον*, *image or soul*, and the gross body *σῶμα*. The soul, in which the mind was lodged, was supposed exactly to resemble the body in shape, magnitude and features ; for this being in the body, as the statue in its mold, so soon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was enclosed : this it was that appeared to Achilles with the full resemblance of his friend Patroclus. Vid. Dacier's life of Pythagoras, p. 71. P.

Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
 When once the last funereal flames ascend, 95
 No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
 No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make
 known,

Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.

Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
 The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
 Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall 101
 Ev'n great and god-like thou art doom'd to fall,
 Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!

Ver. 98.] The sentiment in the former part of this verse is chargeable, I think, with affectation and obscurity, and receives no countenance from his author. I would presume on this correction, which is conformable to the spirit of Homer's language:

Nor in sweet converse counsel take alone.

Ver. 103.] Our poet here much abbreviates his author, whose detail I shall give, for the sake of variety, from Chapman: and the quotation, which follows, is that part of the original represented in Pope's translation by the remainder of the speech, except the concluding couplet:

————— O then, I charge thee now take care

That our bones part not: but as life, combine in equal fare,
 Our loving beings; so let death. When from Opunta's towres,
 My father brought me to your roofes, (since 'gainst my will,
 my powres

Incest, and indiscreet, at dice, slue faire Amphidamas)
 Then Peleus entertained me well; then in thy charge I was
 By his injunction, and thy love: and therein, let me still
 Receive protection.

Ver. 104. *Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine.*] There
 VOL. V. L

Together have we liv'd, together bred, 105
 One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;
 That golden urn, thy goddess-mother gave,
 May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight 109
 Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
 Oh more than brother! Think each office paid,
 Whate'er can rest a discontented shade:
 But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
 Afford at least that melancholy joy.

is something very pathetic in this whole speech of Patroclus; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames Achilles with a friendly tenderness; he recounts to him the inseparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his last request, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may rest in the same urn. The speech itself is of a due length; it ought not to be very short, because this apparition is an incident entirely different from any other in the whole poem, and consequently the reader would not have been satisfied with a cursory mention of it; neither ought it to be long, because this would have been contrary to the nature of such apparitions, whose stay upon earth has ever been described as very short, and consequently they cannot be supposed to use many words.

The circumstance of being buried in the same urn, is entirely conformable to the eastern custom: there are innumerable instances in the scriptures of great personages being buried with their fathers: so Joseph would not suffer his bones to rest in Ægypt, but commands his brethren to carry them into Canaan, to the burying place of his father Jacob. P.

Ver. 107.] Thus Ogilby:

Ah! in that golden urn our reliques save,
 Which thee thy goddess mother Thetis gave.

Ver. 113.] If we consider, that Patroclus was older than Achilles, we shall deem, perhaps, the phrase *unhappy boy* as more

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd 115
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the
bands

Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands, 120
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, tho' dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains :
The form subsists, without the body's aid,
Ærial semblance, and an empty shade! 125

subservient to the convenience of rhyme, than the purport of his author. The subsequent attempt is faithful to the original beyond the present couplet :

But in one last embrace, a sad relief!

Oh ! let us sate awhile our rage of grief.

Ogilby is not contemptible :

All shall be done : but stay a little space

To make grief pleasant by our sweet embrace.

Ver. 119.] Thus Chapman a little above :

————— *Sleepe cast his sodaine bond*

Over his sense, and losde his care,

Ver. 121.] This translation exhibits much too sedate a picture for the occasion; neither agreeable to Nature, nor her scribe, his original. The verse may be thus accommodated to Homer's language:

In wild surprize, he clasps his eager hands.

And the following note is chiefly taken from Dacier.

Ver. 124. *The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aerial semblance, and an empty shade.*]

This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
 Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;

The words of Homer are,

Ἄτ' ὅρ' φρίξες ἢ κ' εἴη πάμπαν.

In which there seems to be a great difficulty; it being not easy to explain how Achilles can say that the ghost of his friend had no understanding, when it had but just made such a rational and moving speech, especially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very shape, air, and voice of Patroclus.

But this passage will be clearly understood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the souls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple division of *mind*, *image*, and *body*. They imagined that the soul was not only separated from the body at the hour of the death, but that there was a farther separation of the *φρῶν*, or understanding, from its *εἶδωλον*, or vehicle; so that while the *εἶδωλον*, or image of the body was in hell, the *φρῶν*, or understanding might be in heaven: and that this is a true explication, is evident from a passage in the *Odyssey*, book xi. verse 600:

Τὸν δὲ μοι, ἐστάνησιν βίαν Ἡρακλεΐην,
 Εἶδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μοι ἄθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
 Τέρπεικε ἐν θαλάῃ, καὶ ἔχρη καλλὴν-φρον· Ἠέερα.

Now I the strength of *Hercules* behold,
 A tow'ring spectre of gigantick mold;
 A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
 Himself resides, a God among the Gods:
 There in the bright assemblies of the skies
 He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.

By this it appears that Homer was of opinion that *Hercules* was in heaven, while his *εἶδωλον*, or image was in hell: so that when this second separation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtless form.

We have this whole doctrine very distinctly delivered by *Plutarch* in these words: "Man is a compound subject; but not of two parts, as is commonly believed, because the *understanding* is generally accounted a part of the *soul*: whereas indeed it as far exceeds the soul, as the soul is diviner than the body. Now the soul when compounded with the understanding, makes reason:

Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
 Alas! how diff'rent! yet how like the same!

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with
 tears: 130

And now the rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
 Shews every mournful face with tears o'erspread,
 And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
 But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
 With mules and waggonssends a chosen band 135
 To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
 A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.

"and when compounded with the body, passion; whereof the one
 "is the source or principle of pleasure or pain, the other of vice or
 "virtue. Man therefore properly dies two deaths; the first makes
 "two of three, and the second makes him one of two."
 Plutarch, *of the face in the moon*. P.

Ver. 128.] So Dunciad, iii. 41:

Bland and *familiar, as in life*, begun

Thus the great father to the greater son.

Ver. 129.] Homer says merely,

—————resemblance great he bore:

so that our translator seems to have had in mind a celebrated passage of Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 13.

————— *facies non omnibus una,*

Nec diversa tamèn, qualem decet esse sororum:

thus imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of the Brothers:

The days of life are sisters; all alike,

None just the same.

Ver. 130.] The greater part of these *four* verses are interpolated, or but unfaithful to their original. The following couplet more fully expresses the sense of Homer:

Then round the dead they wail; 'till on their woes

The rosy-finger'd Morn at length arose.

With proper instruments they take the road,
 Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
 First march the heavy mules, securely slow, 140
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they
 go:

Ver. 141. *O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go—*

On all sides round the Forest hurls her oaks Headlong—]

The numbers in the original of this whole passage are admirably adapted to the images the verses convey to us. Every ear must have felt the propriety of sound in this Line,

Πολλὰ δ' αἶαντα, κάταντα, πέραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἔλθο.

The other in its kind is no less exact,

Τάμνον ἐπιγόμενοι, ταῖ δὲ μεγάλα κλυτεύουσι.

Πέττοι ———

Dionysius of Halicarnassus has collected many instances of these sorts of beauties in Homer. This description of felling the forests, so excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in Statius, one of the best (I think) in that author :

“ ——— Cadit ardua fagus,

“ Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæsa cupressus ;

“ Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta supremis,

“ Ornique, ilicæque trabes, metuandaque sulco

“ Taxus, & infandos belli potura cruores

“ Fraxinus, atque situ non expugnabile robur :

“ Hinc audax abies, & odoro vulnere pinus

“ Scinditur, acclinant intonsa cacumina terræ

“ Alnus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus, &c.”

I the rather cite this fine passage, because I find it copied by two of the greatest poets of our own nation, Chaucer and Spenser. The first in the Assembly of Fowls, the second in his *Fairy Queen*, lib. i :

The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,

The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,

The builder oak, sole king of forests all,

The aspin good for staves, the cypress funeral,

Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shockt axles
bound.

But when arriv'd at Ida's spreading woods,
(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods) 145
Loud sounds the ax, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the Forest hurls her oaks

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets sage: the fir that weepeth still,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the saw for the mill,
The myrrh, sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound. P.

Ver. 142.] My decision is but of small importance, but I cannot let this passage go by, without expressing my disapprobation of imitative verse carried to this excess, whether in Homer or in Pope. The preceding verse, as less extravagant, and happily enough descriptive of length and labour, may be approved; and resembles a passage in Milton, which might present itself to the translator's memory: *Par. Lost*, ii. 620:

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.

Ver. 143.] It seems unnecessary to inform us that *jumping axles bound* and *clattering cars rattle*. I would substitute as follows:

Rattle th' *unbalanc'd* cars, and the shock'd axles *sound*.

Ver. 145.] Better, perhaps,
Fair Ida, *parent of* descending floods.

Ver. 146.] As the tenour of the original demands no such studied mimicry of the circumstances in the sounds and cadence of

Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets
brown;

Then rustling, crackling, crashing thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return.¹⁵¹
The sturdy woodman equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the sandy shore;
There on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the
load; 155

Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.

the verse I would venture to propose the following alterations,
which bring the passage to a closer resemblance of it's model :

The well-edg'd ax, redoubling strokes on strokes,
Spreads thro' the Forest her aerial oaks :
The men with speed their eager labours ply ;
Flat, with loud crash, th' umbrageous ruins lie.

Ver. 152.] Thus Ogilby :

And as their captain bade, the drivers bore
And laid the trunks in order on the shore.

Ver. 153.] I see no reason for not adhering to the very words
of his author, thus :

(*So Merion dictates*) to the sandy shore.

Ver. 154.] Our poet should have included the sense of his
author in one couplet ; and would easily have poured forth one
more elegant, but not more faithful than the following :

(*So Merion charg'd*) and rang'd them on the shore,
Where one huge tomb the hero's thoughts intend,
Soon to enclose himself, and now his friend.

The hero bids his martial troops appear
 High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires, 160
 All mount their chariots, Combatants and Squires,
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
 Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
 Next these the melancholy band appear,
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier: 165
 O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw;
 Achilles next, oppress with mighty woe,

Ver. 158.] The *two* verses of his author in this place are very partially represented in the preceding couplet, and may be seen more distinctly in the following attempt:

When thus in order lay the piles of wood,
 Close round the spot the croud expectant stood.

The defect of rhyme, if necessary, may be thus redressed:

The hero bids, *each in his lofty car,*
 His troops appear, in all the pomp of war.

Ver. 160. *Each in refulgent arms, &c.*] It is not to be supposed that this was a general custom used at all funerals; but Patroclus being a warrior, he is buried like a soldier, with military honours. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 163.] The heated imagination of our poet seems to have *smoked along* much faster than that of his author, who was thinking only of a *slow* and solemn funereal procession. Thus?

Then clouds of foot *move slowly round* the plain.

Ver. 166. *O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw.*] The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practised not only among the Greeks, but also among other nations; thus Statius, Thebaid VI:

“ ——— Tergoque & pectore fusam

“ *Casariam* ferro minuit, sectisque jacentis

“ Obnubit tenuia ora cornis.”

This custom is taken notice of in holy scripture: Ezekiel describing a great lamentation, says, *They shall make themselves utterly bald for*

Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.

thee, ch. xxvii. verse 31. I believe it was done not only in token of sorrow, but perhaps had a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

I must observe that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was not always in token of sorrow; Lycophron in his *Cassandra*, ver. 976, describing a general lamentation, says,

Κρατὶς δ' ἄκμης ἰὼτα καλλόνι φοῖα.

A length of unshorn hair adorn'd their backs.

And that the ancients sometimes had their hair cut off in token of joy, is evident from Juvenal, Sat. xii. ver. 82:

" ——— Gaudet ibi vertice raso

" Garrula securi narrare pericula nautæ."

This seeming contradiction will be solved by having respect to the different practices of different nations. If it was the general custom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of sorrow; but if it was the custom to wear short hair, then the letting it grow long and neglecting it, shewed that such people were mourners.

P.

Ver. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] Achilles follows the corpse as chief mourner, and sustains the head of his friend: this last circumstance seems to be general; thus Euripides in the funeral of Rhesus, ver. 886:

Τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θιῶς, ὦ Βασιλεῦ,

Τὸν τιθήμενον ἐν χροῖ;

Φοράδην πέμπει;

What God, O king, with his hands supports the head of the deceased? P.

Ver. 169.] More agreeable to his original, thus:

The hero, now conducted to the dead!

or,

The much-lov'd hero, mingled with the dead!

Chapman is not unsuccessful:

————— Next to him marcht his friend

Embracing his cold necke, all sad; since now he was to send,

His dearest, to his endlesse home.

Patroclus decent on the appointed ground 170
 They place, and heap the silvan pile around.
 But great Achilles stands apart in pray'r,
 And from his head divides the yellow hair;
 Those curling locks which from his youth he
 vow'd, 174
 And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:

Ver. 170.] To prevent the repetition of a word from the preceding verse, this was altered from the *first* edition; which stood thus:
The body decent—.

Ver. 172.] This *pray'r* is a miserable botch for convenience; and the rhymes of the next couplet are exceptionable. Thus, more correctly:

Then from the pyre Achilles steps aside:
 The lock, long cherish'd, there his hands divide,—
 That yellow lock to lov'd Patroclus gave,
 Once vow'd, Sperchius! to thy honour'd wave.

Ver. 175. *And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood.*] It was the custom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewise to consecrate that of their children to the river-gods of their country. This is what Pausanias shews in his Atticks: *Before you pass the Cephisa (says he) you find the tomb of Theodorus who was the most excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you see two statues, one of Mnesimachus, and the other of his son, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the custom of the Greeks, may be inferred from Homer's poetry, where Pelus promises by a solemn vow to consecrate to the river Sperchius the hair of his son, if he returns safe from the Trojan war.* This custom was likewise in Ægypt, where Philostratus tells us, that Meninon consecrated his hair to the Nile. This practice of Achilles was imitated by Alexander at the funeral of Hephæstion. Spodanus. P.
 The vicious accent he might take from Chapman:

Long kept for Sperchius, the flood:
 or from Ogilby, who is not worthy of quotation. Hobbes is correct in this particular:

And speaking to Sperchius river said.

Then sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waste.

Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!

To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return, 180

These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:

Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,

Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,

And where in shade of consecrated bow'rs

Thy altars stand, perfum'd with native flow'rs!

So vow'd my father; but he vow'd in vain; 186

No more Achilles sees his native plain;

Ver. 176.] Though not authorised by a precise expression of his model, instead of this redundancy, an explanatory interpolation would not have been unseasonable; to define the purport of this direction of his countenance:

Then homeward, with a sigh, his looks he cast.

Ver. 178.] This couplet is a mere fancy of our translator's; nor are the rhymes beyond the reach of censure. A trivial alteration would render this interpolation useless, upon our poet's plan:

Sperchius! to thee we vow'd at our return

These locks in vain, and hecatombs to burn:

but I should prefer a more accurate and circumstantial version:

To thee, Sperchius! Peleus vow'd in vain,

When his dear son in safety saw again

His native land, whole hecatombs to slay,

And from my head to cut this curl away.

Ver. 185.] The *perfume*, or *scent*, intended by Homer, is not that of *flowers*, but that of *incense*, or *animal vapours*, from the altar: which did not fall in so readily with the convenience of our translator.

In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the shades below.

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid. 191
Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow;
And now the Sun had set upon their woe;
But to the king of men thus spoke the chief.
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief: 195
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre:
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn—
He said: the people to their ships return:

Ver. 189.] Our translator seems to have profited by Chapman :
————— and since, I never more
Shall see my lov'd soyle, my friends hands, shall to the *Stygian*
shore

Convey *these tresses* :

for their original may be literally given thus :

Since I return not to my much-lov'd home,
I give Patroclus now this lock to bear.

Ver. 190.] Another miserable supplement : see the note on
verse 172. We might substitute here, perhaps not amiss, the
following alteration :

The hero *spake* ; then turning to the shade,
On it's cold hand the *sever'd* lock he laid.

Thus Ogilby :

He in Patroclus hands his tresses laid.

Ver. 196.] These are the rhymes of Ogilby, whose version is
generally faithful :

Command, great king ! (since thou art best obey'd,
And they have wept enough) all to retire,
To their repast, while we attend the pyre.

While those deputed to interr the slain: 200
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
 The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side;
 High on the top the manly corse they lay,
 And well-fed sheep, and sable oxen slay: 205
 Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
 And the pil'd victims round the body spread;
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
 Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan 210
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are
 thrown.
 Of nine large dogs, domestick at his board,
 Fall two, selected to attend their lord.

Ver. 200.] *Interr* seems an ineligible word in this place, and one of a more general nature, equivalent to *attend* or *manage*, had been better.

Ver. 204.] More agreeably to his author, thus:
 High on the top, with *sighs*, the corse they lay.

Ver. 208.] The imperfect rhymes of this couplet are from Chapman.

Ver. 210.] Our translator here misrepresents his author. The version may be rendered correct by the following substitution:

Four stately coursers his attendants slew:
 These on the pyre the chief, deep-groaning, threw.

Ver. 212.] A thousand proofs will occur to the intelligent reader of the unimproved state of society in Homer's days, and proportionate presumptions of the great antiquity of this poem. It is not improbable, that this passage might suggest to his translator that

Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
 Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell. 215
 On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
 Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
 Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
 And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry,

All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost 220
 Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coast.
 Behold, Achilles' promise fully paid,
 Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
 But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,
 Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.

So spake he, threat'ning: but the Gods made
 vain 226

His threat, and guard inviolate the slain:
 Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
 And roseate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! shed:

circumstance in his noble description of the Indian's character, in the *Essay on Man*, i. 111:

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Ver. 218.] This verse is a supplement from the translator.

Ver. 226.] A circumstance of his original, omitted by our poet, might be thus included:

*So threatens the chief: his threat the gods make vain,
 And keep, tho' dragg'd, inviolate the slain.*

Ver. 228. *Celestial Venus*, &c.] Homer has here introduced a series of allegories in the compass of a few lines: the body of Hector may be supposed to continue beautiful even after he was

She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd
prey. 231

Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire. 235

Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;

slain; and Venus being the president of beauty, the poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preserved by that goddess.

Apollo's covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: for the sun (says Eustathius) has a double quality which produces contrary effects; the heat of it causes a dryness, but at the same time it exhales the vapours of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool season while Hector lay unburied, and Apollo, or the sun, raising clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very easy fiction in poetry may be introduced in person to preserve the body of Hector. P.

Ver. 233.] More accurately, thus:

. Pour'd round *the place from heaven* a veil of air.

Ver. 235.] This *Sirian fire* is unauthorised by his author, and may probably be unintelligible to many readers. I should prefer some amendment to the following purport:

From the fierce influence of the solar fire:

or,

Safe from the scorching touch of solar fire:

compare my note on the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, verse 685.

Ver. 236.] As the rhymes of this couplet soon recur, an introduction of some variety would improve the passage. Thus?

Nor yet Patroclus' pyre the breezes raise,
Nor yet the sullen wood begins to blaze.

But, fast beside, Achilles stood in pray'r,
 Invok'd the Gods whose spirit moves the air,
 And victims promis'd, and libations cast, 240
 To gentler Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
 He call'd th' ærial pow'rs, along the skies
 To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
 The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall, 245
 Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
 Sat all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
 She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
 The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
 All from the banquet rise, and each invites 250
 The various Goddess to partake the rites.

Not so, (the dame reply'd) I haste to go
 To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:

Ver. 243.] There is a want of elegance in a too close repetition of these little words, which a correct poet will study to avoid. Thus?

—— and, *whispering, bid* the fires to rise.

Ver. 248.] Here we are indebted to the fancy of the translator: his author says only,

—— Iris ran, and stood
 On the stone threshold.

Ver. 250.] The spirit of the original is better preserved by Ogilby:

—— all rose as in she came;
 Offering their seats to the celestial dame.

Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend, 254
 And heav'n is feasting on the world's green end,
 With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
 Far on the extremest limits of the main.
 But Pelcus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
 The western Spirit, and the North to rise;
 Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driv'n, 260
 And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the words she vanish'd from their view;
 Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

Ver. 258.] Our poet is not faithful to his author. Thus?

But Peleus' son implores your winds to rise
 From North and West, (and vows a sacrifice)
 To rouse that pile, which dead Patroclus bears,
 Which Greece assembled wash with showers of tears.

Ver. 253. *The allegory of the winds.*] A poet ought to express nothing vulgarly; and sure no poet ever trespassed less against this rule than Homer, the fruitfulness of his invention is continually raising incidents new and surprising. Take this passage out of its poetical dress, and it will be no more than this: a strong gale of wind blew, and so increased the flame that it soon consumed the pile. But Homer introduces the gods of the winds in person: and Iris, or the rainbow, being (as Eustathius observes) a sign not only of showers, but of winds; he makes them come at her summons.

Every circumstance is well adapted. As soon as the winds see Iris, they rise; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind rises: she refuses to sit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never seen long at one time, but soon appears, and soon vanishes: she returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is composed of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have described her as passing by land.

The winds are altogether in the cave of Zephyrus, which may imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous: or that

Forth burst the stormy band with thund'ring roar,
 And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before.²⁶⁵
 To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
 The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains rise:

the nature of the winds is the same: or that the western wind is in that country the most constant, and consequently it may be said that at such seasons all the winds are assembled in one corner, or rendezvous with Zephyrus.

Iris will not enter the cave: it is the nature of the rainbow to be stretched entirely upon the surface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reason.

When Iris says that the gods are partaking hecatombs in Æthiopia, it is to be remembered that the gods are represented there in the first book, before the scenes of war were opened: and now they are closed, they return thither. Eustathius.

Thus Homer makes the anger of his hero so important, that it roused heaven to arms, and now when it is almost appeased, Achilles as it were gives peace to the gods. P.

Ver. 265.] I should like better,

————— the clouds are *roll'd* before;

but our translator seems to have trodden in Chapman's steps:

————— out rusht, with an unmeasur'd rore,

Those two winds, *tumbling clouds in heaps*.

Ver. 266.] Or thus?

Then, *the shrill blast descending* from the skies—.

Ver. 267.] Ogilby thought himself very sublime on this occasion, and may serve to relax the risible organs of the reader:

Vast billows ploughing up, whose briny spry

Lather'd with froathie suds the spangled sky.

This specimen, I think, comes very little short of one much more memorable in the annals of the Bathos:

To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,

And *perixig* with snow the *bald-pate* woods.

Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
 'Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
 The structure crackles in the roaring fires, 270
 And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
 All night, Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
 With large libation from the golden bowl.
 As a poor father, helpless and undone,
 Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son, 275
 Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
 And pour in tears, e'er yet they close the urn:
 So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
 So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no
 more. 279

Ver. 270.] Thus Ogilby :

*Thund'ring they charge the pile : then crackling fire
 All night, and clouds of curled smoke aspire.*

Ver. 272.] This is graceful, but falls short of the tender simplicity of his author ; who may be thus literally represented :

————— and all night great Peleus' son
 From a gold goblet in a well-turn'd cup
 Drew wine, and with libations bath'd the ground,
 The soul invoking of his hapless friend.

Ver. 274.] Our poet, after Chapman and Ogilby, passes over the most important circumstance of the *simile*, which may be thus translated :

As wails a father, whilst he burns the bones
 Of his dear son to years of marriage grown,
 When death a parent wounds with keenest woe.

Ver. 278.] Rather, perhaps, as more expressive of the author's language :

*So moan'd Achilles, lingering round the fire ;
 So wept Patroclus, 'till the flames expire.*

'Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night,
 The morning planet told th' approach of light;
 And fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
 O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
 Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
 And to their caves the whistling winds return'd:
 Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;
 The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
 And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,

I like Chapman's efforts at this place :

Still creeping neare and neare the heape ; still sighing, weep-
 ing still :

But when the day starre look't abroad, and promist from his
 hill

Light, which the saffron morne made good, and sprinkled
 on the seas ;

Then languisht the great pile ; then sunke, the flames.

Ver. 281.] Or thus ? more exactly :

The *star of morn* announc'd approaching light :

And *saffron-rob'd* Aurora's warmer ray

O'er ocean's wave prepar'd to scatter day.

Ver. 285.] More neatly, perhaps, with this trivial alteration :

Each to his cave, the whistling winds return'd.

Ver. 287.] More poetically, perhaps,

The *Thracian* seas, brush'd by their pinions, roar :

and I found afterwards, that Chapman had anticipated this image :

————— The *Thracian* billow rings

Their high retreat ; ruff'd with cusses, of their triumphant
 wings.

Exhausted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
 Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood; 291
 The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook
 Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke.

Ye kings and princes of the Achaian name!
 First let us quench the yet remaining flame 295
 With sable wine; then, (as the rites direct,)
 The hero's bones with careful view select:
 (Apart, and easy to be known they lie,
 Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
 The rest around the margins will be seen 300
 Promiscuous, steeds, and immolated men)
 These wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
 And in the golden vase dispose with care;
 There let them rest with decent honour laid,
 'Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade. 305
 Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
 A common structure on the humble sands;

Ver. 290.] His original requires some substitution like the following:

————— meanwhile a throng,
 On Agamemnon waiting, marcht along.

Ver. 292.] The rhymes cannot be allowed. Thus, more faithfully:

The tumult rous'd him: *off* his eye-lids shake
 Their bands; he rose; and *thus* the chief bespoke.

Ver. 294.] More accurately.

O king! and princes——.

Ver. 307.] Rather, perhaps,

A tomb of humble structure on the sands.

Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise. 309

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,
And deep subsides the ashy heap below. }

Next the white bones his sad companions place
With tears collected, in the golden vase.

The sacred relicks to the tent they bore; 315
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.

That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead, 320

Ver. 308. *Hereafter Greece a nobler pile shall raise.*] We see how Achilles consults his own glory; the desire of it prevails over his tenderness for Patroclus, and he will not permit any man; not even his beloved Patroclus, to share an equality of honour with himself, even in the grave. Eustathius. P.

Thus his author, more closely represented:

————— in after-times the Greeks
May raise one, broad and lofty; they, that stay
Here in the ships, when my short race is run.

Ver. 311.] Thus Chapman:

————— first they quench't, with *sable, wine the*
heape,
As farre as it had fed the flame. The ash fell wondrous
deepe.

Ver. 320.] The latter clause is from the invention of our translator: but to avoid tautology, I would propose,

Of *sacred* earth, memorial of the dead.

First stood the prizes to reward the force
 Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
 A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom; 330
 And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
 Of twenty measures its capacious size.
 The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
 Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
 The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame; 335
 Four ample measures held the shining frame:
 Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
 An ample double bowl contents the last.

Employing them to fetch from fleete, rich tripods for his
games,
 Caldrons, horse, mules, broad-headed beeves, *bright steele,*
and brighter dames.

Ver. 329.] His original has *αμύμηνα γυναικα*, a goodly woman; but Chapman calls her *faire and young*; and Dacier "une belle captive:" and in verse 332 our poet did not find the *two and twenty* measures of his author convenient for his numbers.

Ver. 333.] The reader must admire the delicacy of Ogilby's efforts on this passage:

Next an unbroken mare, of six years old;
 Who, cover'd by an asse, had yet not foal'd:

to whom Chapman is not much inferiour; but a single specimen of this beauty in composition may suffice.

Ver. 335.] I would render rather *a caldron* with Chapman and Ogilby, or even *a kettle* with Hobbes.

Ver. 338.] So Chapman:

————— a great new standing *boule*:

These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address the train. 340

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God 345
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to display;
Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day:
Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck 349
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.

and I should prefer, as the present word seems utterly inapplicable to a future event,

An ample double bowl *rewards* the last:
or rather a "*spacious* double bowl," for the sake of a more varied sound.

Ver. 345.] The rhymes of this couplet will not endure the rod of criticism. Thus?

A gift to Peleus from the God of sea;
And Peleus gave th' unrival'd pair to me.

Ver. 349. *Lost is Patroclus now*, &c.] I am not ignorant that Homer has frequently been blamed for such little digressions as these; in this passage he gives us the genealogy of his horses, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But Eustathius justifies his conduct, and says that it was very proper to commend the virtue of these horses upon this occasion, when horses were to contend for victory: at the same time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend Patroclus, in whose honour these games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther justification of Homer, that this last circumstance is very natural; Achilles, while he commends his

Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
 And trail those gracéful honours on the sand!
 Let others for the noble task prepare,
 Who trust the courser, and the flying car.

Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise; 355
 But far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize,
 Fam'd thro' Pieria for the fleetest breed,
 And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.

horses, remembers how careful Patroclus had been of them: his love for his friend was so great, that the minutest circumstance recalls him to his mind; and such little digressions, such avocations of thought as these, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and sorrow. P.

Ver. 350.] Our translator seems to have had his eye on Chapman, who is more circumstantially faithful to his author:

———— that usde with humorous oyle, to slick their
 loftie manes;
 Cleare water having cleansd them first.

Ver. 351.] There seems to be no *grammatical* propriety in this construction of a sentence. We may thus correct:

Sad, as *if sharing* human grief, they stand:
 or, if we wish more fidelity to the original, thus:

With heads declin'd and sorrowing hearts, they stand.

Ver. 353.] Ogilby wants a little polish, but is more correct in his rhymes, than Pope:

You who in fleeter steeds confide, and dare
 Venture your char'ots, straight yourselves prepare.

Ver. 355.] He follows Chapman:

———— this *fir'd* all.

Ver. 357.] Pieria is not mentioned by Homer, but it was a district of Thessaly, the country of Eumelus.

With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd, 359
 The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd,
 (Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's com-
 mand,

When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand.)
 Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
 And the fam'd courser of the King of kings:
 Whom rich Echepolus, (more rich than brave)
 To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave, 366

Ver. 363.] The attention of our poet to his pattern may be discovered from the following exact translation :

Then rose the Spartan king with golden hair,
 Illustrious, and the rapid coursers yoakt;
 His own Podargus and his brother's mare,
 Æthe, to him by Echepolus given,
 To scape attendance on the Trojan war,
 And stay at home in joy. Jove gave to him
 Great wealth; in ample Sicyon dwelt the chief.
 Her, all on fire to run, Atrides yokes.
 Next, harness his sleek steeds Antilochus,
 Fam'd son of Nestor, noble-minded king,
 Whose sire was Neleus: steeds, in Pylos bred,
 Whirl'd his swift car: the senior standing by,
 His son, not else unapt, thus kindly warns.

Ver. 365. *Whom rich Echepolus, &c.*] One would think that Agamemnon might be accused of avarice, in dispensing with a man from going to the war for the sake of a horse; but Aristotle very well observes, that this prince is praise-worthy for having preferred a horse to a person so cowardly, and so incapable of service. It may be also conjectured from this passage, that even in those elder times it was the custom, that those who were willing to be excused from the war, should give either a horse or man, and often both. Thus Scipio going to Africa, ordered the Sicilians either to attend him, or to give him horses or men: and Agesilaus being at Ephesus and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who

(Æthe her name) at home to end his days;
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian
horse.

Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.

would not serve in the war should be dispensed with, provided they furnished a man and a horse in their stead : in which, says Plutarch, he wisely followed the example of king Agamemnon, who excused a very rich coward from serving in person, for a present of a good mare. Eustathius. Dacier. P

Ver. 371. *Experienc'd Nestor*, &c.] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite Nestor, and I think he is no more particularly complimented than in this book. His age had disabled him from bearing any share in the games, and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere spectator, but as an actor in the sports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for Antilochus; Antilochus wins not by the swiftness of his horses, but by the wisdom of Nestor.

This fatherly tenderness is wonderfully natural: we see him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his son; he comes to the barrier, stands beside the chariot, animates his son by his praises, and directs him by his lessons: you think the old man's soul mounts on the chariot with his Antilochus, to partake the same dangers, and run the same career.

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this speech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wisdom over strength, which is a tacit compliment to himself: and had there been a prize for wisdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claimed it as his right. Eustathius. P.

My son! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast,
The gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have
blest. 376

Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds. 380
Fear not thy rivals, tho' for swiftness known;
Compare those rivals judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise. 384
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous strokes,
'The dext'rous woodman shapes the stubborn
oaks;

Ver. 375.] This couplet misrepresents the meaning of his author, and the rhymes of the next are vicious. Thus? simply, but correctly:

My son! thy lot has been, though young, to share
Of Jove and Neptune the peculiar care:
They taught in feats of horsemen to excell;
Nor needs he counsel, who performs so well:
Thou know'st, as whirls the glowing chariot round,
With nice dexterity to shun the bound.
Yet, tho' thy skill so little precept needs—.

Ver. 385.] Our poet does but follow his predecessors in this acceptance of the passage; but he should have written in my opinion,

Far less avails a woodman's sturdy stroke,
Than dextrous art, to fell the stubborn oak:

and the epithet *dextrous* is incongruous in this contrast of *art* and *strength*, when the word *art* had been employed in the preceding line. Mr. Cowper, I perceive, with his usual accuracy of taste, has seen the passage in it's true point of view.

By art, the pilot thro' the boiling deep
 And howling tempest steers the fearless ship;
 And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
 Not those, who trust in chariots, and in horse. 390
 In vain; unskilful, to the goal they strive,
 And short, or wide, th' ungovern'd courser
 drive:

While with sure skill, tho' with inferiour steeds,
 The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
 Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the course, 395
 His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
 Observing still the foremost on the plain.
 Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
 Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground; 400
 Of some once stately oak the last remains,
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains:
 Inclos'd with stones, conspicuous from afar;
 And round, a circle for the wheeling car. 404
 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
 Or then, as now, the limit of a race)

Ver. 387.] The rhymes are truly infamous, and indicate inexcusable haste and carelessness. Thus?

By art the pilot, when the tempest raves,
 Steers his swift vessel thro' the tossing waves.

Ver. 395.] Ogilby also has these rhymes; but they are by no means correct, and have occurred not far above.

Ver. 400.] So Chapman:

Here stands a drie stub of some tree, *a cubite from the ground.*

Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
 A little bending to the left hand steed;
 But urge the right, and give him all the reins; 409
 While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
 And turns him short; 'till, doubling as they roll,
 The wheel's round nave appear to brush the goal.
 Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
 Clear of the stony heap direct the course;
 Lest thro' incaution failing, thou may'st be 415
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.

Ver. 411.] This unaccountable idea of "*doubling as they roll*," which Ogilby thus exhibits :

————— untill thou joyne

The nave and wheel's circumf'rence in a line :

and Mr. Cowper thus :

————— that the nave

And felly of thy wheel may seem to meet :

this inexplicable idea, I say, which has puzzled *scholiasts* and *commentators*, arose from a gross misconception of the most perspicuous passage imaginable. The words *κυκλε πειρταις* in the original are in connection with the substantive *πλημνη*, and not with the words *ακρον ικτερας*. Homer, in short, means no more than what Horace very elegantly expresses in his *first ode* :

————— *metaque fervidis*

Exitata rotis :

the whole force of which sentence resides in the *participle*; just *escaped*, and no more : because, in proportion to it's approach to the goal, the circle of the chariot would be contracted, and an advantage gained, well understood by the practitioners of our days also.

Ver. 416.] Another proof of great carelessness, in a neglect of his author for the convenience of the rhyme. Chapman is exact :

So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
 And leave unskilful swiftness far behind:
 Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
 Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed; 420
 Or the fam'd race, thro' all the regions known,
 That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.

Thus, (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
 Concludes; then sat, stiff with unwieldy age.
 Next bold Meriones was seen to rise, 425
 The last, but not least ardent for the prize.

————— that will breed
 Others delight, and *thee a shame*.

More conformity to his original may be superinduced thus :

Lest, failing *thus*, to others thou may'st be .
 A joy, *disgraceful to thyself and me*.

Ver. 417.] The phrase *secure of mind* may be pronounced, I think, truly villainous, as here employed : nor is the author's meaning descried through the medium of our poet's version. The following attempt is literally faithful :

But, my dear boy ! be cautious and discreet :
 If at the turn thou swiftly pass with skill
 Thy peers, no bounding rival beats thee then ;
 Tho' at thy back Adrastus' flying steed
 He drive, Arion, breed of Gods ! or thine,
 Laomedon ; brave coursers ! nurs'd in Troy.

Ver. 419.] Our poet has polish'd Ogilby :
 No, should he drive Adrastus' fir'y steed,
 Renown'd Areion, of celestial seed.

Ver. 424.] The latter part of this verse is a mere interpolation, and, as it appears to me, a clumsy interpolation, of the translator. I will propose a substitution, with the help of Ogilby's rhymes :

Thus to his son the mysteries of the race
 Unfolded Nestor, and resum'd his place.

They mount their seats; the lots their place
dispose;

(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws.)

Young Nestor leads the race: Eumeles then;

And next, the brother of the king of men: 430

Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;

And far the bravest, Diomed, was last.

They stand in order, an impatient train;

Pelides points the barrier on the plain,

Ver. 427. *The lots their place dispose.*] According to these lots the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they stood all in an equal front, or one behind another, is a difficulty: Eustathius says the ancients were of opinion that they did not stand in one front; because it is evident that he who had the first lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers: if he had not, why should Achilles cast lots? Madam Dacier is of opinion that they all stood a-breast at the barrier, and that the first would still have a sufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and stood within the rest; whereas the others must take a larger circle, and consequently were forced to run a greater compass of ground. Phoenix was placed as an inspector of the race, that is, says Eustathius, he was to make report whether they had observed the laws of the race in their several turnings.

Sophocles observes the same method with Homer in relation to the lots and inspectors, in his *Electra*:

Οἱ τεταμέναι βεβούης
Κλέους ἤπλων καὶ κατίστηται διφρον.

The constituted judges assigned the places according to the lots.

The ancients say that the charioteers started at the Sigæum, where the ships of Achilles lay, and ran towards the Rhæteum, from the ships towards the shores. But Aristarchus affirmed that they run in the compass of ground those five *stadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents toward the shore. Eustathius. P.

And sends before old Phœnix to the place, 436
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.

At once the coursers from the barrier bound;
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send
before; 439

And up the champaign thunder from the shore:
Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound, 445
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.

Ver. 435.] Chapman is circumstantial and exact :

————— In which he set
Renowned Phœnix, that in grace, of Pelœus was so great,
To see the race, and give a truth, of all their passages.

Ver. 444.] Dryden, at the end of *Æneid* vii :

————— and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver *dances in the wind*.

Ver. 446.] This appears to me extravagantly hyperbolic, but our translator followed Dryden, at *Virg. Geo. iii. 172*, the parallel passage :

And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
As borne through aire, and *seem to touch the sky*.

But, independently of this hypertragical humour, the couplet, in my judgement, is not skilfully conducted, and would be excelled by something after the following turn of thought :

The smoking chariots, now *with rapid bound*
Rise into air, now *skim along* the ground.

While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the
plain.

Now, (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the shore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds; 455
With those of Tros, bold Diomed succeeds:
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And hov'ring o'er, their stretching shadows sees.

Ver. 453.] Thus, more conformably to his original:

Each burns with double hope; *the coursers strain*
With growing speed, and thunder tow'rd the main.

Still, however, an exception lies against the rhymes, for too early a repetition of them.

Ver. 458. *And seem just mounting on his car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us spectators of the race, we see Diomed pressing upon Eumelus so closely, that his chariot seems to climb the chariot of Eumelus. P.

The expression of the verse is uncommonly happy, and perfectly correspondent to it's original.

Ver. 460.] This image our translator did not find in Homer, but in Ovid; see my note on his *Windsor-Forest*, verse 191. The following is a literal version of Homer's distich:

Eumelus' back and shoulders with their breath
Grew warm: their heads hung o'er him, as they flew.

Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize; 461
 But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
 Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders
 vain

His matchless horses labour on the plain.
 Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey 465
 Snatch'd from his hope the glories of the day.

Ver. 461.] His author prescribes this adjustment of the couplet :

Then had Tydides doubtful left *the* prize,
 Or gain'd, when angry Phœbus to *him* flies.

Ver. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey, &c.*] We have seen Diomed surrounded with innumerable dangers, acting in the most perilous scenes of blood and death, yet never shed one tear: and now he weeps on a small occasion for a mere trifle. This must be ascribed to the nature of mankind, who are often transported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; so that he who could meet the greatest dangers with intrepidity, may through anger be betrayed into an indecency. Eustathius.

The reason why Apollo is angry at Diomed, according to Eustathius, is because he was interested for Eumelus, whose mares he had fed, when he served Admetus; but I fancy he is under a mistake; this indeed is a reason why he should favour Eumelus, but not why he should be angry at Diomed. I rather think that the quarrel of Apollo with Diomed was personal: because he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and Apollo still resents it.

The fiction of Minerva's assisting Diomed is grounded upon his being so wise as to take a couple of whips to prevent any mischance: so that Wisdom, or Pallas, may be said to lend him one. Eustathius. P.

Our poet is too concise with his author. Thus, more exactly :

Tears of vexation gush in streams, to see
 His rival's coursers more and more outstrip
 His own, unscourg'd, impeded in the race,

The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
 Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
 And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
 She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke; 470
 No more their way the startled horses held;
 The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
 Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
 Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell; 474
 His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;
 Nose, mouth, and front, one undistinguish'd
 wound;

Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
 Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
 Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
 And crowns him victor of the labour'd race. 480

The next, tho' distant, Menelas succeeds;
 While thus young Nestor animates his steeds.
 Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
 Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse,

Ver. 469.] More fully to his author, thus :

With vigour fills his steeds: an *angry* stroke

Then breaks—:

but the rhymes of the preceding couplet return too soon, and those of the *two* following are not sufficiently exact.

Ver. 477.] Thus Ogilby :

His elbow and his forehead hurt, *his eyes*

Brim-full with tears: Tydides all out-*flies*.

Ver. 483. *The speech of Antilochus to his horses.*] I fear Antilochus his speech to his horses is blameable; Eustathius himself

Since great Minerva wings their rapid way, 485
 And gives their lord the honours of the day.
 But reach Atrides! Shall his mare out-go
 Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?
 Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
 The last ignoble gift be all we gain; 490
 No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply,
 The old man's fury rises, and ye die.

Haste then; yon' narrow road before our sight
 Presents th' occasion, could we use it right. 494

Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat
 With quicker steps the sounding champion beat.
 And now Antilochus with nice survey,
 Observes the compass of the hollow way.
 'Twas where by force of wint'ry torrents torn,
 Fast by the road a precipice was worn: 500

seems to think it a fault that he should speak so much in the very heat of the race. He commands and soothes, counsels and threatens his horses, as if they were reasonable creatures. The subsequent speech of Menelaus is more excusable as it is more short, but both of them are spoken in a passion, and anger we know makes us speak to every thing, and we discharge it upon the most senseless objects. P.

Ver. 485.] So Chapman:

Athenia wings his horse, and him, renowned:
 for their original is,

————— Pallas now to them
 Has fleetness given, and to their master praise.

Ver. 488.] Chapman has the same repetition:

————— to yeeld, in swiftnesse to a mate;
 To small Æthe.

Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng
The Spartan hero's chariot smok'd along.

Close up the vent'rous youth resolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.
Atrides, trembling casts his eyes below, 505
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.

Hold, stay your steeds—What madness thus
to ride

This narrow way? Take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both must fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein. 510
Far as an able arm the disk can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears 515
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,

Ver. 503.] He had recourse to Chapman, but varied one rhyming word:

————— cleaving deepe
All that neare passage to the lists. This Nestor's sonne would keepe,
And left the rode way, being about: Atrides fear'd, and cride:
Antilochus! thy course is mad: containe thy horse; we ride
A way most dangerous.

Ver. 510.] More clearly and correctly, thus:

The youth, regardless, goads, and gives the rein.

Ver. 515.] The rhymes are not to be commended for correctness. I will propose a substitution, which is more observant of the language of the author:

The flound'ring coursers rolling on the plain,
 And conquest lost thro' frantick haste to gain.
 But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
 Go, furious youth! ungen'rous and unwise! 520
 Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;
 Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.—
 Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
 Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, 525
 With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
 And yield the glory yours—The steeds obey;
 Already at their heels they wing their way,
 And seem already to retrieve the day. }

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld 530
 The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
 The first who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
 High on a rising ground, above the ring,
 The monarch sat: from whence with sure survey
 He well observ'd the chief who led the way,
 And heard from far his animating cries, 536
 And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;

He, cautious, backward drew
*The yielding coursers; whilst his fears forebode
 Their chariots clashing in the straighten'd road.*

Ver. 528.] We may thus remedy the ambiguity of this verse:
Close at their rivals' heels they wing their way.

Ver. 534.] The impropriety of this line may be readily removed:

The monarch sat; and thence with sure survey.

On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white
 Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
 He saw; and rising, to the Greeks begun. 540
 Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
 Or can ye, all, another chief survey,
 And other steeds, than lately led the way?
 Those, tho' the swiftest, by some god with-
 held,
 Lie sure disabled in the middle field: 545
 For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
 I search to find them, but I search in vain.
 Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
 And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
 Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
 With frantick fury from the destin'd way. 551
 Rise then some other, and inform my sight,
 (For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)

Ver. 538.] The rhymes of this couplet are in Chapman.

Ver. 540.] Unpardonable rhymes: and I know not, if the following attempt be sufficiently elevated even for simple dialogue:

He saw; and, rising said: Ye Greeks am I
 The first of all these horses to descry?

Ver. 544.] These vicious rhymes occurred not long ago; and they are repeated here with the aggravation of a grammatical offence, *with-held* for *with-holden*.

Ver. 550.] Tautology may be avoided, and fidelity secured, by a simple alteration; thus:

From *his crash'd* chariot.

Yet sure he seems, (to judge by shape and air,)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war. 565

Old man! (Oïleus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chace, 560
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race:
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoin'd.
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind! 565
Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride:

Ver. 554.] The rhymes are bad. The following substitution is, perhaps, only preferable as more expressive of the original:

An Argive king, his shape and size declare,
Th' Ætolian Diomed, brave Tydeus' heir.

Ver. 556.] Various inaccuracies are found in our poet's version of these speeches; but the reader would not thank me for a scrupulous enumeration of trivial deviations in passages, not susceptible of poetical embellishment, and on which our attentions cannot "linger with delight." Mr. Cowper will gratify such as wish the most exact fidelity to the language and sentiments of the author.

Ver. 562.] Thus Ogilby:

Those are Eumelus steeds who scour the *plaines*,
And that himself so steady guides the *reins*.

Ver. 563.] This line is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 565. *The dispute between Idomeneus and Ajax.*] Nothing

To vile reproach what answer can we make?
 A goblet or a tripod let us stake, 569
 And be the king the judge. The most unwise
 Will learn their rashness when they pay the price.

could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horse-race: the leaders were divided into parties, and each was interested for his friend: the poet had a two-fold design, not only to embellish and diversify his poem by such natural circumstances, but also to shew us, as Eustathius observes from the conduct of Ajax, that passionate men betray themselves into follies, and are themselves guilty of the faults of which they accuse others.

It is with a particular decency that Homer makes Achilles the arbitrator between Idomeneus and Ajax: Agamemnon was his superiour in the army, but as Achilles exhibited the shows, he was the proper judge of any difference that should arise about them. Had the contest been between Ajax and Idomeneus, considered as soldiers, the cause must have been brought before Agamemnon; but as they are to be considered as spectators of the games, they ought to be determined by Achilles.

It may not be unnecessary just to observe to the reader the judiciousness of Homer's conduct in making Achilles exhibit the games, and not Agamemnon: Achilles is the hero of the poem, and consequently must be the chief actor in all the great scenes of it: he had remained inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the design of his Ilias: and to supply his absence from many of the busy scenes of the preceding parts of it, he now in the conclusion makes him almost the sole agent: by these means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader; as he raised our expectations when he brought him upon the stage of action, so he makes him go off with the utmost pomp and applause. P.

So Chapman :

—————Thou best, in speeches worst;
Barbarous languag'd :

but Pope's rhymes are incorrect.

Ver. 568.] Ogilby renders,

He said: and Ajax by mad passion borne,
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' god-like son,
Awful, amidst them rose, and thus begun. 575

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend }
And lo! th'approaching steeds your contest end. }
No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a stream of dust, the charioteer. 580
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:

A tripod or a charger I dare *stake*,
(And let us Agamemnon umpire *make*).

Ver. 576.] Our poet much abbreviates, and misrepresents his author. I will give a correction of Ogilby to the reader, with one verse from Pope:

*Ye chiefs! it misbecomes you to contend;
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend.
Sit still, expectant who shall gain the palm;
Soon their arrival must your passions calm;
Their hopes will give them wings: ye then will see,
Whose horses foremost, and whose second be.*

Ver. 579.] Our translator seems to have had his eye on Hobbes:

This said, they saw Tydides very *near*
Plying his whip; his horses seem'd to fly;
And cover'd was with dust *the charretier*;
And hard it was the track o' th' wheels to spy.

And our poet's criticism on verse 581, wherever he found it, seems erroneous: compare II. O. 352.

Ver. 581. *High o'er his head the circling lash he wields.*] I am persuaded that the common translation of the word *καταρραδίζω*, in

His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
 Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
 Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye can find 585
 The track his flying wheels had left behind:
 And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace
 So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
 Now victor at the goal Tydides stands, 589
 Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;

the original of this verse, is faulty: it is rendered, *he lashed the horses continually over the shoulders*; whereas I fancy it should be translated thus, *assidue (equos) agitabat scutica ab humero ducta*. This naturally expresses the very action, and whirl of the whip over the driver's shoulder, in the act of lashing the horses, and agrees with the use of the same word in the 431st line of this book in the original, where *ἐπὶ ὤμων καὶ ὦμων* must be translated *jactus disci ab humero vibrati*. P.

Perspicuity absolutely requires us to correct,
 High o'er his head the lash Tydides wields.

Ver. 585.] This is a stretch beyond his author, who may be faithfully represented thus:

————— nor distinct
 Appear'd the pathway of the wheels behind
 In the fine dust: so rapidly they flew.

But our translator seems to have made use of both his predecessors: for thus Chapman:

————— no wheele scene, nor wheel's print in the
 mould
 Imprest behind them. These horse flew, a flight; not
 ranne a race.

And thus Ogilby, in no despicable strains:

So swiftly ran his coursers, that their heels
 Made no impression, nor his chariot wheel,

From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream,
 The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
 With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
 The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes;
 These to the ships his train triumphant leads, 595
 The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not
 force,

O'er-past Atrides) second in the course.
 Behind, Atrides urg'd the race more near
 Than to the courser in his swift career 600
 The following car, just touching with his heel
 And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:
 Such, and so narrow now the space between
 The rivals, late so distant on the green;
 So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd, 605
 One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursu'd, at greater distance still,
 With tardier coursers, and inferiour skill.
 Last came Admetus! thy unhappy son; 609
 Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:
 Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun. }

Behold! the man whose matchless art surpast
 The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!

Ver. 601.] Thus Ogilby:

Who yet him reach't so far as monarchs *wheels*
 Scowring soft downes pursue the horses *heels*.

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
 (Since great Tydides bears the first away) 615 }
 To him the second honours of the day.

The Greeks consent with loud applauding
 cries,

And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
 But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
 Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim, 620
 Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign
 O Pelus' son! the mare so justly mine.
 What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
 Have thrown the horse and horseman to the
 ground?

Ver. 614. *Fortune denies, but justice, &c.*] Achilles here intends to shew, that it is not just, fortune should rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had performed his duty, and who did not bring upon himself his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deserved: and this principle is just, provided we do not reward him at the expence of another's right: Eumelus is a Thessalian, and it is probable Achilles has a partiality to his countryman. Dacier. P.

Ver. 617.] Of the latter part of this verse there are no traces in his author, or any of his predecessors; it was introduced for the sake of the rhyme only. Thus? more accurately:

All to this sentence of the chief agreed:

And straight Eumelus had receiv'd the steed—.

Ver. 621.] Our translator is but inattentive to his author in the present passage. The following attempt is literally exact:

Achilles, much resentment shall I feel

At this: you mean to take away my prize,

For this disaster to his car and steeds;

They swift, he skilfull: but he should have pray'd

To Heaven; nor surely then had been the last.

Perhaps he sought not heav'n by sacrifice, 625
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.

If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow,
Some gift must grace Eumelus; view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining
ore, 630

An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to
give.

But this, my prize, I never shall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.

Ver. 629.] Literally thus:

Thy will incline, thy tents in plenty hold
Steeds, sheep, and captive women, brass and gold.

Ver. 633. *But this, my prize, I never shall forego.*—] There is an air of bravery in this discourse of Antilochus: he speaks with the generosity of a gallant soldier, and prefers his honour to his interest; he tells Achilles if he pleases he may make Eumelus a richer present than his prize; he is not concerned for the value of it; but as it was the reward of victory, he would not resign it, because that would be an acknowledgment that Eumelus deserved it.

The character of Antilochus is admirably sustained through this whole episode; he is a very sensible man, but transported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: his rashness in driving so furiously against Menelaus must be imputed to this; but his passions being gratified by the conquest in the race, his reason again returns, he owns his error, and is full of resignation to Menelaus. P.

Ver. 634.] Or, as Chapman expresses his author more distinctly:

His hand and mine must change some blowes.
VOL. V. O

Thus spake the youth, nor did his words
offend; 635

Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: The gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.
With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er,
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore) 640
Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine:
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, shall be thine.

He said: Automedon at his command
The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend his bosom glows, 645
With gen'rous joy: then Menelaüs rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving, thus the King begun: 650

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash (Antilochus) has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:

Ver. 636.] He might easily have exhibited his author with more simplicity, as follows:

Pleas'd with th' *ingenuous frankness* of his friend.

Ver. 651.] They, who wish for rigid accuracy (and rigid accuracy is the first merit of a translator) must have recourse to Mr. Cowper's version of this speech: but the minutiae of variation, scrupulously stated, in passages of this complexion, might weary and disgust the reader.

So not a leader shall our conduct blame, 655
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.

But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee
rise,

And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize? 660
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand;
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.

Swear by that God whose liquid arms sur-
round 665

The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave
the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd;
Superiour as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense. 670

Ver. 663. *And touch thy steeds, and swear—*] It is evident, says Eustathius, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in this chariot race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit Antilochus used against Menelaus: perhaps Antilochus in his haste had declined from the race-ground, and avoided some of the uneven places of it, and consequently took an unfair advantage of his adversary; or perhaps his driving so furiously against Menelaus, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned foul play; and therefore Antilochus refuses to take the oath. P.

Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
 Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
 The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
 The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine:
 E'er I become (from thy dear friendship torn) 675
 Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

So spoke Antilochus; and at the word
 The mare contested to the king restor'd.
 Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain
 Lifts the green ear above the springing plain, 680
 The fields their vegetable life renew,
 And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;

Ver. 671.] Ogilby is not to be despised :

Thou know'st what follies headstrong youth possess;
 Their fancy quicker, but their judgment less.

Ver. 679. *Joy swells his soul: as when the vernal grain, &c.*]
 Eustathius is very large in the explication of this similitude, which
 at the first view seems obscure: his words are these,

As the dew raises the blades of corn, that are for want of it
 weak and depressed, and by pervading the pores of the corn ani-
 mates and makes it flourish, so did the behaviour of Antilochus
 raise the dejected mind of Menelaus, exalt his spirits, and restore
 him to a full satisfaction.

I have given the reader his interpretation, and translated it with
 the liberty of poetry: it is very much in the language of Scripture,
 and in the spirit of the Orientals. P.

This representation of the *simile* is not, I think, exact. The fol-
 lowing effort is literal and commensurate with the original :

————— and on his mind
 Refreshment came, as dew on eaving corn,
 When ripening harvests bristle through the fields.

Ver. 682.] So Chapman :

That as corn-cares *shine with the dew*:

Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said.

Still may our souls, O gen'rous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee. 686

Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break the settled temper of thy soul.

Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
To wave contention with superiour sway; 690

For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?

To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:

and Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 644:

————— on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew.

Nor has Ogilby aimed amiss:

As dew inammells with its pearly drops
Fields ranck with corn, and cheers the drooping tops—.

Ver. 683.] Literally,

So, Menelaus! was thy mind refresh'd:
And thus in winged words the monarch spake.

Ver. 685.] The purport of this verse is not found in Homer;
but our translator seems to have followed Ogilby:

*We now are friends, Antilochus! I find
That youth's ambition did thy judgment blind.*

Ver. 693.] With more fidelity, thus:

*But plead indulgence and thy fault atone
Thy father's, brother's merits, and thine own.*

And the rhymes of the next couplet are too similar to these; and those, that follow, have too lately occurred: otherwise, this reply is executed with uncommon taste and spirit.

Gen'rous alike, for me, the sire and son 695
 Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
 I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
 Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.

He said; and pleas'd his passion to command,
 Resign'd the courser to Noëmon's hand, 700
 Friend of the youthful chief: himself content,
 The shining charger to his vessel sent.
 'The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
 The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
 Achilles this to rev'rend Nestor bears, 705
 And thus the purpose of his gift declares.

Accept thou this, O sacred sire! (he said)
 In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;

Ver. 602.] Rather *the caldron*, as Chapman and Hobbes have rendered; but our poet followed Ogilby:

And the bright *charger* then himself receives,
 a word particularly unhappy in this place.

Ver. 707. *Accept thou this, O sacred sire*] The poet in my opinion preserves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counsellor: he gives him an honorary reward for his superior wisdom, and therefore calls it *ἀνέλας*, and not *δῶρον*, a prize, and not a present. The moral of Homer is, that princes ought no less to honour and recompense those who excel in wisdom and counsel, than those who are capable of actual service.

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this respect, not only out of deference to his age, and wisdom, but also because he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his son; so that Nestor may be said to have conquered in the person of Antiochus. Eustathius. P.

More correctly to the language of his original, thus:

Accept, and treasure up, O! sire (he said)

This dear memorial of Patroclus dead.

Dead, and for ever lost Patroclus lies,
 For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes! 710
 Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
 Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
 The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
 Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
 Thy present vigour age has overthrown, 715
 But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
 With joy, the venerable king reply'd.

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
 A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd! 720

Ver. 713.] What our poet means by his *mace*, I know no more than my *Lord-Mayor*: I suppose the word is intended as a substitute for the *whirlbats* of our old translators. Thus, exactly:

To toss the *javelin*, or the *cestus* wield.

Ver. 715.] This couplet represents the following sentence only of his author:

————— for age lies heavy on thee now.

Ver. 719. *Nestor's speech to Achilles.*] This speech is admirably well adapted to the character of Nestor: he aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think Horace had him in his eye,

"————— Laudator temporis acti

"Se puero"—————

Neither is it any blemish to the character of Nestor thus to be a little talkative about his own achievements: to have described him otherwise, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much as the wisest man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and as every stage of life has some imperfection peculiar to itself.

————— "Ο μὲν ἔμπειρος ἠτιόχων,

————— "Εμπειρος ἠτιόχων,

Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
 These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at
 length.

Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
 Known thro' Buprasium and the Pylian shore!

The reader may observe that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reasons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: he is very solicitous to make it appear that it was not through any want of skill or power in himself: and in my opinion Nestor is never more vain-glorious, than in this recital of his own disappointment.

It is for the same reason he repeats the words I have cited above: he obtrudes (by that repetition) the disadvantages under which he laboured, upon the observation of the reader, for fear he should impute the loss of the victory to his want of skill.

Nestor says that these Moliones overpowered him by their *number*. The criticks, as Eustathius remarks, have laboured hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal story, that when Nestor was ready to enter the lists against these brothers, he objected against them as unfair adversaries, (for it must be remembered that they were monsters that grew together, and consequently had four hands to Nestor's two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determined, that as they grew together, so they ought to be considered as one man.

Others tell us that they brought several chariots into the lists, whose charioteers combined together in favour of Eurytus and Cteatus, these brother-monsters.

Others say, that the multitude of the spectators conspired to disappoint Nestor.

I thought it necessary to give my reader these several conjectures that he might understand why Nestor says he was overpowered by *ἰσότης*, or *numbers*; and also, because it confirms my former observation, that Nestor is very careful to draw his own picture in the strongest colours, and to shew it in the fairest light.

Ver. 721.] His original is very lively and expressive:
 No more, dear youth! my limbs and feet are firm;
 Nor from each shoulder play my pliant hands.

Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game, 725
 Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
 The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
 Ætolians, Pylians, all resign the day.
 I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
 And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the sand, 730
 Surpast Iphyclus in the swift career,
 Pyleus and Polydorus, with the spear.
 The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
 But won by numbers, not by art or force:
 For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey 735
 Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
 Sprung to their car; and with united pains
 One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.

Ver. 729.] Thus, more exactly to the original, and with a happy riddance of a vile accent, contrary to the example of his predecessors in translation :

I Clytomedes quell'd in fights of hand,
 And, *wrestling*, *threw* Ancæus on the sand.

Ver. 731.] I prefer Ogilby, thus corrected :

Iphiclus I outran: *my javelin* bore
 The prize from Pyleus and *from* Polydore.

Ver. 737.] The significant word of his original may be thus preserved :

Before me shot ; while, with united pains—.

Ogilby has an elegant turn at this passage, conformably to his author :

These brothers twins; one well the reins did guide,
 Guide well the reins, the whip the other ply'd :
 the numbers of which might be thus smoothed and cemented :

Twin-brothers they : one well the reins could guide,
 Guide well the reins; his whip the second ply'd.

Compare the note on Iliad xxii. 167. xx. 421.

Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
 A younger race, that emulate our deeds: 740
 I yield alas! (to age who must not yield?)
 Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.
 Go thou, my son! by gen'rous friendship led,
 With martial honours decorate the dead;
 While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present,
 (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent) 746
 Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to see
 Not one but honours sacred age and me:
 Those due distinctions thou so well can'st pay,
 May the just Gods return another day. 750

Proud of the gift, thus spake the Full of Days:
 Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,
 For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.
 A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke, 755
 Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
 Is to the circus led, and firmly bound;
 Next stands a goblet, massy, large and round.

Ver. 751.] This couplet has but little resemblance to it's original, and the rhymes are almost the same with the preceding. Thus?

He heard this praise attentive, and again,
 When Nestor ended, join'd th' expectant train.

Our translator, I presume, had in mind a verse of Dryden, at Æn. v. 632:

The champion then, before Æneas came;
 Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame.

Achilles rising, thus: Let Greece excite
 Two heroes equal to this hardy fight; 760
 Who dares the foe with lifted arms provoke,
 And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.
 On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
 And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest
 know,

This mule his dauntless labours shall repay; 765
 The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combat great Epëus chose;
 High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he rose,
 And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:
 Stand forthsome man to bear the bowl away! 770
 (Price of his ruin :) for who dares deny
 This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.
 Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
 But the first honours of this fight are mine;
 For who excels in all? Then let my foe 775
 Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,
 Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
 Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
 So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
 To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain. 780

Ver. 761.] This couplet is lengthened out from a portion of his author, thus fully exhibited in Chapman's version :

———— who best can strike, with high contracted fists.

The Giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
 The host beheld him, silent with amaze !
 'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
 To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,
 The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore 785
 In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
 (The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
 And singly vanquish'd the Cadmœan race.
 Him great Tydides urges to contend,
 Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
 Officious with the cincture girds him round; 791
 And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
 Amid the circle now each champion stands,
 And poises high in air his iron hands;
 With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close, }
 Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows, 796 }
 And painful sweat from all their members flows. }

Ver. 792.] This periphrasis is from Dryden, *Æn.* v. 537 :

With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death.

Ver. 795.] Dryden, ver. 569, of the same book :

With *clashing gauntlets* then provoke the war :
 who found it in Lauderdale's spirited attempt :
 And *clashing gauntlets* flake their fists with fire.

Ver. 796.] Dryden, ver. 582:

——— oft the gauntlet draws
 A sweeping stroke, along *the crackling jaws.*

And Ogilby has the rhymes of our translator :

On ratling cheeks they balance blows with *blows*,
 Till sweat their limbs in trickling stream o'er-*flows.*

At length Epëus dealt a weighty blow,
 Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
 Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway 800
 Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
 As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
 By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
 Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,
 The bleeding hero pants upon the ground. 805
 To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends
 Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;

Ver. 802.] No comparison could possibly be devised more accurate and lively, or more truly descriptive of that instantaneous spring upwards, frequently occasioned by a blow upon the temples; but the purpose and language of the master poet are most miserably misconceived by Dacier, Cowper, and our translator; less so by Chapman and Ogilby, but properly understood by Hobbes alone; whose version is this:

As when the sea is curl'd by Zephyrus,
 A little fish leaps up and falls agen;
 So started at the stroak Euryalus,
 And fainted.

I shall endeavour to communicate, but with some diffusion, for the sake of clearness, a more exact resemblance of the great poet's phraseology in the dress of a blank version:

As, by the weedy shore, beneath the curl
 Of shivering Boreas springs a fish in air,
 And in the black wave disappears at once:
 Thus from the blow the champion sprang aloft.

This sportive humour of fish in a gentle breeze is well known to those who have frequented the banks of *river*s; and takes place probably in the *sea* also, if it be necessary to understand the original passage as respecting the *sea* in particular.

Ver. 805.] There is nothing of this in Homer, but the translator annexed it to round his exhibition of the *simile*.

Whose arms support him reeling thro' the throng,
 And dragging his disabled legs along;
 Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder
 o'er; 810

His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
 Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought;

The third bold game Achilles next demands,
 And calls the wrestlers to the level sands: 815
 A massy tripod for the victor lies,
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
 And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
 A female captive valued but at four.

Ver. 811.] Thus Dryden, *Æn.* v. 625.

*His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood;
 And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
 Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,
 And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.*

Ver. 817.] The rhyme is beyond all mortal sufferance. The following attempt may be something better:

At twice six oxen Greece esteem'd the prize.

Ver. 819. *A female captive valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility neglect a remark upon this passage by Madam Dacier, who highly resents the affront put upon her sex by the ancients, who set (it seems) thrice the value upon a tripod as upon a beautiful female slave: nay, she is afraid the value of women is not raised even in our days; for she says there are curious persons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the finest woman alive: I confess I entirely agree with the lady, and must impute such opinions of the fair sex to want of taste in both ancients and moderns: the reader may remember that these tripods were of no

Scarce did the chief the vig'rous strife propose,
 When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulysses rose. 821
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
 Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
 Below, their planted feet, at distance fixt: 825

use, but made entirely for show; and consequently the most satirical critick could only say, the woman and tripod ought to have borne an equal value. P.

Ver. 820.] The translator abridges his original, who may be literally given thus:

He stood erect, and thus address the Greeks:
 Rise ye, who this game also will attempt.
 He said: great Telamonian Ajax rose,
 And sage Ulysses, in all sleights expert.

Ver. 822.] More accurately,
 Amid the ring, *equipp'd*, each rival stands.

Ver. 823.] Milton had preceded our poet in his use of this word in its primitive and classical acceptation: Par. Lost, vii. 323:

And bush with frizzled hair *implicit*.

Pope seems to have cast his eye on Hobbes:

And one another with twin'd arms *embrace*.

But the whole passage is strangely misrepresented and disguised by our translator, as the reader will discover from the following literal attempt:

Their hands with sturdy gripe each other seiz'd;
 Compact, as beams of some tall dome, conjoin'd
 By skillful artists, sedulous to ward
 The piercing winds. Their backs with vigour wrench'd,
 Creakt in their hands; the watery sweat stream'd down:
 Wheals, o'er their sides and shoulders, frequent sprang,
 Purpled with blood; whilst each incessant strives,
 Of conquest eager, for the well-wrought vase:

which carries us down to verse 134 of our translator.

Like two strong rafters which the builder forms
 Proof to the win'try wind and howling storms,
 Their tops connected, but a wider space
 Fixt on the center stands their solid base.
 Now to the gasp each manly body bends; 830
 The humid sweat from every pore descends;
 Their bones resound with blows; sides, shoul-
 ders, thighs,
 Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
 Nor could Ulysses for his art renown'd,
 O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground; 835
 Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
 The watchful caution of his artful foe.
 While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,
 Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon.
 Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me: 840
 Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.

Ver. 826. *Like two strong rafters, &c.*] I will give the reader the words of Eustathius upon this similitude, which very happily represents the wrestlers in the posture of wrestling. Their heads leaned one against the other, like the rafters that support the roof of a house; at the foot they are disjointed, and stand at a greater distance which naturally paints the attitude of body in these two wrestlers, while they contend for victory. P.

Ver. 837.] Thus, with more fidelity to the language of his author:

The firm resistance of his sturdy foe.

Ver. 839.] Rather,

Thus spake the mighty son of Telamon.

He said; and straining, heav'd him off the
 ground
 With matchless strength; that time Ulysses found
 The strength t' evade, and where the nerves
 combine
 His ankle struck: the giant fell supine: 845
 Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
 Shouts of applause run rattling thro' the skies.
 Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
 He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise:

Ver. 844.] To avoid this ungraceful elision, I should correct:
 To foil his foe; and where —.

Ver. 845.] He should have rendered, I apprehend, the *ham*
 or *hip*, with the other translators, rather than the *ankle*.

Ver. 447.] Homer says only,
 ——— the people with amazement gaz'd;
 but our poet might be led by Ogilby:
 ———— volly'd shouts resound;

or by Dacier: "Les troupes, ravies d'admiration, poussent de
 grands cris, et élèvent jusqu' aux cœurs le fils de Laërte."

Ver. 849. *He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise.*] The
 poet by this circumstance excellently maintains the character of
 Ajax, who has all along been described as a strong, unwieldy war-
 rior: he is so heavy, that Ulysses can scarce lift him. The words
 that follow will bear a different meaning, either that Ajax locked
 his leg within that of Ulysses, or that Ulysses did it. Eustathius
 observes, that if Ajax gave Ulysses this shock, then he may be
 allowed to have some appearance of an equality in the contest; but
 if Ulysses gave it, then Ajax must be acknowledged to have been
 foiled: but (continues he) it appeared to be otherwise to Achilles,
 who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an
 equal prize, because they were equal in the contest.

VOL. V.

His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd; 850
And grappling close, they tumble side by side.
Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll;
Still breathing strife, and unsubdu'd of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize. 855

Your nobler vigour, oh my friends, restrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so
well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey, 800
From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.

Madam Dacier misrepresents Eustathius in this place, in saying he thinks it was Ulysses who gave the second stroke to Ajax, whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines otherwise, in consent with the judgment given by Achilles. P.

Ver. 850.] I see no ambiguity in the original. The second stroke was given by Ulysses.

Ver. 856.] Chapman displays considerable dexterity in a close and faithful version of this short address :

No more tug one another thus, nor moyle yourselves; receive
Prize equall; conquest crownes ye both; the lists to others
leave.

Ver. 861.] Thus Hobbes :

And from their bodies wipt the dust away.

But I should banish the concluding line of the triplet, which is partly interpolated, by this substitution in the present verse :

Their vests put on, and wipe the dust away.

And now succeed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
 The youths contending in the rapid race.
 A silver urn that full six measures held, 865
 By none in weight or workmanship excell'd:
 Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
 Elaborate, with artifice divine;
 Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
 And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port: 870
 From him descended good Eunæus heir'd
 The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spar'd,
 To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward. }
 Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
 It stands the prize of swiftness in the race. 875
 A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;
 And half a talent must content the last.

Ver. 866.] His original prescribes,

By none in *curious* workmanship excell'd:

but our translator took his supplement from Chapman, who more fully exhibits the emphatical language of his author:

————— a boule, beyond comparison

(Both for *the size and workmanship*) past all the boules of earth:

and his rhymes from Ogilby:

Next gifts he plac'd for runners who *excel'd*,

A silver goblet which six gallons *held*.

Ver. 870.] *The Lemnian port* is engrafted on his original from Dacier: "Elle avoit été apportée sur les vaisseaux des Pheniciens, "qui étant abordés à *Lemnos*, en avoient fait présent au roi "Thoas."

Ver. 876.] Insufferable rhymes! from Ogilby:

Achilles rising then bespoke the train:
 Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain, 879
 Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain. }

The hero said, and starting from his place,
 Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;
 Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpast
 His youthful equals, Nestor's son the last.
 Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand; 885
 Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
 All start at once; Oïleus led the race;
 The next Ulysses, meas'ring pace with pace;
 Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
 As closely following as the running thread 890

This for the first; then for the second *plac'd*
 A steer, and half a talent for the *last* :

Thus, perhaps; not less exactly:

An ox the second gains, of ample size;
 Half a gold-talent for the hindmost lies.

Ver. 881.] Ogilby just below :

————— each one takes his *place* ;
 Achilles marks the period for the *race*.

Ver. 890.] Ogilby's translation appears to me very laudable,
 and is in length correspondent to his author :

Near as the shuttle to a woman's breast,
 When in her loom she weaves some curious stuff,
 Swift intermingling with her warp the woofe ;

by which the reader will see, that nothing could be easily supposed
 more dissimilar to his author, than Pope's translation; but he seems
 to have caught his conception of the passage from Chapman, who
 is most luxuriantly diffuse :

The spindle follows, and displays the charms
 Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
 Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
 And treads each footstep e'er the dust can rise:
 His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays; 895
 Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise,

And as a ladie at her loome, being young and beauteous,
 Her silke-shuttle close to her breast (with grace that doth
 in flame,
 And her white hand) lifts quicke, and oft, in drawing from
 her frame
 Her gentle thread; which she unwinds, with ever at her brest,
 Gracing her faire hand.

Ver. 893.] Ogilby is much more just:

So near Ulysses after Ajax flies,
 His steps reprinting e'er the dust could rise:

for this fancy of *graceful motion* is altogether foreign to his author
 and the subject. The original runs exactly thus:

————— so near Ulysses ran, and prest
 His footsteps, e'er the dust was scatter'd round:

but our poet still sticks to Chapman:

————— juvat usque morari
 ♫ Et conferre gradum:

for thus that translator:

————— So close still, and with such interest
 In all mens likings, Ithacus, unwound, and spent the race
 By him before; tooke out his steps, with putting in their
 place,
 Promptly and gracefully his owne; sprinkl'd the dust before.

Ver. 896.] The sense of Homer, which corresponds to these
 three verses, may be thus exhibited:

————— the Greeks with loud acclaim
 His thirst of victory prompt, and urge his speed,

To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.

Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul: 900

Assist, O goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)

And present at his thought, descends the Maid.

Buoy'd by her heav'nly force he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain, 905

Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain;

(O'eturn'd by Pallas) where the slipp'ry shore

Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore.

Ver. 898.] This verse is modelled from one of Dryden's, *Æn.* v. 857:

He sent his voice before him as he flew:

compare the note on book xiv. verse 172.

Ver. 899.] Where our poet found his specific number of *three times*, I have not been able to discover.

Ver. 901. *Assist, O goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd.)*] Nothing could be better adapted to the present circumstances of Ulysses than this prayer: it is short, and ought to be so, because the time would not allow him to make a longer; nay he prefers this petition mentally, *ἐν καρτὶ θυμῷ*; all his faculties are so bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to speak so short a petition as seven words, which comprehend the whole of it: such passages as these are instances of great judgment in the poet. P.

Ver. 903.] This fine couplet has occurred in nearly the same words before, book xix. verse 418.

Ver. 907.] Ogilby's couplet is preferable in point of adherence to the language of his author. I shall give it to the reader with slight correction:

(The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the
fire) 910

Besmeared with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast, 915
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address.

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe:
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day. 920

Where *slaughter'd oxen's* blood had dy'd the plain,
Patroclus' victims by Achilles slain.

Ver. 911.] Thus Dryden, *Æn.* v. 433:

He fell, *besmeared with filth* and holy gore:

where an attentive reader will discover one of those oblique strokes of *satire* on the *priesthood*, which this great poet omitted no occasion to indulge, "in season and out of season;" though, in this instance, it was ready to his hands in Lauderdale. But there is something in Pope's couplet neither easy nor accurate. Thus?

Obscene to sight, *his nostrils and his eyes*
With ordure fill'd, the ruthless racer lies.

Ver. 912.] This *epithet* is very happy, but was suggested by Chapman:

———— and left his lips, nose, eyes,
Ruthfully smere'd.

Ver. 916.] Or, conformably to his original:

And, sputtering filth, he thus the Greeks address:

but our poet, I see, has introduced the thought after the speech.

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputt'ring dirt and gore,
 A burst of laughter echo'd thro' the shore,
 Antilochus, more hum'rous than the rest,
 Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest.

Why with our wiser elders should we strive? 925
 The Gods still love them, and they always thrive,
 Ye see to Ajax I must yield the prize:
 He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise;
 (A green old age unconscious of decays,
 That proves the hero born in better days!) 930
 Behold his vigour in this active race!
 Achilles only boasts a swifter pace;

Ver. 924. *And takes it with a jest.*] Antilochus comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he insinuates, that he has something to comfort himself with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the same protection, since it is a privilege of seniority. Dacier. P.

Ver. 925.] This speech is but loosely rendered. Let the reader accept a literal representation of it; in what appears to me it's proper spirit:

Friends! I but tell you what ye know; that still
 Th' immortals honour men of riper years.
 Ajax is somewhat older than myself;
 But he belongs to generations past,
 A vigorous gray-beard! all allow; and hard
 To beat in racing, but by Peleus' son.

Ver. 929.] The former clause is the precise expression of his author, which Virgil is known to have adopted. Dryden's translation at the place alluded to, *Æn.* vi. 420, is excellent:

He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen
 A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.

For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th' effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries,
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize. 936
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the purest gold.

The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire. 940

Next these a buckler, spear, and helm he brings;
Cast on the plain the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.

Ver. 933. [*For who can match Achilles?*] There is great art in these transient compliments to Achilles: that hero could not possibly shew his own superiority in these games by contending for any of the prizes, because he was the exhibiter of the sports: but Homer has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race Achilles is represented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he speaks it himself, the poet brings it in so happily, that he speaks it without any indecency: and in this place Antilochus with a very good grace tells Achilles, that in the foot-race no one can dispute the prize with him. Thus though Diomed and Ulysses conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only because Achilles is not their antagonist. P.

Ver. 938.] Our poet loses sight of his author in the *three* lines before us, as may be seen from Ogilby's version, which is faithful:

Take half a talent more. And as he speaks
The gold presents him, which he gladly takes.

Ver. 942.] The latter part of this verse is superfluous interpolation by the translator, for his own convenience. Ogilby is good:

This done, Achilles brought into the field
A wond'rous javelin, cask, and glittering shield.

Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries) 945
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize!

Now grace the lists before our army's sight,
And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.

Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore; 950

The sword Asteropæus possess of old,
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side,
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:

For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends. 956

Fierce at the word, uprose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.

Ver. 949. *Who first the jointed armour shall explore.*] Some of the ancients have been shocked at this combat, thinking it a barbarity that men in sport should thus contend for their lives; and therefore Aristophanes the *grammarian* made this alteration in the verses;

Ὀπποτέρῳ καὶ πρῶτος ἐπιζήσας χρεὶα καλὸν
Φθῆναι ἐπιζέμενος διὰ δ' ἔστιν, &c.

- But it is evident that they entirely mistook the meaning and intention of Achilles; for he that gave the first wound was to be accounted the victor. How could Achilles promise to entertain them both in his tent after the combat, if he intended that one of them should fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of skill, and as such single combats were frequent in the wars of those ages against adversaries, so this was proposed only to shew the dexterity of the combatants in that exercise. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 951.] The proper enunciation of the name might have been preserved by writing thus:

The sword Asteropæus *own'd* of old:

but the phrase *of old* is a botch for the rhyme's sake; as he had taken the armour from Asteropæus but the day before.

Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
 The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand: 960
 Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the sight;
 Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
 Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
 But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge
 renew'd.

A furious pass the spear of Ajax made 965
 Thro' the broad shield, but at the corslet stay'd:
 Not thus the foe: his javelin aim'd above
 The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.

Ver. 967.] Mr. Cowper thus translates:

Then Tydeus' son, sheer o'er the ample disk
 Of Ajax, thrust a lance home to his neck:

which is wholly contrary to the intention of Homer, who should be represented thus:

In turn, Tydides o'er the spacious shield
 His lance was aiming ever at the neck:

or, with more emphatical delineation, to exhibit the unvarying and repeated efforts of the combatant to effect that vital stroke, whose perseverance at such a dangerous attempt alarmed the Greeks, we may thus model the couplet:

But his sharp lance Tydides o'er the shield
 Was aiming still, and aiming, at the neck:

in humble imitation of the *two* finest verses that ever were written: Essay on Man, iv. 341:

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens, on the soul.

Diomed made no stroke, as Dacier also mistakenly supposed, and carried the misconception to a still greater length: "Diomedé
 "prenant habilement son tems porte son coup par-dessus le bouclier
 "d'Ajax avec tant de justesse, que du bout de sa pique il lui
 "effleure le cou:" when the original expressions are so perfectly clear as to forbid a moment's doubt upon the subject.

But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
 Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains, 971
 With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground
 A mass of iron, (an enormous round)
 Whose weight and size the circling Greeks
 admire, 975
 Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire,

Ogilby is right :

When Diomed chafing, aim'd still at his neck ;
 and Hobbes :

But still at Ajax neck Tydides aim'd,
 Above his shield still pushing with his spear.

Our poet's couplet may be thus more accurately adjusted :

His javelin *still* Tydides aim'd above
 The buckler's *rim* ; *still* at the neck he drove.

Ver. 971. *Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains.*] Achilles in this place acts the part of a very just arbitrator: though the combat did not proceed to a full issue, yet Diomed had evidently the advantage, and consequently ought to be rewarded as victor, because he would have been victorious, had not the Greeks interposed.

I could have wished that the poet had given Ajax the prize in some of these contests. He undoubtedly was a very gallant soldier, and has been described as repulsing a whole army: yet in all these sports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this representation, not only to shew, that strength without conduct is usually unsuccessful, but also his design might be to compliment the Greeks his countrymen; by shewing that this Ajax, who had repelled a whole army of Trojans, was not able to conquer any one of the Grecian worthies: for we find him overpowered in three of these exercises.

Ver. 975.] This line is an addition from the translator.

P.

This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air;
 The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
 Among his spoils this memorable load. 980
 For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
 Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise,
 Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize:
 If he be onè, enrich'd with large domain 985
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
 Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be
 supply'd
 From hence: nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid,
 For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Ver. 985. *If he be one, enrich'd, &c.*] The poet in this place speaks in the simplicity of ancient times: the prodigious weight and size of the quoit is described with a noble plainness, peculiar to the Oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of those heroick ages. He does not set down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to its bigness nor weight, but as to the use it will be of to him who shall gain it. We see from hence, that the ancients in the prizes they proposed, had in view not only the honourable, but the useful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the provision of iron. Besides, it must be remembered, that in those times iron was very scarce; and a sure sign of this scarcity, is, that their arms were brass. Eustathius: Dacier. P.

Ver. 990.] Homer makes no enumeration of particulars: these our poet found in Chapman:

————— and so needs for his *carre*,
 His *plow*, or *other tooles* of thrift, much iron.

Stern Polypœtes stept before the throng, 991
 And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong;
 Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
 Uprose great Ajax; up Epœus rose.
 Each stood in order: first Epœus threw; 995
 High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling
 circle flew.

Leonteus next a little space surpast,
 And third, the strength of god-like Ajax cast.
 O'er both their marks it flew; 'till fiercely flung
 From Polypœtes arm, the discus sung: 1000
 Far, as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
 That distant falls among the grazing cows,
 So past them all the rapid circle flies:
 His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies) }
 With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize. }

Ver. 996.] Thus Ogilby:

All wonder:

but the words of his author dictate,

High o'er the *laughing* crouds;

at the awkwardness of the man's appearance probably, from immoderate straining at the weight. So Chapman judiciously:

———— Up it went; and up he tost it so,

That laughter tooke up all the field.

Dacier makes an unsuccessful attempt at an union of both ideas:
 "Les Grecs jettent des cris de *joie* qui marquent leur admiration."

Ver. 997.] Our poet goes beyond his author, who says no more than Ogilby has given:

———— next him strong Leontius throwes:

but Dacier guided Pope: "Leontée la lance après lui et *le passe*."

Those, who in skilful archery contend; 1006
 He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
 And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,
 (Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.)
 The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
 The hero fixes in the sandy shore: 1011
 To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
 Whose weapon strikes yon' flutt'ring bird, shall
 bear

These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war; 1015
 The single, he, whose shaft divides the chord.
 He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
 And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
 Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
 Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
 But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice, . 1021

Ver. 1006.] Mr. Cowper's version perspicuously represents the passage:

The archer's prize Achilles next proposed,
 Ten double and ten single axes, form'd
 Of steel convertible to arrow-points.

Ver. 1012.] Thus Dryden, *Æn.* v. 650:

A fluttering dove upon the top *they tie*,
 The living mark at which their arrows fly:

which is taken from Lauderdale, one word alone excepted.

Ver. 1015.] The words *terrible in war* are interpolated by the translator to gain a rhyme, which is itself not tolerable. Thus?

Who strikes the fluttering bird, shall win the day,
 And the best axes to his tent convey.

No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
 To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
 For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn aside,
 Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd: 1024.
 A-down the main-mast fell the parted string,
 And the free bird to heav'n displays her wing;
 Seas, shores, and skies with loud applause resound,
 And Merion eager meditates the wound:
 He takes the bow, directs the shaft above: 1025
 And following with his eye the soaring dove,

Ver. 1024.] Thus, more expressive of his Author:

Thy shaft, by his displeasure turn'd aside—.

Ver. 1028.] His author says, rather,

With loud applauses shout the Græcians round:

but our translator was on every occasion eager to exaggerate, and catching at the marvellous. Ogilby led the way:

Sheering the knot: she soars; down drops the string,
 And with loud clamour heaven's vast arches ring.

Ver. 1029.] The following translation, I apprehend, gives a just view of the difficult passage:

Merion in haste snatcht from his hand the bow;
 His shaft long since prepar'd, whilst Teucer aim'd.

Dacier alone gives the truth, but not the *whole* truth: "Merion
 "qui tenoit sa flèche toute prête, ne perd point de tems, il saisit
 "l'arc de Teucer——."

Ver. 1030. *He takes the bow.*] There having been many editions of Homer, that of Marseilles represents the two rivals in archery as using two bows in the contest; and reads the verses thus:

Σπριγγόμεν' δ' ἄρα Μερίωνες ἐπὶ θη κατ' οἷσιν·

Τότ' ὡς ἐν γὰρ χερσὶν ἔχει πάλα, καὶ ἰδμεν.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of Antimachus, with this only difference, that he reads it

Implores the god to speed it thro' the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful
sacrifice.

The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels; 1035
Quite thro' and thro' the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, e'er yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air. 1041

Ἐξίρυσσεν τόκον τόκον. And they, Ἐξίρυσσεν χιρὲς τόκον.

It is evident that these archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by these means the one had no advantage over the other, because both of them shot with the same bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the best, where the lines stand thus:

Σπυρχόμενοι δ' ἄρα Μερῖονος ἔξίρυσσεν χιρὲς or Τόκον

Τόκον, ἀτ' ἐπ' οὗ οὕτως ἔχει πάλαι ὡς ἴδουσι. Eustathius.

This Teucer is the most eminent man for archery of any through the whole Iliad, yet he is here excelled by Meriones: and the poet ascribes his miscarriages to the neglect of invoking Apollo, the god of archery; whereas Meriones, who invokes him, is crowned with success. There is an excellent moral in this passage, and the poet would teach us, that without addressing to heaven we cannot succeed: Meriones does not conquer because he is the better archer, but because he is the better man. P.

Ver. 1031.] This much resembles the version of Barbin: "Mais Merione regardoit le vol de l'oiseau, et il le poursuivoit."

Ver. 1041.] His original says,

Then distant dropt—:

but our poet has given an exact version of a line in Virgil, Geo. iii. 547.

From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder
rise,

And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To close the fun'ral games, Achilles last

A massy spear amid the circle plac'd, 1046

And ample charger of unsullied frame,

With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet
by flame.

For these he bids the heroes prove their art,

Whose dext'rous skill directs the flying dart.

Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize; 1050

Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.

et illæ

Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.

Ver. 1042.] Thus, more fully and accurately,

While gaz'd the concourse with admiring eyes,

He takes the first, his foe the second prize.

Ver. 1051. *Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.*] There is an admirable conduct in this passage; Agamemnon never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; so that he is a candidate for this, only to honour Patroclus and Achilles. The decency which the poet uses both in the choice of the game, in which Agamemnon is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a contest, is very remarkable: the game was a warlike exercise, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a contest is a decency judiciously observed, because no one ought to be supposed to excel the general in any military art; Agamemnon does justice to his own character, for whereas he had been represented by Achilles in the opening of the poem as a covetous person, he now puts in for the prize that is of the least value, and generously gives even that to Talthibius. Eustathius.

As to this last particular, of Agamemnon's presenting the charger to Talthibius, I cannot but be of a different opinion. It had been

With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the monarch, and respectful said.

Thee first in virtue, as in pow'r supreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim; 1055
In every martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest, and their
best.

Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy javelin in thy brother's war.

an affront to Achilles not to have accepted of his present on this occasion, and I believe the words of Homer :

Ταλθύβιον χάρουσι δῖόν τετρακαλλὲς αἶθλον.

mean no more, than that he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ships; Talthybius being by his office an attendant upon Agamemnon. P.

Eustathius is misrepresented on this occasion. He only speaks of the interpretation in question, as adopted by some, without signifying his own approbation of it; which so good a judge of his author's language was not likely to confer on such a groundless imagination.

Ver. 1055.] We may correct the rhyme by this substitution :
————— all thy *Grecians deem*.

Ver. 1056.] His original says merely,

All in this martial game — :

but he seems to have followed Dacier, who is equally general :

“ Il n' y a personne ici qui ne sçache que vous n' êtes pas moins
“ au-dessus de tous les généraux de l'armée, par votre force et par
“ votre adresse, que par votre puissance.”

Ver. 1058.] Thus his author, literally :

- Thou to the navy with this prize retire ;
- But to bold Merion let us give the spear.
- Thus I prescribe, but not without thy will :

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen spear: 1061
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

it is plain, therefore, that Dacier's translation suggested, though indirectly, the fanciful interpolation of our poet: "*Et si vous le voulez bien, nous donnerons à Merion cette lance, qu'il teindra bientôt du sang de vos ennemis.*"

Ver. 1062.] This intervening clause is interpolated by the translator.

A
COMPARISON
BETWEEN THE GAMES
OF
HOMER AND VIRGIL.

IT will be expected I should here say something tending to a comparison between the games of Homer and those of Virgil. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural passions, in the games and persons of Homer. On the other hand, there seems to be more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verse in those of Virgil. The *chariot-race* is that which Homer has most laboured, of which Virgil being sensible, he judiciously avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and substituted in its place the *naval-course*, or *ship-race*. It in this the Roman poet has employed all his force, as if set on purpose to rival his great master; but it is extremely observable how constantly he keeps Homer in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his very track, even when he had varied the subject itself. Accordingly

the accidents of the naval course have a strange resemblance with those of Homer's chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very beginning to draw a part of that description into a simile. Do not we see he has Homer's chariots in his head, by these lines :

"Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum

"Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus.

"Nec sic immissis aurigæ undantia lora

"Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent."

Æn. v. ver. 144.

What is the encounter of Cloanthus and Gyas in the strait between the rocks, but the same with that of Menelaus and Antilochus in the hollow way? Had the galley of Sergestus been broken, if the chariot of Eumelus had not been demolished? Or Mnestheus been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat? Does not Mnestheus exhort his rowers in the very words Antilochus had used to his horses?

"Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo.

"Quamquam O! sed superent quibus hoc Neptune dedisti;

"Extremos pudeat rediisse! hoc vincite, cives,

"Et prohibite nefas"——

Ἐμθητον, καὶ σφῶϊ τιταίνεται ὅττι τάχιστα.

Ἦ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν ἥτι κελεύω

Τυδείδew ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη

Νῦν ᾠρεξε τάχος——

Ἰππες δ' Ἀτρείδew κιχάνετε, μὴδὲ λίπησθον,

Καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶιν ἐλεγχείην καταχέη

Αἶθρη θῆλυς ἔσσα——

Upon the whole, the description of the sea-race I think has the more poetry and majesty, that of the chariots more nature, and lively incidents. There is nothing in Virgil so picturesque, so animated, or which so much marks the characters, as the episodes of Antilochus and Menelaus, Ajax and Idomeneus, with that beautiful interposition of old Nestor, (so naturally introduced into an affair where one so little expects him.) On the other side, in Virgil the description itself is nobler; it has something more ostentatiously grand, and seems a spectacle more worthy the presence of princes and great persons.

In three other games we find the Roman poet contending openly with the Grecian. That of the Cæstus is in great part a verbal translation: but it must be owned in favour of Virgil, that he has varied from Homer in the event of the combat with admirable judgment, and with an improvement of the moral. Epëus and Dares are described by both poets as vain boasters; but Virgil with more poetical justice punishes Dares for his arrogance, whereas the presumption and pride of Epëus is rewarded by Homer.

On the contrary, in the *foot-race*, I am of opinion that Homer has shewn more judgment and morality than Virgil. Nisus in the latter is unjust to his adversary in favour of his friend Euryalus; so that Euryalus wins the race by a palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the first prize; whereas Homer makes Ulysses victorious, purely through the mis-

chance of Ajax, and his own piety in invoking Minerva.

The *shooting* is also a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumstances which make a beautiful gradation. In Homer the first Archer cuts the string that held the bird, and the other shoots him as he is mounting. In Virgil the first only hits the mast which the bird was fixed upon, the second cuts the string, the third shoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the strength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This last is certainly superior to Homer in what they call the *wonderful* : but what is the *intent* or *effect* of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at least as much surprised at it, as at the most unreasonable parts in Homer, I leave to those criticks who are more inclined to find faults than I am : nor shall I observe upon the many literal imitations in the Roman poet, to object against which were to derogate from the merit of those fine passages, which Virgil was so very sensible of, that he was resolved to take them, at any rate, to himself.

There remain in Homer three games untouched by Virgil; the *wrestling*, the *single combat*, and the *Discus*. In Virgil there is only the *Lusus Trojæ* added, which is purely his own, and must be confest to be inimitable; I do not know whether I may be allowed to say, it is worth all those three of Homer?

I could not forgive myself if I omitted to mention in this place the funeral games in the sixth Thebaid of Statius; it is by much the most beautiful book of that poem. It is very remarkable, that he has followed Homer through the whole course of his games: there is the *chariot-race*, the *foot-race*, the *Discus*, the *Cæstus*, the *wrestling*, the *single combat* (which is put off in the same manner as in Homer) and the shooting; which last ends (as in Virgil) with a prodigy: yet in the particular descriptions of each of these games this poet has not borrowed from either of his predecessors, and his poem is so much the worse for it.

P.



THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.

P.

THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

NOW from the finish'd games the Grecian
band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crouded
strand:
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd, 5
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep;
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.

Ver. 5.] Little more than *three* verses of his author are here expanded by the translator into *eight*. Let the reader accept a literal translation :

but Achilles still
Thought of his friend, and wept : all-conquering sleep
Subdu'd not him, whilst here and there he tost ;
Regretting dear Patroclus' gentle worth.

Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
 And all his soul on his Patroclus fed: 10
 The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
 That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
 What toils they shar'd, what martial works they
 wrought,
 What seas they measur'd, and what fields they
 fought;
 All past before him in remembrance dear, 15
 Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds
 to tear.

Ver. 14. *What seas they measur'd, &c.*] There is something very noble in these sentiments of Achilles: he does not recollect any soft moments, any tenderness that had passed between him and Patroclus, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by sea, in which they had been companions: thus the poet, on all occasions, admirably sustains the character of Achilles; when he played upon the harp in the ninth book, he sung the achievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatness in his very sorrows: Achilles is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This passage in Homer has not escaped the censure of Plato, who thought it a diminution in his character to be thus transported with grief; but the objection will vanish, if we remember that all the passions of Achilles are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have represented him as mourning moderately for his friend. Plato spoke more like a philosopher than a critick when he blamed the behaviour of Achilles as unmanly: these tears would have ill become Plato, but they are graceful in Achilles.

Besides, there is something very instructive in this whole representation, it shews us the power of a sincere friendship, and softens and recommends the character of Achilles; the violence he used towards his enemy is alleviated by the sincerity he expresses towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but amiable friend. P.

And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
 Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
 Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 20
 There as the solitary mourner raves,
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
 Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;
 The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
 And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument 25
 Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
 While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies, }
 But not deserted by the pitying skies. }

Ver. 21.] The term *raves* is not common in this use, but may be approved, I think, on this occasion, as emphatically significant of that outrageous and distracting sorrow, which the loss of his friend had excited in Achilles. It seems, however, as if Chapman's version had suggested the expression :

————— he saw the morne
 Shew sea and shore his *extasie*.

Ver. 22.] The older French translator is the only one of our poet's predecessors, that has at all preserved the force and propriety of the original in this place. I would propose the following alterations :

The *rays of morn*, advancing o'er the waves,
 To yoke his furious steeds the *chief remind*—.
 Ogilby at this place makes an unusual exertion, nor altogether unsuccessfully, to attain poetic elegance :
 Soon as Aurora with a tender ray
 Spread silver blossoms of the budding day,
 He joyns his steeds.

Ver. 27.] This misrepresents his author, who only says that Achilles *rested himself*. Our poet might be misled by Chapman :

For Phœbus watch'd it with superiour care, 30
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
 And ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
 By stealth to snatch him from the insulting foe:
 But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies, 36
 And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies:

—All this past, in his pavilion
 Rest seiz'd him.

Ver. 30. *For Phœbus watch'd it, &c.*] Eustathius says, that by this shield of Apollo, are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the sun, which cooling and qualifying the sultriness of the air, preserved the body from decay: but perhaps the poet had something farther in his eye when he introduced Apollo upon this occasion: Apollo is the physician and the God of medicaments: if therefore Achilles used any arts to preserve Hector from decay, that he might be able the longer to insult his remains, Apollo may properly be said to protect it with his Ægis. P.

Ver. 32.] Thus Ogilby:

The corps protecting with his golden shield
 From scratches batter'd thus about the field.

Ver. 36. *But Neptune this, and Pallas thus denies.*] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem: he shews that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of Hector, but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interposition of Mercury, makes use of ordinary methods, and Priam redeems his son: this gives an air of probability to the relation, at the same time that it advances the glory of Achilles; for the greatest of his enemies labours to purchase his favour, the Gods hold a consultation, and a king becomes a suppliant. Eustathius. P.

Those seven lines, from *Κλέψαι δ' ἀνθρώσκω* to *Μαχλεσσὶν ἀλεγισίη*, have been thought spurious by some of the ancients: they judged it as an indecency that the Goddess of Wisdom and Achilles should

E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene) 40
 The charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.

be equally inexorable; and that it was below the majesty of the gods to be said to steal. Besides, say they, had Homer been acquainted with the judgment of Paris, he would undoubtedly have mentioned it before this time in his poem, and consequently that story was of a later invention: And Aristarchus affirms that *Μαχλοσύνη* is a more modern word, and never known before the time of Hesiod, who uses it when he speaks of the daughters of Prætus; and he adds, that it is appropriated to signify the incontinence of women, and cannot be at all applied to men: therefore others read the last verse,

Ἡ εἰ κεχαρσμένα δῶρ' ἀνέμνηται.

These objections are entirely gathered from Eustathius: to which we may add, that Macrobius seems to have been one of those who rejected these verses, since he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of Paris. It may be answered, that the silence of Homer in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of Paris, is no argument that he was ignorant of that story: perhaps he might think it most proper to unfold the cause of the destruction of Troy in the conclusion of the Ilias: that the reader seeing the wrong done, the punishment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the justice of it.

The same reason will be an answer to the objection relating to the anger of Pallas: Wisdom cannot be satisfied without Justice, and consequently Pallas ought not to cease from resentment, till Troy has suffered the deserts of her crimes.

I cannot think that the objection about the word *Μαχλοσύνη* is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of Homer and Hesiod, so neither can any person be assured that such words were not in use in Homer's days.

P.

Ver. 39.] Ogilby is more accurate and concise:

When they and Venus to his cottage came,

For lust-rewards prefer'd the Cyprian dame.

Vol. V.

R

But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke.

Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims
slain? 45

And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans view?
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care? 50
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy. 55

Ver. 52. *A lion, not a man, &c.*] This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of Achilles, which Homer puts into the mouth of a god. One may see from this alone that he was far from designing his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully introduces Apollo in the midst of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praises with his blemishes: *Brave tho' he be, &c.* Thus what is the real merit of Achilles is distinguished from what is blameable in his character, and we see Apollo or the God of Wisdom, is no less impartial than just in his representation of Achilles. P.

Ver. 53.] A small obligation seems due to Chapman :
———— but lion-like; uplandish, and neere wilde;
Slave to his *pride*.

Ver. 55.] Fidelity may be promoted by a trivial correction :
Invades *the fold*, and breathes but to destroy.

Shame is not of his soul, nor understood;
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son, 60
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done;
 A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this insatiate the commission giv'n
 By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n:
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along 66
 Hector's dead earth insensible of wrong!
 Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of man and God.

If equal honours by the partial skies 70
 Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
 If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
 Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.

Ver. 57.] More perspicuously, I think, and correctly, thus:

Their greatest evil, *or their* greatest good.

Ver. 58.] Thus? more closely to the original, and more concisely:

A nearer loss may prove some other's doom;

A brother's, or a son's, untimely tomb:

But soon in tears that sorrow finds relief.

Fate gives mankind a soul to suffer grief.

Ver. 68.] The rhymes are vicious. May we thus correct?

Brave tho' he be, no rules of right confine;

No human feeling, and no law divine.

But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame: 75
 Achilles of your own æthereal race
 Springs from a goddess, by a man's embrace;
 (A goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode so
 Yourselves were present; where this minstrel-god
 (Well pleas'd to share the feast,) amid the quire
 Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial
 dame: 84

Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
 Their merits, not their honours, are the same. }

But mine, and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
 Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
 Still on our shrines his graceful off'rings lay,
 (The only honours men to gods can pay) 90
 Nor even from our smoking altar ceast
 The pure libation, and the holy feast.

Ver. 78.] More accurately, thus :

*A goddess, fondly nurs'd by me, and giv'n
 A bride to Peleus, chosen friend of heav'n.*

Ver. 82.] Thus, with more fidelity :

*Unfriendly ! faithless still ! amid the quire
 (Well-pleas'd to share the banquet) tun'd his lyre.*

Ver. 92.] A most graceful and melodious line !

Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corpse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above 95
The azure Queen; let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corpse to leave.

He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies, 100
Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves
resound) 105
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.

Ver. 93.] Our translator follows Chapman and Ogilby in an omission here. The original runs thus :

By stealth avoid me (nor could stealth escape
Achilles) Hector to redeem : so guards
His mother ceaseless, present night and day.

Ver. 100.] Our poetry might bear, perhaps, an exact translation of the original :

With feet of tempests, on the message flies.

Ver. 101.] This is the language of Milton, *Par. Lost*, xii. 629 :
 _____ on the ground

*Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides.*

Ver. 103.] Homer gives Samos no *epithet* here, but the island is called *woody* in the beginning of the *thirteenth Iliad*.

Ver. 105.] Thus Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 438 :

As bearing death in the fallacious bait,
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
 So past the goddess thro' the closing wave,
 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave: 110
 There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
 Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her god-like son's approaching doom.
 Then thus the goddess of the painted bow. 115
 Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below.

————— the void profound
 Of unessential night:

the *inane profundum* of Lucretius.

Ver. 114. *And wept her god-like son's approaching doom.*] These words are very artfully inserted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of Achilles without breaking the action; and therefore to satisfy the curiosity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumstances as these greatly raise the character of Achilles; he is so truly valiant, that though he knows he must fall before Troy, yet he does not abstain from the war, but courageously meets his death: and here I think it proper to insert an observation that ought to have been made before, which is, that Achilles did not know that Hector was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a single combat, in which he was sure to conquer? the contrary of this is evident from the words of Achilles to Hector just before the combat,

————— Πρὶν γ' ἢ ἵππῳ γέ ποσόντα
 Αἵματος ἄσπευ ἄρῃα, &c.

I will make no compacts with thee, says Achilles, but one of us shall fall. P.

An additional couplet, with the rhymes of Ogilby, may be added with great advantage to fidelity:

'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?

Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!

Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120

Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd—

She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,

Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;

And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

Then thro' the world of waters, they repair 125
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.

The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,

And touch with momentary flight the skies.

There in the light'nings blaze the Sire they
found,

And all the gods in shining synod round. 130

Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,

(Minerva rising, gave the mourner place)

Too soon approaching! now at hand his fall,
Far from his country, at the Trojan wall.

Ver. 122.] Chapman expresses his author more fully:

She said, and took a sable vail; a blacker never wore
A heavenly shoulder.

Ver. 124.] The *two* last words are from the translator only,
but in harmony with the spirit of the context.

Ver. 131.] More distinctly thus:

*She by Jove's side, with anguish in her face,
Sat down: Minerva gave the mourner place.*

Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
 And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
 She tasted, and resign'd it: then began 135
 The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:
 Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief
 o'ercast;
 Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!
 Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
 But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
 Nine days are past, since all the court above 141
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;

Ver. 141. *Nine days are past, since all the court above, &c.*] It may be thought that so many interpositions of the Gods, such messages from heaven to earth, and down to the seas, are needless machines: and it may be imagined that it's an offence against probability that so many Deities should be employed to pacify Achilles: but I am of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almost at the conclusion, and Achilles is to pass from a state of an almost inexorable resentment to a state of perfect tranquillity; such a change could not be brought about by human means; Achilles is too stubborn to obey any thing less than a God: this is evident from his rejecting the persuasion of the whole Grecian army to return to the battle: so that it appears that this machinery was necessary, and consequently a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that these several incidents proceed from Jupiter: it is by his appointment that so many Gods are employed to attend Achilles. By these means Jupiter fulfils the promise mentioned in the first book, of honouring the son of Thetis, and Homer excellently sustains his character by representing the inexorable Achilles as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of Jupiter.

If the poet had conducted these incidents merely by human

'Twas voted, Hermes from his god-like foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
 We will thy son himself the corse restore, 145
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead: 150
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
 The mournful father, Iris shall prepare,
 With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.

means, or supposed Achilles to restore the body of Hector entirely out of compassion, the draught had been unnatural, because unlike Achilles: such a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Besides, he has made use of the properest personages to carry on the affair; for who could be supposed to have so great an influence upon Achilles as his own mother, who is a goddess! P.

Ver. 142.] The following verse is more conformable to his original:

In jars for Hector and Achilles strove.

Ver. 145.] An elegant couplet, but without fidelity. Thus his author:

I to thy son this praise attach, and thus
 Secure henceforth thy reverence and thy love.

Ver. 147.] The rhymes are of the most vicious character. Thus? unexceptionably in that respect, and more closely to the language of Homer:

Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bring:
 Too far he tempts th' immortals, and their king.

His word the silver-footed queen attends, 155
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes; 160
 The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
 She prest his hand, and tender thus begun.

How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow;
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?

Ver. 156.] Thus, with a more accurate adherence to the force of his author's language :

And down Olympus with a spring descends.

Ver. 157.] As *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, viii. 244 :

But long ere our approaching heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song;
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Ver. 159.] Or rather, if exact fidelity be preferable,
 His friends the victim hasten, and dispose—.

Ver. 162.] Our poet follows *Ogilby* in a wrong formation of the verb, (as in numerous other instances not mentioned by me, to avoid an imputation of pedantic and minute discussion) for the convenience of the rhyme :

Then the sad mother by her weeping son
 Sate down, and him bemoaning thus begun.

Ver. 164. *And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe.*] This expression in the original is very particular. Were it to be translated literally, it must be rendered, how long wilt thou eat, or prey upon thy own heart by these sorrows? And it seems that it was a common way of expressing a deep sorrow; and *Pythagoras* uses it in this sense, *μη ισθίςισ καρδίαν*, that is, grieve not excessively, let not sorrow make too great an impression upon thy heart. *Eustathius*. P.

It were easy to preserve the significant expression of his author :
 And thy life waste with heart-devouring woe.

Mindless of food, or Love whose pleasing reign 165
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain.
 O snatch the moments, yet within thy pow'r;
 Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

Ver. 165.] A very delicate and happy turn is here given to the undisguised simplicity of his original.

Ver. 168. — *Indulge the am'rous hour!*] The ancients (says Eustathius) rejected these verses because of the indecent idea they convey: the goddess in plain terms advises Achilles to go to bed to his mistress, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good bishop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reason he gives is as extraordinary as that of Thetis: Soldiers, says he, have more occasion for something to strengthen themselves with, than for women: and this is the reason, continues he, why wrestlers are forbid all commerce with that sex during the whole time of their exercise.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus endeavours to justify Homer by observing, that this advice of Thetis was not given him to induce him to any wantonness, but was intended to indulge a nobler passion, his desire of glory: she advises him to go to that captive who was restored to him in a publick manner to satisfy his honour: to that captive, the detention of whom had been so great a punishment to the whole Grecian army. And therefore Thetis uses a very proper motive to comfort her son, by advising him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewise laboured in Homer's justification; he observes that the poet has set the picture of Achilles in this place in a very fair and strong point of light: though Achilles had so lately received his beloved Briseïs from the hands of Agamemnon; though he knew that his own life drew to a certain period; yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haste to indulge his love: he does not lament Patroclus like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abstains from all pleasure by an excess of sorrow, and the love of his mistress is lost in that of his friend.

This observation excellently justifies Achilles, in not indulging himself with the company of his mistress: the hero indeed prevails

Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far.

so much over the lover, that Thetis thinks herself obliged to recall Briseïs to his memory. Yet still the indecency remains. All that can be said in favour of Thetis is, that she was mother to Achilles, and consequently might take the greater freedom with her son.

Madam Dacier disapproves of both the former observations: she has recourse to the lawfulness of such a practice between Achilles and Briseïs; and because such commences in those times were reputed honest, therefore she thinks the advice was decent: the married ladies are obliged to her for this observation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their sons are afflicted, will advise them to comfort themselves in this manner.

In short, I am of opinion that this passage outrages decency: and it is a sign of some weakness to have so much occasion of justification. Indeed the whole passage is capable of a serious construction, and of such a sense as a mother might express to a son with decency: and then it will run thus, "Why art thou, my son, thus afflicted? Why thus resigned to sorrow? Can neither sleep nor love divert you? Short is thy date of life, spend it not all in weeping, but allow some part of it to love and pleasure!" But still the indecency lies in the manner of the expression, which must be allowed to be almost obscene, (for such is the word *μίσγειν* *misceri*) all that can be said in defence of it is, that we are not competent judges of what ideas words might carry in Homer's time, so we ought not entirely to condemn him, because it is possible the expression might not sound so indecently in ancient, as in modern ears. P.

Our poet forfeits here by an unnecessary repetition his title to the commendation lately given. Thus, with entire fidelity to Homer's language:

Thy joys cut short thy transitory date:

Death now stands by thee, and resistless Fate.

And with respect to the subject of our poet's copious animadversions on the passage, I would observe, that Homer, as a poet, was bound to exhibit human nature in her proper colours, and to delineate a character of his hero conformable to the real manners of the times in which he lived, without considering the delicacy and refinements of society in more advanced periods: which indeed might have required an actual union of *prophetical* gifts with his *poetical*.

No longer then (his fury if thou dread) 171
Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain;
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

To whom Achilles: Be the ransom giv'n, 175
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n.

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olym-
pian bow'rs

Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.
Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem her son: 180
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive;
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand, 185
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way. 190

Ver. 170.] See the note on verse 147, and a similar correction may be substituted for the vicious rhymes in this place also.

Ver. 183.] The accuracy of rhyme may be consulted by this alteration:

Alone; no Trojan *must attend him there*.

Ver. 189. *Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey.*] The intervention of Mercury was very necessary at this time, and by it the

Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;

poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but also pays a compliment to his countrymen the Grecians: they kept so strict a guard that nothing but a God could pass unobserved; this highly recommends their military discipline; and Priam not being able to carry the ransom without a chariot, it would have been an offence against probability to have supposed him able to have passed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the assistance of some deity: Horace had this passage in his view, Ode the xth of the first book,

"Iniqua Trojæ castra fefellit."

P.

These monotonous terminations are not elegant. Better, perhaps, Him Hermes to the hero shall convey.

The next verse is very fine indeed, and sweetly melodious.

Ver. 191. ————— Achilles' self shall spare

His age, nor touch one venerable hair, &c.]

It is observable that every word here is a negative, ἄφρων, ἄσκατος, ἀλιτήμων; Achilles is still so angry that Jupiter cannot say he is wise, judicious, and merciful; he only commends him negatively, and barely says he is not a madman, nor perversely wicked.

It is the observation of the ancients, says Eustathius, that all the causes of the sins of man are included in those three words: man offends either out of ignorance, and then he is ἄφρων; or through inadvertency, then he is ἄσκατος; or wilfully and maliciously, and then he is ἀλιτήμων. So that this description agrees very well with the present disposition of Achilles; he is not ἄφρων, because his resentment begins to abate; he is not ἄσκατος, because his mother has given him instructions; nor ἀλιτήμων, because he will not offend against the injunctions of Jupiter.

P.

Thus, more faithfully:

Soon as the car shall reach Achilles' tent,
Himself will spare, and others' rage prevent.
Not senseless he, to virtuous feeling lost,
But prone to venerate a suppliant host.

Nor will Ogilby, slightly chastised, disgust the reader:

Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save. 194

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:

There once arriv'd, Achilles will protect
From *murderous hands*, and treat with due respect.
Rash he is not, nor *fell*; but *prone to spare*,
When humble suitors for his *grace* repair.

Ver. 195. *The winged Iris drives, &c.*] Mons. Rapin has been very free upon this passage, where so many machines are made use of, to cause Priam to obtain the body of Hector from Achilles. "This father (says he) who has so much tenderness for his son, who is so superstitious in observing the funeral ceremonies, and saving those precious remains from the dogs and vultures; ought he not to have thought of doing this himself, without being thus expressly commanded by the Gods? Was there need of a machine to make him remember that he was a father?" But this critick entirely forgets what rendered such a conduct of absolute necessity; namely, the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of the king and state, upon Priam's putting himself into the power of his most inveterate enemy. There was no other method of recovering Hector, and of discharging his funeral rites (which were looked upon by the ancients of so high importance) and therefore the message from Jupiter to encourage Priam, with the assistance of Mercury to conduct him, and to prepare Achilles to receive him with favour, was far from impertinent: it was *dignus iudice nodus*, as Horace expresses it. P.

Ogilby is very exact, and might easily be made poetical:

This said, to Troy with speed the goddess flies:

Ent'ring the court, which rung with distant cries.

Our translator might possibly be led to his fancy by Chapman's version:

This said, the rainbow to her feet, tied whirlwinds, and the
place
Reacht instantly.

Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sat bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
 (Sad scene of woe!) his face, his wrapt attire 200
 Conceal'd from sight; with frantick hands he
 spread

A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;

Ver. 200. *His face, his wrapt attire Conceal'd from sight.*] The poet has observed a great decency in this place; he was not able to express the grief of his royal mourner, and so covers what he could not represent. From this passage Semanthes the Sicyonian painter borrowed his design in the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and represents his Agamemnon, as Homer does his Priam: Æschylus has likewise imitated this place, and draws his Niobe exactly after the manner of Homer. Eustathius. P.

The significance of Homer's phraseology may be preserved; but I know not, how far the representation would accord with the taste of an English reader. Thus, however, the whole passage may be given with considerable improvement of fidelity:

The sons with tears, beside the father's throne,
 Their vests bedew'd, and answer'd groan for groan.
 'Midst the sad concourse lay the hoary sire,
 Dire spectacle of woe! His wrapt attire
 Express each limb; with frantic hands he shed
 A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.

Ver. 203.] This couplet is wrought from a single verse, to the following purport:

Through the wide mansion all his daughters wail.
 Our translator might take a hint from Ogilby:
 Whil'st female cries resound from golden roofs:
 Or from Dacier: "Les princesses ses filles et ses belles-filles fai-
 "soient retentir tout le palais de leurs cris et de leurs gémissemens."

Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.

Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear; 209
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care:
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand 215
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way. 220
Fierce as he is, Achilles self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car. 226

Ver. 209.] Similar rhymes recur too soon. Thus?

Fear not, O monarch! from th' immortal king,
Thy gracious guardian, no ill news I bring.

Ver. 225.] Homer says,

Swift-footed Iris spake and went away:

VOL. V.

S

There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay;
 His pious sons the king's command obey.
 Then past the monarch to his bridal-room,
 Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume, 230
 And where the treasures of his empire lay;
 Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say.

Unhappy consort of a king distrest!
 Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
 I saw descend the messenger of Jove, 235
 Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
 Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
 The corpse of Hector, at yon' navy, slain.
 Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
 Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe. 240

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
 Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
 And where the prudence now, that aw'd mankind;

but Ogilby renders,

This said, she *vanisheth* like fleeting wind.

[Ver. 227.] These rhymes soon return. With a view to greater variety, I would propose as follows:

There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket *stands*:
 His pious sons obey the king's *commands*.

[Ver. 233.] This introductory couplet was supplied by the invention of the translator.

[Ver. 241.] Thus, more faithfully:

The hoary monarch *spake*. With piercing cries
 The queen his purpose *hears*, and thus replies.

Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
 Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown! 246
 Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face
 (Oh heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
 To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
 Those hands yet red with Hector's noble gore! 250
 Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
 And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
 So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage
 Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
 No—pent in this sad palace, let us give 255
 To grief the wretched days we have to live.
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own, and to his parents' woe!
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
 To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son! 260

Ver. 246.] A mere expletive verse, destitute both of elegance and spirit. The passage is altogether too much expanded; and the full sense of the original, as conveyed in this and the *three* preceding lines, may be well comprised in a single couplet:

Ah! whither *then* that wise considerate mind?
 To Trojans known, and fam'd thro' all mankind.

Ver. 247.] Thus his author, literally represented:

What? wilt thou seek the Græcian ships, alone;
 And face that man, the murderer of thy sons,
 Numerous and brave? Thy heart is surely steel.

Ver. 250.] This circumstance is not from his author, but from Dacier's translation: "*Vous le trouverez encore couvert du sang d' Hector.*"

Ver. 259.] Or thus, with more attention to fidelity and grammar:

Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
 My rage, and these barbarities repay!
 For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, 263
 And fell a hero in his country's right.

Doom'd from *that* hour his luckless life began,
 To glut the dogs and this relentless man.

But our poet followed Dacier: "*Les chiens et les vauteurs.*"

Ver. 261.] His original prescribes,

Oh! in his liver might my teeth allay
 Their rage——:

but our poet wished to soften the horrors of his author, partly after the manner of Dacier: "*Que ne puis je étancher ma soif dans le sang de ce barbare, et lui dévorer le cœur?*"

Ver. 263.] His author says only,

————— no coward wretch he slew:

so that our translator turned the passage from Dacier, and treads closely in her steps: "*Mon fils n'a pas mérité ces indignités; il n'a point été tué comme un lâche, mais en défendant jusqu'à la dernière goutte de son sang les Troyens et les Troyennes.*"

Ver. 265. *He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,*
And fell a hero—————]

This whole discourse of Hecuba is extremely natural, she aggravates the features of Achilles, and softens those of Hector: her anger blinds her so much, that she can see nothing great in Achilles, and her fondness so much, that she can discern no defects in Hector. Thus she draws Achilles in the fiercest colours, like a barbarian, and calls him *ἀνέρις*: but at the same time forgets that Hector ever fled from Achilles, and in the original directly tells us, that he knew not how to fear, or how to fly. Eustathius. P.

Ogilby is faithful:

Who for the Trojans and their wives did fight,
 Scorning base fear and ignominious flight.

Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
 With words of omen, like a bird of night;
 (Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
 'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
 Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid, 271
 Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
 A present goddess brought the high command,
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
 I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call: 275
 If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
 Content—by the same hand let me expire!
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood! 280
 From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
 Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
 As many vests, as many mantles told,
 And twelve fair vcils and garments stiff with gold,

Ver. 707.] To correct the vicious rhymes, we might substitute :
 The reverend monarch spake, unmov'd, again.

Ver. 276.] These *four* verses correspond to *two* of his author, who is more faithfully represented by Ogilby. I shall give his couplet corrected :

*Let him, when these sad eyes have wept their fill,
 The father in the son's embraces kill.*

Ver. 279.] The rhymes of this couplet are inadmissible.

Ver. 284.] This latter circumstance is not from Homer, but Virgil, *Æn.* i. 649 :

Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine, 285
 With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
 And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
 (The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)
 Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
 For one last look to buy him back to Troy! 290
 Lo! the sad father, frantick with his pain,
 Around him furious drives his menial train:

———— pallam signis auroque rigentem
 ————— a robe with figures *stiff* and *gold*.

Ver. 289.] Thus his author, literally:

———— not e'en this treasure of his house
 The senior spar'd: so anxious was his mind
 His son to ransom!

but our translator had his mind on Chapman:

The old king nothing held too deare, to rescue from
 disgrace,
 His gracious Hector.

Ver. 291. *Lo! the sad father, &c.*] This behaviour of Priam is very natural to a person in his circumstances: the loss of his favourite son makes so deep an impression upon his spirits, that he is incapable of consolation; he is displeased with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the disorder and hurry of his spirits make him break out into passionate expressions, and those expressions are contained in short periods, very natural to men in anger, who give not themselves leisure to express their sentiments at full length: it is from the same passion that Priam, in the second speech, treats all his sons with the utmost indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers and flatterers. Eustathius very justly remarks that he had Paris particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character to the rest of his children, not being calm enough to make a distinction between the innocent and guilty.

That passage where he runs into the praises of Hector is particularly natural: his concern and fondness make him as extravagant

In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
 Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
 What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
 Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes. 296
 Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
 Am I the only object of despair?

in the commendation of him, as in the disparagement of his other sons: they are less than mortals, he more than man. Rapin has censured the anger of Priam as a breach of the *manners*, and says he might have shewn himself a father, otherwise than by this usage of his children. But whoever considers his circumstances, will judge after another manner. Priam, after having been the most wealthy, most powerful and formidable monarch of Asia, becomes all at once the most miserable of men; he loses in less than eight days the best of his army, and a great number of virtuous sons; he loses the bravest of them all, his glory, and his defence, the gallant Hector. This last blow sinks him quite, and changes him so much, that he is no longer the same: he becomes impatient, frantick, unreasonable! the terrible effect of ill-fortune! Whoever has the least insight into nature, must admire so fine a picture of the force of adversity on an unhappy old man. P.

Our poet amplifies much on his author, but with great ingenuity, and in a kindred spirit. The following portion of Homer corresponds to this and the *three* next verses:

————— he the Trojans all
 Drive from the porch, and thus reproachful chid.

Ver. 295.] These *five* verses represent *two* of his author, which are faithfully enough exhibited by Ogilby:

Have you not sorrows of your own at home,
 That thus to torture me you hither come?

Ver. 297.] I have noticed before this highly injudicious and improper use of the pronoun *ye* in the *fourth* case. A singular specimen of this ungrammatical inelegance occurs in Creech's translation of Virgil's *second Eclogue*

Am I become my people's common show,
 Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe? 300
 No, you must feel him too, yourselves must fall?
 The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
 Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
 Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
 I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown, 305
 I see the ruins of your smoking town!
 Oh send me, Gods! ere that sad day shall come,
 A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
 The sorrowing friends his frantick rage obey. 310
 Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
 Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,

And whilst I trace thy steps in every tree
 And every bush, poor insects sigh with me:
 unless it be an error of the press for *me*.

Ver. 299.] These ideas, which so much occupy the translation of this speech, are not found in his author, and were probably derived from his predecessors. Thus Chapman:

————— what come ye here to view?
 and thus Ogilby:

And thus incens'd the *idle gazers* rates.

Ver. 303.] The following attempt is more close and faithful:

Ye too, my Hector dead, the loss will know;
 And fall to Greece an unresisting foe.
 Me, ere our city sack'd these eyes behold
 And laid in dust, may Pluto's shades in fold!

Ver. 311.] Or thus:

Next on his sons his *wayward* fury falls.

His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
 Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
 And gen'rous Antiphon: for yet these nine 315
 Surviv'd, sad relicks of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
 Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
 Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
 You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain! 320
 Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
 With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
 And last great Hector, more than man divine,
 For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
 All those relentless Mars untimely slew, 325
 And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
 Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
 Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of Troy!

Ver. 313. *Deïphobus and Dius.*] It has been a dispute whether Δῖος or Ἰδαιεύς, in ver. 251 of the Greek, was a proper name; but Pherecydes (says Eustathius) determines it, and assures us that Dios was a spurious son of Priam. P.

Ver. 315.] All but the *name* and *number*, in this couplet is invented by the translator.

Ver. 318.] He should have written :

————— in Hector's *stead* expire :
 and so all his predecessors, except the older French translator, Barbin : " Retirez-vous, leur dit-il, lâches que vous estes de
 " n'avoir osé sortir pour aller au secours d'Hector vostre frere : il
 " falloit perir avec lui."

Ver. 328.] Rather, as more conformable to Homer's language :
All, public spoilers, the contempt of Troy.

Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son? 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, embost with costly pains, 335
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fixt a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd. 340
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:

Ver. 329.] For this lively stroke our poet seems indebted to Chapman :

Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly; *hic*:
though a correspondent acception offends against the punctuation
of that translation, which is very loose and indeterminate.

Ver. 331.] The rhymes are most unpardonable, and the sense
but little consonant to the words of his author. The following
effort has at least the recommendation of fidelity :

He spake: the sons with awe their parent-king
Obey, and forth the well-wheel'd carriage bring.

Ver. 341.] Ogilby is exact, and not contemptible:
Then with rich presents they the chariot fraught,
Their brother's ransom, from the wardrobe brought.

Ver. 342. *The sad attendants load the groaning wain.*] It is
necessary to observe to the reader, to avoid confusion, that two
cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the pre-
sents, and to bring back the body of Hector; the other drawn by
horses, in which the herald and Priam rode. Eustathius. P.

Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they
bring,

(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king.)

But the fair horses, long his darling care, 345

Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:

Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd;

The hoary herald help'd him, at his side.

While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,

Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind; 350

A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,

(Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine)

Held in her right, before the steeds she stands

And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands.

Take this, and pour to Jove; that safe from harms,

His grace restore thee to our roof, and arms. 356

Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,

Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:

Ver. 345.] The rhymes are in every view exceptionable. Thus? with more attention to Homer's diction, than in the present couplet:

Those steeds, the reverend king with care had bred

At polish'd mangers, to the yolk they led:

These in the lofty dome the senior ty'd;

The prudent herald —.

Ver. 349.] A correct reader will disapprove the rhymes. I would venture the following adjustment of the passage:

The queen approach'd: a golden bowl of wine

(Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine)

Her right sustains: before the steeds she stands;

And, sorrowing, gives it to the monarch's hands.

Ver. 358.] Homer says only,

Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
 Surveys thy desolated realms below, 360
 His winged messenger to send from high,
 And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plumy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space. 364
 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;

————— since thy mind excites
 This passage to the ships, against my will:
 so that our poet might be thinking of Virgil's *Æneid*, ix. 184:
 ————— Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
 Euryale? an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?
 thus rendered by Dryden:

————— or do the gods inspire
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?

Ver. 360.] A most noble verse, and happily descriptive of the speaker's temper, which was inclined to contemplate every object through the gloom of dissatisfaction and despondency. His original says only:

————— who surveys all Troy:
 but the prior obligation of the reader is to Chapman:
 ————— Idæan Jove, that viewes
 All Troy, and *all her miseries*.

Ver. 362.] If my memory fail me not, this is the *third* verse only, that has yet occurred, terminating in a word of *three* syllables, ending with a *y*, proper names excepted, a termination, so frequent with former versifiers: and one of these verses was borrowed.

Ver. 365.] The proper *participle* is *beholden*. Thus? more faithfully:

Go, if thou view th' auspicious sign above;
 Nor fear to trust the fav'rite bird of Jove.

But if the God his augury denies
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.

'Tis just (said Priam) to the Sire above
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove? 370
He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring:
(Her ready hands the ewer and bason held)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine, 375
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.

Oh first, and greatest! heav'n's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!

Ver. 367.] A wretched couplet, in my opinion, if the rhymes had been faultless. Thus?

But to the Græcian ships forbear to go,
Save his own messenger the god bestow.

Ver. 369.] Thus his original, in a simple dress:
Her godlike Priam, answering, thus bespoke:
Wife! this advice I slight not: good it is
With hands up-rais'd Jove's pity to entreat.

Ver. 373.] Who can approve these rhymes? I will propose a substitution:

(The vessels fit her ready hands had brought)
Then from his queen he took the cup full-fraught.

Ver. 377. *Oh first, and greatest!*] Eustathius observes, that there is not one instance in the whole Ilias of any prayer that was justly preferred, that failed of success. This proceeding of Homer's is very judicious, and answers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to please and instruct. Thus Priam prays that Achilles may cease his wrath, and compassionate his miseries; and Jupiter grants his request: the unfortunate king obtains compassion, and in his most inveterate enemy finds a friend.

P.

To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
 And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
 If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
 Thy sacred bird, celestial Augury!
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plumy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space:
 So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
 Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove. 385
 Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on
 high
 Dispatch'd his bird, celestial Augury!
 The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
 And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name. 390
 Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
 So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample
 shade,
 As stooping dexter with resounding wings
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
 A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears; 395
 The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears:

Ver. 379.] This verse has not only little resemblance to it's original, but *ways* in the *plural* is a wretched botch for the sake of the rhyme. There is more fidelity in the following attempt:

Grant that Achilles, when his grace I sue,
 May greet with friendship, and with pity view.

Ver. 396.] This verse is interpolated by the translator, and was suggested, perhaps, by Dacier: "A cette vuë Priam, *Hecube*, et les "princes sentent renaître dans leur cœur une joye et une espérance "qu' ils ne connoissoient presque plus."

Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
 The brazen portal in his passage rung:
 The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
 Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein: 400
 The king himself his gentle steeds controlls
 And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls.
 On his slow wheels the following pcople wait,
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate;
 With hands uplifted, eye him as he past, 405
 And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.

Now forward fares the Father on his way,
 Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
 Great Jove beheld him as he crost the plain,
 And felt the woes of miserable man. 410
 Then thusto Hermes. Thou whose constant cares
 Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd:
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,

Ver. 403.] These *four* verses are excellent, but greatly amplified from the original, one verse and a half only, fully represented thus by Chapman:

His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd; as if he went
 to die.

Ver. 409.] The rhymes of this couplet are faulty, and the sentiment is more general than that of his author. Thus?

Jove views the pair, as o'er the plain they go,
 And feels compassion for the monarch's woe.

Ver. 413.] This preserves the spirit of the original with but little alteration to the phraseology, and shews the hand of a true genius. The following version is literal:

Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent, 415
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,

Go then, and Priam to th' Achaian fleet,
So, that no other Greek may see, conduct;
No other know, 'till come to Peleus' son.

Ver. 415.] Thus Ogilby:

Lead Priam to the fleet, that none *prevent*
Or see him till he reach Pelides' tent.

Ver. 417. *The description of Mercury.*] A man must have no taste for poetry that does not admire this sublime description: Virgil has translated it almost *verbatim* in the ivth book of the *Æneis*, verse 240:

“ ——— Ille patris magni parere parabat
“ Imperio, & primùm pedibus talaria nectit
“ Aurea, quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,
“ Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
“ Tum virgam capit, hæc animas ille evocat orco
“ Pallentes, alias sub tristia tartara mittit;
“ Dat somnos, adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.”

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy, or the original: Mercury appears in both pictures with equal majesty; and the Roman dress becomes him as well as the Grecian. Virgil has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole sixth line, to Homer, which makes it still more full and majestic.

Give me leave to produce a passage out of Milton of near affinity with the lines above, which is not inferiour to Homer or Virgil: it is the description of the descent of an angel:

———— Down thither, prone in flight
He speeds, and thro' the vast æthereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing:
Now on the polar winds; then with quick force
Winnows the buxom air ———
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar

That high thro' fields of air, his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless
main: 420

Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestick and divine, 425
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!

Circled his head; nor less his locks behind
Illustrious, on his shoulders fledg'd with wings,
Lay waving round,— &c.

P.

It may be doubted whether the following couplet, as more faithful, be not as good :

The god his *deathless* golden sandals binds,
And mounts, *obedient*, on the wings of winds.

Hobbes has the same rhymes, but our poet followed his master's version of the parallel passage in Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 350.

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds.

Ver. 424.] The rhymes are vicious. Thus? more fully :

Thus arm'd, his airy way swift Hermes steers,
And straight at Hellespont and Troy appears.

With respect to the *metaphor*, enough of that may be seen in the commentators on *Æneid* vi. 19, but thus Dryden also in the passage referred to above :

Like these, the *steerage* of his wings he plies.

Ver. 425.] Thus his original, more exactly :

Onwards he went, like one of princely birth,
With downy chin; sweet prime of loveliest youth !

VOL. V.

T

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
 And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
 What-time the herald and the hoary king,
 Their chariots stopping at the silver spring, 439
 That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
 Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies
 A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.

Ver. 427. *Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.*] The poet by such intimations as these recalls to our minds the exact time which Priam takes up in his journey to Achilles: he set out in the evening; and by the time that he had reached the tomb of Ilus, it was grown somewhat dark, which shews that this tomb stood at some distance from the city: here Mercury meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the presence of Achilles. By these methods we may discover how exactly the poet preserves the unities of time and place; and that he allots space sufficient for the actions which he describes, and yet does not crowd more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: thus it being improbable that so stubborn a man as Achilles should relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair; so that Priam has leisure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to persuade Achilles. P.

This beautiful couplet is wrought from the following words of Homer:

————— for twilight now o'erspread the land :

not without an eye to Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 598:

Now came still evening on, and *Twilight gray*
 Had in her *sober livery* all things clad,

Nor was it with no reason, that Gray so much admired those lines of his friend Mr. Mason :

While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves his *banners grey*.

I mark some foe's advance; O king! beware; 435
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
 For much I fear destruction hovers nigh:
 Our state asks counsel; is it best to fly?
 Or, old and helpless at his feet to fall,
 (Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call? 440

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
 Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
 Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
 A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
 When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
 And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand. 446

Say, whither, father! when each mortal sight
 Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?

Ver. 435.] Our translator follows Chapman throughout this speech:

————— *Beware Dardanides,
 'Our states aske counsell: I discern, the dangerous accesse
 Of some man neare us; now I feare, we perish. Is it best
 To flie? or kisse his knees, and aske, his ruth of men distrest?*

Ver. 441.] Our poet enlarges and exaggerates, as on all these occasions. The following attempt is literal:

He spake; confusion seiz'd, and dire alarm,
 The senior: bristled o'er his limbs his hair:
 Amaz'd he stood.

Ver. 447, &c. *The speech of Mercury to Priam.*] I shall not trouble the reader with the dreams of Eustathius, who tells us that this fiction of Mercury, is partly true and partly false: it is true that his father is old; for Jupiter is king of the whole universe, was from eternity, and created both men and Gods: in like manner,

Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains
along,

Thro' Grecian foes, so num'rous and so strong? 450

when Mercury say he is the seventh child of his father, Eustathius affirms, that he meant that there were six planets besides Mercury. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be so learnedly absurd; the supposition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. Priam, says he, might by chance meet with one of the Myrmidons, who might conduct him unobserved through the camp into the presence of Achilles: and as the execution of any wise design is ascribed to Pallas, so may this clandestine enterprize be said to be managed by the guidance of Mercury.

But perhaps this whole passage may be better explained by having recourse to the Pagan theology: it was an opinion that obtained in those early days, that Jupiter frequently sent some friendly messengers to protect the innocent, so that Homer might intend to give his readers a lecture of morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the Gods.

Madam Dacier carries it farther. Homer (says she) instructed by tradition, knew that God sends his angels to the succour of the afflicted. The scripture is full of examples of this truth. The story of Tobit has a wonderful relation with this of Homer: Tobit sent his son to Rages, a city of Media, to receive a considerable sum; Tobias did not know the way; he found at his door a young man cloathed with a majestick glory, which attracted admiration; it was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being asked who he was, answered (as Mercury does here) by a fiction; he said that he was of the children of Israel, that his name was Azarias, and that he was son of Ananias. This angel conducted Tobias in safety; he gave him instructions; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and son offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight toward heaven, and disappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the style; and the example of our author so long before Tobit, proves that this opinion of God's sending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much spread amongst the Pagans in those former times. Dacier. P.

What could'st thou hope, should these thy
treasures view;

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide;
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide?
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread; 455
From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind
Are true, my son! (the god-like sire rejoin'd) 460

Ver. 450.] Rather,

Thro' Grecian foes, so *rancorous* and so strong?

Ver. 451.] More accurately, thus:

What wouldst thou think, such stores of wealth convey'd!
Thy course discover'd through the gloomy shade?

Ver. 458.] The original runs thus:

————— I hold thee like my sire:

which might mean, that he would regard him with the same kindness as he would regard his father: and so Chapman, Ogilby, and the older French translator understood the passage: but Hobbes, as our poet:

So like, methinks, you to my father are:

and Dacier: "Car vous rappelez en moi l'image de mon pere:"
and so Mr. Cowper:

————— thou resemblest so my sire:

whose judgement is on this, and most other occasions of doubt through the poem, coincident with my own.

Ver. 459.] The rhymes are bad, and the sentiment not correspondent to the tenour of his author; not to mention, that similar rhymes recur within too short a space. Thus?

Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey
My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be blest! For scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The sacred messenger of heav'n reply'd) 466
But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand?
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land.

Then god-like Priam: True thy words are found,
Dear son! and great the dangers that surround.

Nor should this form of expression, which is truly classical, be esteemed a mere accommodation to the rhymers; see in my commentary on St. Matthew, i. 18, the note on the word *ὑπερβα*.

Ver. 463.] To those, who disapprove the couplet just proposed, for the sake of variation in the rhyme, the following substitution may be recommended here:

Thy graceful form, and lineaments divine,
And wisdom, speak a more than mortal line.

Chapman has the rhymes of our poet:

————— all answer'd with a *mind*
So knowing that it cannot be, but of some blessed *kind*
Thou art descended.

Ver. 465.] This translation contradicts his author. Chapman, I suppose, hastily inspected, betrayed our poet into this error:

————— *Not untrue* (said Hermes) thy concept
In all this holds; but *further truth*, relate.

May I propose the following substitution:

Thy words, *O! sire, a just discernment prove*
(Replied the sacred messenger of Jove.)

Ver. 470.] This line is interpolated by the translator, and

Or fly's thou now?—What hopes can Troy
retain?.

471

Thy matchless son, her guard and glory slain!
The king, alarm'd. Say what, and whence
thou art,

Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how god-like Hector dy'd. 475
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft' have these eyes that god-like Hector
view'd

480

In glorious fight, with Grecian blood embu'd:

what follows is not accurate. Ogilby, trivially corrected, will convey a more just resemblance of his original :

Dost thou this wealth to foreign *hands* transmit,
For safety there : or all your city quit ?
Since Hector thou, thy valiant son, has lost,
To none inferior of the *Grecian* host.

Ver. 473.] Our translator seems to have thrown a false colour on the passage. Chapman's version is accurately representative of his author :

————— O what art thou (said he)
Most worthy youth? of what race borne? that thus recountst
to me,
My wretched sonnes death with such truth?

Ver. 477.] Thus? more conformably to Homer's sentiments and language :

You mean to try me, venerable sire!
When thus of Godlike Hector you enquire.

I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he tost
 On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
 I saw, but help'd not: stern Achilles' ire
 Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
 For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race ; 485
 One ship convey'd us from our native place;
 Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
 Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
 Of sev'n his sons, by whom the lot was cast
 To serve our prince ; it fell on me, the last. 490
 To watch this quarter, my adventure falls :
 For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls ;
 Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
 And scarce their rulers check their martial
 rage.

If then thou art of stern Pelides' train, 495
 (The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)

Ver. 481.] The magnificence of this couplet is wrought by the fancy of the translator from these plain materials of his model :

————— when to the ships he drove the Greeks
 With slaughtering havoc of his pointed steel.

Chapman, I presume, led the way to this enormous exaggeration :

————— but I am one, that oft have seen him bear
 His person *like a god*, in field.

Ver. 487.] The subjoined couplet better expresses the words of Homer :

My honour'd sire the name Polyctor bears,
 Fam'd for his wealth, and like thyself in years.

Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
 My son's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
 Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
 Or yet unmangled rest, his cold remains? 500

O favour'd of the skies! (Thus answer'd then
 The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and
 men)

Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
 But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
 'This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there, 505
 Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
 Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
 Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
 Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace, 510
 Majestical in death! no stains are found
 O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;

Ver. 497.] To this vicious rhyme, the following substitution,
 perhaps, were preferable:

————— oh where are *spread*
 My son's dear relicks?

Ver. 505.] Ogilby is prosaic and undignified, but fully expressive of his author:

Twelve days intire and sweet he there hath lain,
 From vermine free, that breed in bodies slain.

Ver. 509.] The original may be exhibited with accuracy, thus:

Unmain'd (thyself wouldst view him with surprise)

All fresh, with every living grace, he lies.

and that lively apostrophe should be preserved, by all means, in a translation.

Tho' many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly
care,

Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair :

Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led 515

A life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,

And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd.

Blest is the man who pays the Gods above

The constant tribute of respect and love! 520

Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r

My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r ;

And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,

Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.

Ver. 519. *Blest is the man, &c.*] Homer now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and display his poetical justice in rewards and punishments: thus Hector fought in a bad cause, and therefore suffers in the defence of it; but because he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other respects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it necessary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of Homer throughout his whole poem in respect to morality. He justifies the character of Horace,

“ — Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non

“ Plinius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.”

If the reader does not observe the morality of the *Ilias*, he loses half, and the nobler part of its beauty: he reads it as a common romance, and mistakes the chief aim of it, which is to instruct. P.

Ver. 521.] A more despicable verse I never read in the writings of our poet: it might rank among the mediocrities of even Ogilby. Thus ?

My son forgot not those exalted Powers,

The blest possessors of th' Olympian bowers.

But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take, 528
 A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
 And while the fav'ring Gods our steps survey,
 Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O king forbear
 To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err: 530
 But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
 What from our master's interest thus we draw,
 Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
 Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence; 535
 And as the crime, I dread the consequence.

Ver. 526.] This line has no representative in Homer, and seems to have been derived, either from Ogilby,

Now take this cup I *gratefully* present :

or from Dabier : " Mais mon fils, recevez de ma main cette coupe
 " que je vous offre pour vous marquer au moins le ressentiment
 " que j'ai de votre *generosité*."

Ver. 529.] A correct taste will not approve the rhymes; nor is the sense agreeable to his author. Thus ?

O ! king, (replies the latent god again)

To tempt my youth is thy persuasion vain.

Ver. 531. *But can I, absent, &c.*] In the original of this place (which I have paraphrased a little) the word Σωλεύειν is remarkable. Priam offers Mercury (whom he looks upon as a soldier of Achilles) a present, which he refuses because his prince is ignorant of it : this present he calls a direct *theft* or *robbery* ; which may shew us how strict the notions of justice were in the days of Homer, when if a prince's servant received any present without the knowledge of his master, he was esteemed a thief and a robber. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 532.] The same thought of *secrecy* seems insisted upon too much in this version. Better, perhaps, thus :

Accept a present, that must shun the light '

Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:
 On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
 O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main. 540

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
 And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash
 around:

Before the inspiring God that urg'd them on,
 The coursers fly, with spirit not their own. 544
 And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
 The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
 On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
 And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes;
 Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
 And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550

and the next couplet is a preceptive inference, for which we are indebted to the translator only.

Ver. 537.] The version of this passage is very elegant and poetical, but the following essay is more exact:

Thee, e'en to far-fam'd Argos would I guide,
 On land, a sure associate by thy side;
 Or pleas'd partake thy safety to maintain
 With care unblam'd the dangers of the main.

Ver. 541.] Later editions give "at *the* bound;" which is undoubtedly erroneous. I have restored the reading of the first edition.

Ver. 543.] A fine couplet: but is the rhyme unexceptionable? I shall propose, at my own peril, a substitution:

Fresh with the vigour of supernal power,
 The mules and coursers o'er the champaign scour.

Ver. 550.] Our translator, as appears from this passage, plainly supposed that Priam went with a carriage for the *presents*, besides

Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
 And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
 On firs the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore;

the *chariot*, in which he rode. The original is by no means explicit with respect to this circumstance; but on a review and careful consideration of the whole story, I incline to this opinion. Thus Hobbes:

And with the *char* and *waggon* in he came.

I had written this remark, before I read our translator's extracts from Eustathius in verse 342, to which I remand the reader.

Ver. 551.] Thus Ogilby:

And through with Priam and his riches *went*.

But when they reach'd Achilles royal *tent*—.

Ver. 553. *On firs the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the course of these observations described the method of encamping used by the Grecians: the reader has here a full and exact description of the tent of Achilles: this royal pavilion was built with long palisadoes made of fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inside was divided into several apartments: thus Achilles had his *αὐλή μισάλη*, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book Phœnix has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, Patroclus has another for himself and his captive Iphis, and Achilles has a third for himself and his mistress Diomeda.

But we must not imagine that the other Myrmidons had tents of the like dimensions: they were, as Eustathius observes, inferior to this royal one of Achilles: which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a soldier, and the simplicity of those early times.

I am of opinion that such fixed tents were not used by the Grecians in their common marches, but only during the time of sieges, when their long stay in one place made it necessary to build such tents as are here described; at other times they lay like Diomed in the tenth book, in the open air, their spears standing upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beasts spread on the ground, instead of a bed.

And, fenc'd with pallisades, a hall of state, 553
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sat.

Large was the door, whose well compacted
strength

A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty
weight,

But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. 560

This Hermes (such the pow'r of Gods) set wide;

Then swift alighted the celestial guide,

And thus, reveal'd—Hear, Prince! and under-
stand

Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:

Hermes I am, descended from above, 565

The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.

It is worthy observation, that Homer even upon so trivial an occasion as the describing the tent of Achilles, takes an opportunity to shew the superiour strength of his hero; and tells us that three men could scarce open the door of his pavilion, but Achilles could open it alone. P.

Ver. 555.] So Chapman:

————— *a hall*
Of state they made their king in it:

and from him Ogilby:

And on supporters rais'd *a hall of state*.

Ver. 559.] The assertion is made in Homer without any qualification; but our poet follows Dacier in this particular: "*Que trois hommes levoient et baissoient avec peine*:" which suited that exaggerating propeusity, but too predominant in our countryman. Thus then, in exact conformity to his author:

Three Greeks *were wont* to lift its mighty weight,

Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
 Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
 Nor stand confest to frail mortality.
 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs; 570
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,

Ver. 568.] His original rather dictates,
It misbecoms th' immortals of the sky
To stand confess'd to frail mortality.

Ver. 569. *Nor stand confest to frail mortality.*] Eustathius thinks it was from this maxim, that the princes of the east assumed that air of majesty which separates them from the sight of their subjects; but I should rather believe that Homer copied this after the originals, from some kings of his time: it not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. Dacier. P.

Ver. 570.] Chapman's version is full, accurate, and good:

———— enter thou, embrace Achilles' knee;

And by his sire, sonne, mother pray, his ruth, and grace to thee.

P.

Ver. 571. *Adjure him by his father, &c.*] Eustathius observes that Priam does not entirely follow the instructions of Mercury, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father Peleus: and this was judiciously done by Priam: for what motive to compassion could arise from the mention of Thetis, who was a Goddess, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could Neoptolemus be any inducement to make Achilles pity Priam, when at the same time he flourished in the greatest prosperity? Therefore Priam only mentions his father Peleus, who, like him, stood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the same misfortunes he suffered. These are the remarks of Eustathius; but how then shall we justify Mercury, who gave him such improper instructions with relation to Thetis? All that can be said in defence of the poet is, that Thetis though a Goddess, has through the whole course of the Ilias been described as a partner in all the afflictions of Achilles, and consequently might be made use of as an inducement to raise the passion of Achilles. Priam might have said, I conjure thee by the love thou bearest to thy mother, take pity on me! For if she who is a

His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies: 575
The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave, 580
And great Automedon attendance gave:
These serv'd his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Goddess would grieve for the loss of her beloved son, how greatly
must the loss of Hector afflict the unfortunate Hecuba and
Priam? P.

Ver. 577.] I would propose this substitution for vicious rhymes,
and to consult fidelity:

And left the steeds and mules *Idæus' care*.

Ver. 578.] Thus Homer literally represented:

———— straight to the room the senior went,
Where sate Achilles, lov'd by Jove: within
He found him:

but our poet trod in the steps of Congreve:

———— alone he went

With solemn pace, into Achilles' tent:
Heedless, he pass'd *through various rooms* of state,
Until approaching where *the hero sate*;

who might find his rhymes in Ogilby:

———— thence on he went,
And found Achilles sitting in his tent.

Ver. 582.] Our poet misrepresents and mutilates his author,
after Congreve:

Unseen by these, the king his entry made;
 And prostrate now before Achilles laid, 585
 Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears;
 Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in
 tears;

Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch, (who conscious of his crime,
 Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime) 591

There, *at a feast*, the good old Priam found
 Jove's best belov'd :

who follows Chapman :

————— where, with his princes sate
Jove-lov'd Achilles, at their feast.

Ogilby is undignified, but exact :

Others apart ; the prince attended on
 By Alcimus and stout Automedon,
 Who had so late himself refresh'd with food,
 That still the board with dishes cover'd stood.

Ver. 584.] Thus Congreve :

Priam, *unseen by these, his entrance made,*
 And at Achilles' feet his aged body *laid*.

Ver. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between Priam and Achilles would furnish an admirable subject for a painter, in the surprise of Achilles, and the other spectators, the attitude of Priam, and the sorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

That circumstance of Priam's kissing the hands of Achilles is inimitably fine: he kissed, says Homer, the hands of Achilles; those terrible, murderous hands that had robbed him of so many sons: by these two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions performed by Achilles in the whole Ilias; and at the sam

Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd!
 All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
 Thus stood th' attendants, stupid with surprise;
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke, 596
 'Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!

time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king, who is reduced so low as to be obliged to kiss those hands that had slain his subjects, and ruined his kingdom and family. P.

Ver. 592.] Thus his author dictates :

*Some wealthy mansion enters, while amaz'd
 All view the suppliant ; thus Achilles gaz'd.*

Ver. 594.] There is much amplification here : Homer had said only,

*The rest each other with amazement view'd;
 When thus the supplicating king began :*

but our poet has adopted the version of Congreve :

*All on each other gaz'd, all in surprize,
 And mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes :
 'Till he at length the solemn silence broke ;
 And thus the venerable suppliant spoke.*

Ver. 598. *The speech of Priam to Achilles.*] The curiosity of the reader must needs be awakened to know how Achilles would behave to this unfortunate king ; it requires all the art of the poet to sustain the violent character of Achilles, and yet at the same time to soften him into compassion. To this end the poet uses no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumstance which is most likely to mollify him, and the two first words he utters are, *παῖσσι Πάτρις*, *see thy father, O Achilles, in me !* Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his speech ; Achilles has every where been described as bearing a great affection to his father, and

In me, that father's reverend image trace, 600
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
 In all my equal, but in misery!
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human Fate
 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state; 605

by two words the poet recalls all the tenderness, that love and duty can suggest to an affectionate son.

Priam tells Achilles, that Hector fell in the defence of his country: I am far from thinking that this was inserted accidentally; it could not fail of having a very good effect upon Achilles, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that Hector had no particular enmity against Achilles, but that though he fought against him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will observe that Priam repeats the beginning of his speech, and recalls his father to his memory in the conclusion of it. This is done with great judgment; the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the strongest motive, and leaves it fresh upon his memory; and possibly Priam might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impression upon Achilles than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of Achilles dwells upon it, he again sets him before his imagination by this repetition, and softens him into compassion. P.

These six verses are drawn out from two of his author, which may be literally rendered,

Thy father call to memory, godlike prince!
 On the last verge, like me, of hapless age:

but our poet was fascinated to one point by Congreve's version:

Think on your father, and then look on me;
 His hoary age and helpless person see:
 So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
 Such and so many his declining years;
 Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
 Could you imagine such his misery!

Ver. 604.] There is but little attention here to his author. Accept an exact translation:

Think, from some pow'rful foe thou see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
 And hearing, still may hope a better day 610
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
 Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
 The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame: 615
 Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
 How oft', alas! has wretched Priam bled?
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.

Perhaps, the neighbours round infest him now,
 Without one friend to ward destruction off.
 But he, on hearing that his son survives,
 Sweet transport feels, and hopes the live-long day
 To see his darling soon return from Troy.

Ver. 606.] Thus Congreve :

Nay, at this time perhaps *some powerful foe*,
 Who will no mercy, no compassion show,
 Entering his palace, *sees him feebly fly*,
 And seek protection, where no help is nigh.

Ver. 613.] Thus his original :

Full fifty goodly youths, my sons are slain,
 Of prime desert ; ere Greece—.

Ver. 618.] Literally thus :

One only left, Troy and her son's defence,
 Hector, thou lately in his country's cause
 Hast slain :

Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel 620
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!

For him, thro' hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere? 625

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old!
'Tho' not so wretched: there he yields to me,
'The first of men in sov'reign misery!

but Congreve seduced our poet to this luxuriance of expansion :

*Still one was left in whom was all my hope,
My age's comfort, and his country's prop ;
Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
Whose life alone their deaths could recompense.*

Ver. 621.] More faithfully :

How lately in his country's cause he fell !

Ver. 623.] *Lay for lie* is a gross impropriety, and a provincial barbarism. The whole verse indeed is an interpolation; otherwise, the couplet may be adjusted thus with more fidelity :

*For him I ventur'd to this hostile fleet ;
For him I lie thus prostrate at thy feet.*

Ver. 629.] So above, verse 603 :

In all my equal, but in misery :

and Congreve here,

_____ alone in this,

I can no equal have in miseries :

Homer says merely,

_____ but I more wretched am.

Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace 630
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
 Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!
 These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire. 635
 Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
 And now the mingled tides together flow:

Ver. 630.] He might have included his original in a commensurate compass, by a single couplet. Thus?

I bear to kiss, what never mortal bore!

Those hands yet reeking with my children's gore.

Ver. 631.] Thus Congreve:

————— to court *mine and my country's bane*.

Ver. 634. *These words soft pity, &c.*] We are now come almost to the end of the poem, and consequently to the end of the anger of Achilles: and Homer has described the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here observe how necessary the conduct of Homer was, in sending Thetis to prepare her son to use Priam with civility: it would have been ill suited with the violent temper of Achilles to have used Priam with tenderness without such pre-accusation; nay, the unexpected sight of his enemy might probably have carried him into violence and rage: but Homer has avoided these absurdities; for Achilles being already prepared for a reconciliation, the misery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compassion. P.

Ver. 635.] Congreve, as follows:

Then gently with his hand he put away

Old Priam's face, but he still prostrate lay.

Ver. 638.] Our luxuriant translator expands *four* verses of his model into *nine*. Thus? more faithfully:

This low on earth, that gently bending o'er, 640
 A father one, and one a son deplore:
 But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
 And now his sire he mourns, and now his
 friend.

Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;
 One universal solemn show'r began; 645
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man. }

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
 The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
 On his white beard and form majestick gaz'd, 650
 Not unrelenting: then serene began
 With words to soothe the miserable man.

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known?
 Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone

Sighs for his Hector Priam's bosom rend,
 Roll'd at Achilles' feet: now for his friend,
 Now for his sire Achilles' sorrows flow:
 Sounds through the room the mingled strife of woe!
 Satiated at length with unavailing tears,
 From the high throne *his form Achilles rears.*

Ver. 646.] Beattie's Hermit:

He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.

Ver. 653. *Achilles' speech to Priam.*] There is not a more beautiful passage in the whole Ilias than this before us: Homer to shew that Achilles was not a mere soldier, here draws him as a person of excellent sense and sound reason: Plato himself, who condemns this passage, could not speak more like a true philosopher: and it was a

To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face 655
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race?
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel,
 Rise then : let reason mitigate our care :
 To mourn avails not; man is born to bear. 660
 Such is, alas ! the Gods' severe decree:
 They, only they, are blest, and only free.
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good ;

piece of great judgment thus to describe him ; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere strength : it also shews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character to the very conclusion of the poem : by these means he fixes an idea of his greatness upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the stage with applause.

Neither does he here ascribe more wisdom to Achilles than he might really be master of; for, as Eustathius observes, he had Chiron and Phœnix for his tutors, and a Goddess for his mother. P.

Ver. 661.] Ogilby is above contempt :

Th' immortal gods have so decreed, that we
 Must live in woe, themselves from sorrow free.

Ver. 663. *Two urns by Jove's high throne, &c.*] This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. Plato has accused it as an impiety to say that God gives evil : but it seems borrowed from the eastern way of speaking, and bears a great resemblance to several expressions in scripture : thus in the Psalms, *In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the same ; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them.*

It was the custom of the Jews to give condemned persons, just before execution, *οίνος σμυρισμίκτος*, wine mixed with myrrh to

From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
 To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
 Pursu'd by wrongs, by meager famine driv'n,
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere;
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
 Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and pow'r?
 What stars concurring blest his natal hour!

make him less sensible of pain: thus Proverbs xxi. 6. *Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.* This custom was so frequent among the Jews, that the cup which was given him before execution, came to denote death itself, as in that passage, *Father let this cup pass from me.*

Some have supposed that there were three urns, one of good, and two of evil; thus Pindar,

Ἐν γὰρ ἱερὸν, πύμα' αὖ Κύνους
 Δαίμονας βροτοῖς ἀλάσεται.

But, as Eustathius observes, the word ἱερὸν shews that there were but two, for that word is never used when more than two are intended. P.

This note may be almost read entire in Dacier and Ogilby.

Ver. 663.] This version, to become accurate must undergo correction:

For whom a mingled cup the Thunderer fills,
 Now blessings raise, now press alternate ills
 His fluctuating life: the wretch decreed —.

Ver. 671.] An interpolated couplet; dictated, it should seem, by Dacier's translation: "Jamais Jupiter me donne de ses biens aux hommes qu' avec ce mélange affreux, qui les empoisonne."

Ver. 673.] This part of the speech is executed with astonishing ability.

But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
 What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls? 690
 War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
 Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
 But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more! 695
 To whom the king. Oh favour'd of the skies! }
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies }
 On the bare beach depriv'd of obsequies. }
 Oh give me Hector! to my eyes restore
 His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more. 700
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from
 Troy;

Ver. 687.] Here a couplet should have followed, to this purport:
 Such was thy wealth o'er land and ocean round;
 A blooming race thy happy mansion crown'd.

Ver. 690.] There is a strange awkwardness, with too much
 harshness and hissing here. Thus?

What sees the sun, but hapless heroes *fall*;
 But wars and carnage round thy city wall?

Our translator seems, however, to have profited by Chapman:

————— but when *the gods did turne*
 Thy blest state to partake with bane; *warre, and the bloods*
of men,
 Circl'd thy citie.

And by Ogilby:

And *bloody* battels still *surround thy walls.*

Ver. 701.] His original stands thus:

So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live!

Move me no more (Achilles thus replies, 705
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)

———— mayst thou enjoy them, and arrive

At thy paternal land:

so that our translator follows Chapman in one particular:

———— accept what I have brought,

And turne to Phthia:

and in others Ogilby:

———— ah mayst thou them *injoy*

In thy own country, far from hapless *Troy*.

Ver. 706. *While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes.*] I believe every reader must be surprised, as I confess I was, to see Achilles fly out into so sudden a passion, without any apparent reason for it. It can scarce be imagined that the name of Hector (as Eustathius thinks) could throw him into so much violence, when he had heard it mentioned with patience by Priam in this very conference; especially if we remember that Achilles had actually determined to restore the body of Hector to Priam. I was therefore very well pleased to find that the words in the original would bear another interpretation, and such a one as naturally solves the difficulty. The meaning of the passage I fancy may be this: Priam perceiving that his address had mollified the heart of Achilles, takes this opportunity to persuade him to give over the war, and return home; especially since his anger was sufficiently satisfied by the fall of Hector. Immediately Achilles takes fire at this proposal, and answers, "Is it not enough that I have determined to restore thy son? Ask no more, lest I retract that resolution." In this view we see a natural reason for the sudden passion of Achilles.

What may perhaps strengthen this conjecture is the word *πῆντα*; and then the sense will run thus; since I have found so much favour in thy sight, as first to permit me to live, O would'st thou still enlarge my happiness, and return home to thy own country! &c.

This opinion may be farther established from what follows, in the latter end of this interview, where Achilles asks Priam how

Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:

many days he would request for the interment of Hector? Achilles had refused to give over the war, but yet consents to intermit it a few days; and then the sense will be this: "I will not consent to return home, but ask a time for a cessation, and it shall be granted." And what most strongly speaks for this interpretation is the answer of Priam; 'I ask, says he, eleven days to bury my son, and then let the war commence again, since *it must be so*, *ὅτι τοι ἀνάγκη*; since you necessitate me to it; or since you will not be persuaded to leave these shores.

Ver. id. *While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes.*] The reader may be pleased to observe that this is the last sally of the resentment of Achilles; and the poet judiciously describes him moderating it by his own reflection: so that his reason now prevails over his anger, and the design of the poem is fully executed. P.

With respect to these remarks of our poet, I must observe, that his translation is much too strong in it's language for the occasion; and that the passion of Achilles was raised by the impatient importunity of Priam; who conducted himself like one, that had concluded a bargain of equality, rather than as a suppliant to a superior for a favour of no common magnitude.

When I had written this remark, I found in Mr. Cowper some animadversions on the passage, which are too valuable to be withholden from the reader:

"Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shewn
"to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king
"threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what
"he could not be expected to do willingly."

Ver. 707.] This sentiment occurs in the sequel of the speech, and is unseasonably anticipated here, without authority from the original. The following couplet is more accurately representative of Homer's language:

Achilles *frowning*: Importune no more:
My self intends thy Hector to restore.

For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came,
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame) 710
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n; nor com'st alone,
 Some God impels with courage not thy own:
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd }
 Nor could the boldest of our youths have dar'd }
 To pass our out-works, or elude the guard. 715 }
 Cease: lest neglectful of high Jove's command
 I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

Ver. 709, 710. *For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came.*] The injustice of La Motte's criticism, (who blames Homer for representing Achilles so mercenary, as to enquire into the price offered for Hector's body before he would restore it) will appear plainly from this passage, where he makes Achilles expressly say, it is not for any other reason that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full:

—— Διὸν δὲ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
 μήτηρ ἢ μ' ἔτακεν, θυγάτηρ ἀλίοιο γέροντος,
 καὶ δὲ Γεῖ γνάσκει Πριάμου φρεσὶν, ὅδ' ἐμὲ λήθεις,
 ὅττι Θιῶν τις ἦγε δαῖς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

P.

Ver. 713.] Thus Ogilby:

None, were he young, durst venture through our *guard*,
 And open gates so fortify'd and *barr'd*.

The rhyming word of the next verse is incorrect, as such.

Ver. 717.] This sentiment misrepresents his author. The following substitution is congenial with the spirit of the passage:

Molest me not, nor rouse my dormant woe,
 Lest my resentment Jove's high will forego:
 Thy suppliant fortune, and thy reverend age,
 E'en in this tent may feel my vengeful rage.

The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd:
 Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad; 721
 Automedon and Alcimus attend,
 (Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his
 friend;)

These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
 And led the hoary herald to the tent; 725
 Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear
 (Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
 Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
 They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
 Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil 730
 To wash the body and anoint with oil,
 Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
 The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
 Nor Jove's command, should check the rising
 rage. 735

This done, the garments o'er the corse they
 spread;
 Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:

Ver. 733.] The expression is not happy in this correction.
 Better, I think,

His grief indulging, once more rouse to ire :
 but he might take in part, without hesitation, what he found in
 Ogilby, who may be read without disgust :

Lest Priam discomposed at the sight
 Should, by his *passion* master'd, so excite
 Achilles fatal wrath, that he Jove's will
 Should disobey, and him, though suppliant, kill.

Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade.

If, in that gloom which never light must
know, 740

The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below:
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Restoring Hector) heav'n's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine. 745

He said, and ent'ring, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam sat:
To whom, compos'd, the god-like chief begun.
Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies; 750
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies, }
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes. }

Ver. 744.] Conformably to the original, thus:

A portion of this ransom shall be thine.

Ver. 745.] This verse is interpolated by the translator, and partly from Dacier: "Je ne manquerai pas de t'appeller au partage de ces présens pour appaiser tes Manes."

Ver. 751.] This open vowel is very ungrateful to our ears. Thus? .

_____ paints *you* eastern skies.

Our translator, moreover, profited by Ogilby:

_____ *he* lies

Upon thy *couch*, when morning *gilds the skies*
To Ilium drive:

for Homer had said merely, "When morn appears."

But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
 Demand refection, and to rest invite :
 Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe, 755
 The common cares that nourish life, forego.
 Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
 A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades; 760
 Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
 These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the
 plain :
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd; 765
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.

Ver. 753.] These *four* elegant verses are constructed from as many words of his original :

—— and let us now on supper think.

But the whole speech is executed with admirable taste and skill.

Ver. 757. *Not thus did Niobe, &c.*] Achilles to comfort Priam, tells him a known history ; which was very proper to work this effect. Niobe had lost all her children, Priam had some remaining, Niobe's had been nine days extended on the earth, drowned in their blood, in the sight of their people, without any one presenting himself to inter them : Hector has likewise been twelve days, but in the midst of his enemies ; therefore it is no wonder that no one has paid him the last duties. The Gods at last interred Niobe's children, and the Gods likewise are concerned to procure honourable funeral for Hector. Eustathius.

P.

Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days, neglected, lay expos'd the dead?
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone;) 770
 The Gods themselves at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
 Herself a rock, (for such was heav'n's high will)
 Thro' deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
 Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
 The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings, 776

Ver. 772.] After this line our poet has passed over a verse of his master, to the following purport :

But she took food, when wearied out with tears.

Let the reader excuse my presumption for attempting to intrude a couplet into a passage, so replete with poetical embellishment,

Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.

Thus then I would interpolate :

Nor e'en this hapless queen, when swelling grief
 Had ebb'd in tears, from food disdain'd relief.

Ver. 774.] The translator had an eye on Chapman:

————— and now with rockes; and wilde hills mixt
 she beares

(In Sypilus) the Gods wrath still; in that place, where tis
 said,

The goddesse Fairies used to dance, about the funerall bed
 Of Achelous:

and on Dacier: "*Monument éternel de la vengeance des dieux, elle
 "fônd encore en larmes."*

A literal version will shew the amplification of our poet :

Now on the rocks and solitary hills,
 At Sypilus, where goddess-nymphs reside
 In Achelous' beds, and wave the dance;
 She, though a stone, her woes from heaven digests.

There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow,
 She stands her own sad monument of woe;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow. }

Such griefs, O king! have other parents
 known; 780

Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
 The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
 Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream around. 785

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays, 790
 And hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.

Ver. 780.] These *six* verses correspond to *two* of Homer :
 for our translator omits, and amplifies immoderately. The follow-
 ing correction of Ogilby is a faithful exhibition of the original :

Our *flagging* spirits now let food revive ;
 And, when at *Troy* the *corse* and thou arrive,
 There, reverend father ! let thy sorrows flow ;
 A son, like this, claims all a parent's woe.

Ver. 784.] Thus Ogilby :

Then for thy son let *tears* thy cheeks bedew.

Ver. 787.] So Chapman :

And caus'd a *silver-fleece*'t sheepe, kill'd——.

With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast. 795
 When now the rage of hunger was repress,
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest:
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His god-like aspect and majestick size;
 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage; 800
 And there the mild benevolence of age.
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
 (A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to steep
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 805

Ver. 798. *The royal guest the hero eyes, &c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of praising his hero Achilles, and it is observable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities: he softens the terrible idea we have conceived of him, as a warrior, with several virtues of humanity; and the angry, vindictive soldier is become calm and compassionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his personage, and be astonished at his manly beauty. So that though courage be his most distinguishing character, yet Achilles is admirable both for the endowments of mind and body. P.

Ver. 801.] Somewhat more faithfully, thus :

The wisdom here, and sanctity of age.

Hobbes is accurate, and may gratify the reader :

But when of food they had no more desire,

Priam admir'd Achilles form and face :

Achilles Priam did nò less admire ;

In his aspect and speech there was such grace.

For, since the day that number'd with the dead
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
 Soft sleep, a stranger to my weeping eyes;
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
 'Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810
 I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
 With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
 Forth, by the flaming lights they bend their way,
 And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay. 815
 Then he: Now father sleep, but sleep not here.
 Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,

Ver. 806.] His author prescribes, more pointedly,
 For since the day *thou numbredest* with the dead—.

Ver. 809.] This thought is not Homer, but in Chapman
 above; after mentioning the mutual admiration of Priam and
 Achilles :

————— With this *food* feasted too
 Old Priam spake thus :

and in Psalm xlii. 3. “ *My tears* have been my *meat* day and night:”
 and elsewhere.

Ver. 812.] Our poet follows Ogilby in brevity and expression :

This said, Achilles bids them make a *bed*,
 And purple o'er the royal tap'stry *spread*.

Thus, exactly to the author's language :

He said : Achilles bade his men and maids
 Beneath the portico to dress the beds,
 Above spread tap'stry, purple quilts below ;
 The topmost covering, mantles shagg'd with nap.

Ver. 816.] *Ἐλπίστροφίαν*. The sense of this word differs in this place

Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
 To ask our counsel, or our orders take)
 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent, 820
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent,
 Should such report thy honour'd person here,
 The king of men the ransom might defer.
 But say with speed, if ought of thy desire
 Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
 T' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay 821
 Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
 To finish all due honours to the dead,

from that it usually bears: it does not imply *τραχύτητα ὀφρῖσιν*, any reproachful asperity of language, but *ἀεὶ γὰρ ψευδὲς φόβος*, the raising of a false fear in the old man, that he might not be concerned at his being lodged in the outermost part of the tent; and by this method he gives Priam an opportunity of going away in the morning without observation. Eustathius. P.

Ver. 819. *To ask our counsel, or our orders take.*] The poet here shews the importance of Achilles in the army; though Agamemnon be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promises Priam a cessation of arms for several days, purely by his own authority. The method that Achilles took to confirm the truth of the cessation, agrees with the custom which we use at this day, he gave him his hand upon it:

——— χεῖρα γίγνεν[Ⓢ]

^{ἔλλαβε δὲ χεῖρα.}

Eustathius.

P.

Ver. 822.] The rhymes are not unexceptionable. Thus?

For were these tidings to our king convey'd,
 Then may thy son's redemption be delay'd.

Ver. 826.] I would banish this elision thus:

Thy Hector to entomb? So long we stay—.

This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town; 831
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.

Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast; 835
The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!

This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
'Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch, the king and herald rest;
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.
Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake; 846
Industrious Hermes only was awake,

Ver. 834.] Inaccurate rhymes. Thus? more exactly:

Nine days *within shall we indulge* our woes;

The tenth the fun'ral and the feast shall *close*.

Ver. 845.] His original says,

The king and herald with sage counsels stor'd:

and where our translator found this fancy I cannot discover: the older French version paraphrases the sentiment at large; but in a manner, that bears no resemblance to the turn given to the original by Pope.

Ver. 846.] Thus Dryden, at *Æneid*, iv. 767:

The king's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
 The Pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head: 850
 And sleep'st thou, father! (thus the vision said)
 Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
 Nor fear the Grecian foes, nor Grecian lord?
 Thy presence here shou'd stern Atrides see,
 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee, 855
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
 To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
 And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes,
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
 And moves in silence thro' the hostile land. 861
 When now to Zanthus' yellow stream they drove,
 (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)

All else of Nature's common *gift partake*;
 Unhappy Dido was alone *awake*.

Ver. 851.] So Chapman:

O father, sleepest thou so secure?

The original runs thus:

And thus, old man! suspectest thou no ill,
 Midst foes, asleep; because Achilles spard?

Ver. 857.] The concluding clause is transplanted from Dacier:
 "Vos fils offront pour vous une rançon vingt fois plus forte, et
 "l'offront peut-être inutilement."

Ver. 861.] He should have written, with the difference of one letter, "the hostile *band*;" conformably to his author and all his predecessors.

Ver. 862.] This verse is alike destitute of grammar and ligiti-

The winged deity forsook their view,
 And in a moment to Olympus flew. 865
 Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
 The sage and king, majestically slow.

mate construction, without suitable correspondence to his author.
 Thus?

When now they came, where gulphy Xanthus guides,
 Son of immortal Jove! his swelling tides.

Ver. 865.] So Chapman, who gives no inaccurate view of his original :

————— but when they drew
 To gulphy Xanthus bright-wav'd streame, up to *Olympus flew*
 Industrious Mercury.

Homer says exactly thus:

To high Olympus straight went Mercury.

Ver. 866.] Our poet follows Congreve in beginning a fresh paragraph with these lines, more closely connected in their original with the preceding :

Now did the saffron Morn her beams display,
 Gilding the face of universal day.

Our translator's is the more poetical couplet; but the *second* line is foreign to his author. Thus?

Aurora now, in saffron robe bedight,
 Shed o'er the spacious earth her stream of light:

for it may well be allowed *rhyming* poetry to relieve her penury by the revival of genuine English diction, upon the authority of our older writers.

Ver. 868.] The colour of this couplet was derived from Congreve's most woeful version :

When mourning Priam to the town return'd ;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd :
 The mules beneath the mangled body go,
 As bearing, (now) unusual *weight of woe* :

Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire, 870
The sad procession of her hoary sire;

Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier)
A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries. 875

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes
employ,

Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crouds, with vast delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight; 879
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.

though our poet's taste was too correct for the adoption also of these frigid and contemptible conceits. Thus? with fidelity:

Their mules the carcass bear; loud shrieks of woe
Sound from the car, as tow'rd the gates they go.

Ver. 871.] So Congreve:

Thence, she afar *the sad procession spies*.

Ver. 874.] No *tears* flow in Homer: either Hobbes or Dacier furnisht our poet with this addition. Thus the former:

And *weeping* to the people cri'd and said:
and the latter thus: "A cette vue elle se met à *pleurer* et à crier
"sur la ville."

Ver. 877.] From Congreve:

Hither, *ye wretched Trojans*, hither all!

Ver. 878.] Thus Dryden, *Æn.* vii. 1107:

Devour her o'er and o'er *with vast delight*.

Ver. 881.] The latter clause, unknown to the original, is from Congreve:

What once was all your joy, *now all your misery!*

In thronging crouds they issue to the plains,
 Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains.
 In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown;
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan. 885
 At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
 The wife and mother, frantick with despair,
 Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair;
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay; 890
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
 But god-like Priam from the chariot rose:
 Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,

Ver. 883.] So Congreve:

Nor man nor woman in the city staid.

Ver. 886.] This couplet is constructed from the following disjointed portions of his author:

The king and corse close by the gates they meet :
 ————— the croud stood weeping round.

One thought was derived by our translator from Congreve :

There strove the rolling wheels to hold—.

Ver. 888.] Ogilby, with slender correction, is poetical and exact:

First to the chariot, frantic, rush and tear
His wife and mother their dishevel'd hair;
Run in, and fondly clasp his honour'd head:
The thronging concourse tears in torrents shed.

Ver. 890.] So Congreve:

But *wildly wailing*, to the chariot flew.

The expression is happy, and could not elude the discernment of our most elegant translator.

Ver. 892.] This also is from Congreve's version:

First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pow'r your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.

The waves of people at his word divide, 896
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around, 900
With plaintive sighs, and musick's solemn sound:

But Priam *from his chariot rose*, and spake:
for their original stands thus:

The senior from his car the croud address.

Ver. 894.] The rhyme may be rectified thus:

First to the palace let the car *be led*—.

Ver. 896.] Take a literal representation of the original from Chapman:

————— Then cleft the preasse; and gave
Way to the chariot:

but our translator borrowed his beautiful metaphor from Congreve:

————— At this the croud gave way,
Op'ning a pass, *like waves of a divided sea*.

Ver. 900. *A melancholy choir, &c.*] This was a custom generally received, and which passed from the Hebrews, to the Greeks, Romans, and Asiaticks. There were weepers by profession, of both sexes, who sung doleful tunes round the dead. Ecclesiasticus, chap. xii. ver. 5. *When a man shall go into the house of his eternity, there shall encompass him Weepers.* It appears from St. Matthew, xi. 17. that children were likewise employed in this office. Dacier. P.

The *three* following couplets are a fine effusion of genuine poetry, but without resemblance to their original; which may be literally represented in the following commensurate translation:

————— A choir of mourners round
Their wailings led: these chaunt the funeral dirge;
The female chorus with their groans replied.

Alternately they sing, alternate flow
 'Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart;
 And Nature speaks at ev'ry pause of Art. 903
 First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,

But I cannot deny my readers the less scrupulous, but most elegant, execution of Mr. Cowper :

And singers placed beside him, who should chaunt
 The strain funereal: they with many a groan
 The dirge began; and still, at every close,
 The female train with many a groan replied.

Our poet did not properly apprehend the passage; of which the reader may learn a just conception from my note on the *Alcestis* of Euripides, ver. 430, and my references there.

Ver. 903.] This seems to be improved from Congreve :

————— All in a chorus did agree
 Of universal, mournful harmony.

Ver. 906, &c. *The lamentations over Hector.*] The poet judiciously makes Priam to be silent in this general lamentation; he has already borne a sufficient share in these sorrows, in the tent of Achilles, and said what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon such a melancholy subject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and speaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of Troy, an excess of sorrow being unmanly: whereas these women might with decency indulge themselves in all the lamentation that fondness and grief could suggest. The wife, the mother of Hector, and Helen, are the three persons introduced; and though they all mourn upon the same occasion, yet their lamentations are so different, that not a sentence that is spoken by the one, could be made use of by the other: Andromache speaks like a tender wife, Hecuba like a fond mother, and Helen mourns with sorrow rising from self-accusation: Andromache commends his bravery, Hecuba his manly beauty, and Helen his gentleness and humanity.

And oh my Hector! Oh my lord! she cries,
 Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone! 910
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,
 Or with encreasing graces glad my eyes: 915
 For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war?

Homer is very concise in describing the funeral of Hector, which was but a necessary piece of conduct, after he had been so full in that of Patroclus. P.

Ver. 907.] Homer says,

The warrior's head sustaining in her hands:

but Chapman seems to have suggested the variation to our poet:

———— she on *the necke*, of slaughterd Hector fell.

Ver. 908.] The first *eight* lines of this speech represent the following portion of his original:

O! husband, lost art thou to life in youth,
 Me left at home a widow, and thy son
 An infant: hapless parents! helpless child!
 Ne'er to attain his prime!

Ver. 918.] This turn of the passage is from Congreve, as well as the vicious rhymes:

Who is there now, that can protection give,
 Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?
 Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?
 Who save her children from the rage of war?

Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er, 920
 (Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore!
 Thou too my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
 The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
 Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword;
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord: 925
 Or else some Greek whose father prest the plain,
 Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain;
 In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
 And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe: 930
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
 Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,
 His parents many, but his consort more.

Ver. 920.] More accurately thus:

*The foe must waft those wives and infants o'er,
 (Myself amongst them) to a foreign shore.*

Ver. 925.] Thus Congreve:

And he to some inhumane lord a slave.

Ver. 928.] This line is formed from one of his author, in imitation of Congreve's version:

And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage.

Ver. 930.] Our translator is too concise. Thus? much more faithfully:

*Wide did thy father's hand deal slaughter round,
 And many a Greek, expiring, bit the ground.
 In fight his fury never spar'd a foe—.*

Ver. 932.] The *past tense* spoils the whole passage, and perverts it's meaning. Thus?

*This load of evils thence his parents' life
 Sink down, but most sink down his wretched wife.*

Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
 And why receiv'd not I thy last command? 935
 Some word thou would'st have spoke, which
 sadly dear,
 My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
 Which never, never could be lost in air,
 Fix'd in my heart, and oft' repeated there!

Ver. 934. *Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?*

And why receiv'd not I thy last command?

I have taken these two lines from Mr. Congreve, whose translation of this part was one of his first essays in poetry. He has very justly rendered the sense of Πρὸς ἕτος, dictum prudens, which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in some dangerous exigence; at which times what is spoken is usually something of the utmost importance, and delivered with the utmost care: which is the true signification of the epithet Πρὸς ἕτος in this place. P.

These are lines of Congreve, as Pope himself confesses:

Why held he not to me his dying hand?

And why receiv'd not I his last command?

Thus Ogilby:

That thou expiring reach'd not forth *thy hand*,

Imposing so on me *thy last command?*

Tibullus says, with incomparable pathos, eleg. i. l. 59:

Te spectem, suprema mihi cùm venerit hora;

Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

My closing eyes shall gaze those angel charms;

That lovely form shall fill my dying arms!

Ver. 935.] The remainder of this address represents but one distich of his original:

Nor one fond word didst speak, on which with tears

Had ever dwell'd Remembrance, night and day.

Ver. 938.] A miserable couplet, in my opinion; nor the better for the similarity of it's rhyme to the preceding. Thus?

These, my fond memory at the dawn of light

Had seiz'd, and cherish'd 'till returning night.

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her
moan; 940

Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part.

Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!

Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,

And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd! 945

While all my other sons in barb'rous bands

Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,

This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost,

Free and a hero, to the Stygian coast.

Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom, 950

Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,

Ver. 941.] The uniformity of repetition was necessary to the perfection of the passage, as follows :

Her weeping *maids re-echo* groan for groan :

an unexceptionable word, elsewhere employed by our poet.

Ver. 948.] This fine couplet is a mere addition of the translator. It might be banished altogether, and the version brought to more correspondence with it's original, by the following adjustment :

He, when his murderous hand had wrought thy doom,

Dragg'd thy dear reliques round Patroclus' tomb,

Slain by thine arm : an insult, vile and vain !

Nor thus Patroclus rose to life again.

Ver. 950.] Thus Congreve :

Thou too wert *sentenc'd by his barb'rous doom,*

And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,

His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had *slain* ;

And yet that cruelty was urg'd in *vain*.

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)
 Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
 No mark of pain, or violence of face; 955
 Rosy and fair! as Phœbus silver bow
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:

Ver. 954.] He is indebted, as usual, to Congreve:
 Now *fresh* and *glowing*, even in death, thou art.

Ver. 955.] I cannot admire this verse: I am probably wrong in my taste; but I should prefer something less sluggish, like the following attempt:

Thy limbs unblemish'd, nor deform'd thy face.

Ver. 956.] Thus Ogilby:

————— yet still thou *rosi'd* art.

But I should choose to correct the ambiguity of our translator's language by the following substitution:

Rosy and fair! as if *Apollo's* bow

Had sent thee ———:

or,

————— as Phœbus' silver bow

Had sent thee ———.

Ver. 957.] His *adverbial epithet* was probably derived from Dacier: "On diroit que c'est Apollon lui-même, qui a terminé tes
 "jours avec ses plus *douces flèches*:" or rather from Hobbes:

As fresh and as well-colour'd as if by

Apollo's *gentle shafts* he had been slain.

Ver. 958.] Our poet indulges his fancy in these four verses enormously. The version below is literally faithful:

She spake, with tears; and rais'd excess of grief:

Then Helen, next, their lamentations led.

Ver. 959.] This fine expression might be suggested by Chapman:
 And next her, Hellen held that *state*, of speech and *passion*.

Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

Ah dearest friend! in whom the Gods had
join'd

The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore; 965
(Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curst the auth'ress of their woe, 970
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train;
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain. }

Ver. 962.] The rhyme is incorrect, and the sense foreign to his author. The proposed substitution is more faithful:

Of brothers far most dear! this tender name,
To me, kind Hector! from my Paris came.

Ver. 965.] Thus, to accord with the substitution just proposed:
Since *first* he brought me —.

Ver. 969.] A little varied from Congreve:
Not one *ungentle word*, or look of scorn.

Ver. 973.] Congreve has exhibited his author with more fulness and fidelity: preserving a circumstance of affection, too beautifully characteristic to be omitted:

If by my sisters, or the queen revil'd,
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.

For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
 The wretched source of all this misery! 976
 The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
 Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
 Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home! 980

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.
 Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require, 985
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre;
 Twelve days; nor foes, nor secret ambush dread;
 Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and at his word, the Trojan train
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain, 990

Ver. 978.] The rhyme is incorrect. Thus?

Sad Helen *lives all friendless and alone!*

for he should have accommodated both the rhymes of Congreve to his purpose, rather than deviate into exceptionable variation. Thus that translator:

Ever in tears let me your loss *bemoan*,
 Who had no friend alive, but you alone.

Ver. 980.] The latter clause is superadded for the versification only, without authority from his author.

Ver. 981.] Our poet, like a postilion, flourishes away on his Pegasus at the conclusion of his journey. His original supplied no more than the following plain materials for these very graceful and pleasing couplets:

She weeping spake: the croud immense replied
 With groans: when Priam thus address the train.

Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,
 Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a silvan structure raise.
 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine, 995
 Forth to the pile was borne the Man divine,
 And plac'd aloft: while all with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn; 1000
 Again the mournful crouds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase;

Ver. 991.] This specification of Mount Ida is neither in Homer, nor any of his translators, but Barbin: "Priam parloit au peuple, "et lui donnoit ordre d'aller à la forest du mont Ida."

Ver. 994.] Our poet might have his eyes on Chapman:

————— and an unmeasur'd pile, of *silvane* matter
 cut;

Nine daies emploide in cariage; but when the tenth *morne*
shinde

On wretched mortals————.

Ver. 997.] Our translator condescends to copy Congreve:

Then gave it fire; *while all, with weeping eyes,*
Beheld the rolling flames, and smoke arise,

Ver. 1000.] Or thus:

With *spangling* lustre *deckt* the dewy lawn.

Ver. 1003.] So Congreve:

And gathering up his *snowy bones* with care:

The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd, 1005
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
 Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
 (Strong guards and spies, 'till all the rites were
 done,
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun) 1010
 All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train:

but originally Chapman :

————— His brothers then, and friends *the snowy bones*
 Gather'd into an urne of gold.

Ver. 1006.] Palls inwrought with *gold* could not be of *softest* texture, but stiff and hard. In short, the word was convenient to the translator, but in direct opposition with his author's words. Thus ?

*Then o'er the golden vase soft palls they threw,
 Of finest texture, and of purple hue.*

Congreve renders thus :

————— an urn of gold was brought,
 Wrapt in soft *purple palls*, and richly wrought :

and thus Chapman :

Then wrapt they in soft purple veiles, the rich urne.

Ver. 1008.] His author dictates,
 And *pill'd with stones*, memorial of the dead.

Ver. 1009.] Congreve is very accurate:
 Mean time, *strong guards* were plac'd, and careful *spies*,
 To watch the Græcians, and prevent surprize :

but our translator had an eye also on Chapman :

————— guards were held, at all parts, *days and nights*.

Ver. 1012.] This verse is added by the translator, and might be formed upon Congreve :

Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid, 1015
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court,

Ver. 1013.] Vicious rhymes. Thus ?

There, *all* assembled, *cease their pious cares*,
And *each* the last sepulchral banquet shares.

Ver. 1015.] A grand couplet, and a noble conclusion of a poem,
durable with the language and literature of Britain ! His original
says only,

Thus the brave Hector's funeral rites perform'd.

END OF THE ILIAD.

WE have now past through the *Iliad*, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epick poetry would not permit our Author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the *Æneis*.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, lib. xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan, but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaus her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by Ægysthus at the instigation of Clytemnestra his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with Ægysthus.

Diomed after the fall of Troy was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos his native country.

Ulysses also after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's *Odysses*.

I must end these notes by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the

one of them is since dead: the merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations were sent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole Essay upon Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

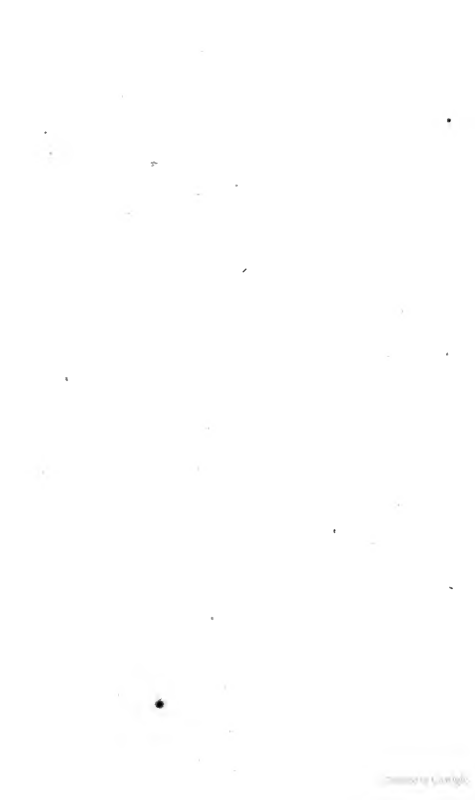
For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth and to posterity) let me

leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25,
1720.

Ä. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐχοίᾳ, τὸ μὲν ἐπὶ πλὴν προέψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι, ἐν αἷς ἴσως ἂν κατισχύῃη, ἢ ἐσθόμην ἑμαυτὸν εὐδῶς προϊόντα. M. AUREL. ANTON. *de seipso*. l. i. §. 14.



AN

INDEX

OF

PERSONS AND THINGS.

	BOOK	PAGE.
ACAMAS.....	II	996
..... he kills Promachus	XIV	559
Achilles prays his mother to revenge his injuries on the Greeks.....	I	460
..... his speech to the Greeks.....	I	79
..... his quarrel with Agamemnon.....	I	155
	297	386
..... entertains Agamemnon's em- bassadors	IX	265
..... answers Ulysses.....	IX	406
..... answers Phoenix.....	IX	713
..... answers Ajax.....	IX	757
..... his double fate	IX	532
..... seeing Machaon wounded sends Patroclus to him.....	XI	730
..... enquires of Patroclus the cause of his grief.....	XVI	9

	BOOK	VIR.
Achilles sends Patroclus to the battle and		
gives him orders	XVI	68
. arms his Myrmidons	XVI	190
. and animates them	XVI	239
. his bowl	XVI	273
. offers a libation with prayers to		
Jove	XVI	282
. heard not of the death of		
Patroclus	XVII	462
. his horses lament the death of		
Patroclus	XVII	486
. he grieves for the death of		
Patroclus	XVIII	25
		367
. tells Thetis his grief	XVIII	99
. a description of his shield	XVIII	551
. is concerned lest Patroclus's		
body should putrify	XIX	28
. calls an assembly	XIX	44
. makes a speech to the assembly	XIX	57
. refuses to take any food before		
the battle	XIX	197
. moans exceedingly for the death		
of Patroclus	XIX	335
. he is armed	XIX	398
. Agamemnon's presents are deli-		
vered to him	XIX	243
. he and Agamemnon reconciled	XIX	57
. his answer to Agamemnon	XIX	143

	BOOK	VER.
Achilles dissuades Æneas from contending with him	XX	214
..... contemns Æneas for flying from him	XX	393
..... he kills Iphiton	XX	439
..... Demoleon	XX	457
..... Hippodamas	XX	463
..... Polydore	XX	471
..... and many others.	XX	525
..... addresses the spirit of Patroclus	XXIII	25
..... kills many Trojans in the river Xanthus.	XXI	25
..... denies Lycaon his life.	XXI	112
..... he pursues Hector.	XXII	182
..... kills him	XXII	453
..... declares the rites to be observed by his Myrmidons.	XXIII	8
..... cuts off his hair devoted to the river Sperchius	XXIII	173
..... he prays to the winds.	XXIII	238
..... institutes funeral games.	XXIII	321
..... gives a cup to Nestor	XXIII	704
..... is deprived of sleep	XXIV	9
..... receives the petition of Priam	XXIV	652
..... lays Hector's body on Priam's chariot	XXIV	737
Adrastus	II	1007
..... taken by Menelaus	VI	45
Æneas.	II	992

	BOOK	VER.
<i>Æneas</i> seeks Pandarus	v	214
..... together assault Diomed	v	298
..... he kills Crethon and Orsilochus . . . v		670
..... he encounters with Achilles	xx	193
..... answers Achilles	xx	240
..... tells his lineage	xx	252
..... the fight of <i>Æneas</i> and Achilles . . xx		307
<i>Ætolians</i>	II	779
<i>Agamemnon</i>	III	19
..... restores <i>Chryseis</i> to her father . . . I		406
..... takes <i>Briseis</i> from Achilles	I	423
..... tells his dream in council	II	69
..... his speech, advising a return to Greece	II	139
..... his prayer to Jupiter	II	489
..... orders <i>Machaon</i> to be called to assist <i>Menelaus</i> wounded	IV	230
..... exhorts his soldiers	{ IV v	266 650
..... blames the indolent	IV	275
..... speaks to <i>Idomeneus</i>	IV	292
..... goes to the two <i>Ajaxes</i>	IV	311
..... goes to <i>Nestor</i>	IV	334
..... blames <i>Menestheus</i>	IV	390
..... blames <i>Diomed</i>	IV	422
..... his words to wounded <i>Mene-</i> <i>laus</i>	IV	186
..... kills <i>Deicoön</i>	v	660
..... treats the generals	VII	385

	BOOK	VER.
Agamemnon, his speech to the generals .	IX	23
..... swears he has not carnally		
known Briseïs	IX	172
..... acknowledges his fault, and		
makes large offers to satisfy Achilles	IX	148
..... sends ambassadors to Achilles	IX	192
..... and Menelaus in great per-		
plexity	X	3
..... they deliberate together	X	41
..... he goes to Nestor	X	81
... .. he arms	XI	21
..... fights bravely	XI	127
..... kills a great number	XI	281
..... is wounded	XI	325
..... goes out of the battle	XI	360
..... advises flight	XIV	71
..... for which Ulysses blames		
him	XIV	88
..... is reconciled to Achilles	XIX	
..... he swears he has not enjoyed		
Briseïs	XIX	267
..... his speech concerning the		
Goddess Discord	XIX	81
Agenor deliberates if he shall meet		
Achilles	XXI	649
..... meets him, and is saved by		
Apollo	XXI	686

	BOOK	VER.
	II	526
	V	911
The Ægis of Jupiter	XV	350
	XXI	467
Agapenor	II	741
Ajax Oileus's son contends with Ulysses		
in the foot race	XXIII	882
..... quarrels with Idomeneus .	XXIII	556
Ajax Telamon fights with Hector	VII	250
..... his speech to Achilles	IX	735
..... his retreat nobly described ...	XI	672
The two Ajaxes fight together	XIII	877
Ajax Telamon challenges Hector	XIII	1022
..... his fight over the dead		
body of Alcathous	XIII	628
..... he wounds Hector	XIV	471
..... kills Archilochus	XIV	540
..... exhorts his men	XV	591
	666	890
..... defends the ships	XV	814
..... is hard pressed	XVI	130
..... he speaks to Menelaus	XVII	282
..... kills Hippothous	XVII	338
..... he is in fear .	XVII	705
..... advises Menelaus to send		
Antilochus to inform Achilles of		
Patroclus's death	XVII	735
..... contends with Ulysses in		
wrestling	XXIII	820
..... fights with Diomed	XXIII	958

	BOOK	VIR.
Amphimachus	II	755
		1060
Amphius	II	1007
Antenor advises to restore Helen	VII	419
Andromache and Hector	VI	490
..... ignorant of Hector's		
death, runs to the tumult	XXII	562
..... her grief for his death ..	XXII	592
..... her lamentation	XXIV	906
Antilochus kills Echepolus	IV	522
..... kills Mydon	V	709
..... kills Menalippus	XV	692
..... informs Achilles of Patroclus's		
death	XVIII	21
..... he cheers up his horses in the		
race	XXIII	523
..... yields the contested prize to		
Menelaus	XXIII	673
Antiphus	II	827
		1054
Appollo sends a plague among the Greeks ..	I	61
..... encourages the Trojans	IV	585
..... reprimands Diomed	V	533
..... raises the phantom of Æneas to		
deceive his enemies	V	546
..... excites Mars	V	553
..... drives Patroclus from the walls of		
Troy	XVI	863

	BOOK	PAGE.
Apollo overthrows Patroclus	XVI	954
..... informs Hector of the death of		
Euphorbus	XVII	84
..... encourages Æneas	XVII	378
..... and Hector	XVII	658
..... incites Æneas to encounter		
Achilles	XX	110
..... forbids Hector to engage Achilles	XX	431
..... saves Hector from Achilles	XX	513
..... refuses to fight with Neptune	XXI	535
takes Agenor from Achilles	XXI	710
..... discovers the deceit to Achilles	XXII	15
..... complains to the Gods of the		
cruelties done to Hector's body	XXIV	44
Archilochus	II	996
Ascalaphus and Jalmenus the sons of		
Mars	II	612
Ascanius	II	1050
Asius	II	1015
... he is angry with Jupiter	XII	184
Aspledon and Orchomenians	II	610
Asteropæus meets Achilles and is killed	XXI	157
Astyanax	XXII	643
Athenians	II	655
Automedon and Alcimedon rule the horses		
of Achilles	XVII	488
		548

B.

	BOOK	VER.
Bellerophon	VI	194
Bowl of Achilles	XVI	273
Briseïs	II	841
..... she is restored to Achilles	XIX	254
..... grieves for Patroclus	XIX	303
Buprasians	II	747

C.

Calchas the prophet	I	91
..... he is blamed by Agamemnon	I	131
Castor and Pollux	III	302
Cebrión, brother and charioteer to Hector	XVI	895
Chromis	II	1046
Cryses desires his daughter who was captive	I	15
..... his prayers to Apollo	I	53
Coön	XI	321
Cestus of Venus	XIV	245
Cretans	II	785

D.

Dardanus	XX	255
Dead are buried	VII	495
Deiphobus is stricken by Merion, but not wounded	XIII	213
..... kills Hypsenor	XIII	509
..... he asks Æneas to assist him in attacking Idomeneus	XIII	575

	BOOK	VER.
Deiphobus kills Ascalaphus	XIII	655
Diomed	II	683
..... blames Sthenelus	IV	466
..... is wounded by Pandarus	V	130
..... invokes Minerva	V	146
..... kills Pandarus	V	352
..... wounds Venus	V	417
..... is in fear of Hector	V	732
..... wounds Mars	V	1050
..... exhorts Ulysses to succour Nestor	VIII	117
..... he relieves Nestor	VIII	129
..... his speech to Agamemnon	IX	43
..... going a spy to the enemy's camp, chuses Ulysses for his companion	X	283
..... prays to Minerva	X	335
..... and Ulysses surprise Dolon, whom they take and examine	X	455
..... kills Dolon	X	524
..... kills the Thracians while sleeping	X	560
..... returns with Ulysses to the fleet	X	624
..... he strikes Hector	XI	452
..... advises the wounded to go into the army to encourage others	XIV	121
Dione comforts Venus	V	471
Dius	II	1043
Dolon a spy, taken	X	447
..... is killed	X	524
Dulichians	II	763

E.

	BOOK	VER.
Elphenor	<u>II</u>	654
Ennomus the Augur	<u>II</u>	1047
<u>Epistrophus</u>	<u>II</u>	1043
Erichthonius	XX	<u>260</u>
Eumelus's mares	II	926
Euphemus	<u>II</u>	1026
Euphorbus wounds Patroclus	XVI	978
..... advises Menelaus to yield to him	XVII	14
..... is killed by Menelaus	XVII	<u>50</u>
Euryalus	II	682
Eurypylus	<u>II</u>	893
..... wounded, is cured by Patroclus .	XI	982

G.

Ganymedes	XX	<u>278</u>
Glaucus	<u>II</u>	1069
..... accuses Hector of flight ..	XVII	<u>153</u>
.. . . . and Diomed in the battle meet and discourse together	VI	<u>150</u>
..... interchange armour	VI	<u>286</u>
..... his prayers to Apollo	XVI	633
..... exhorts the Trojans to defend the corse of Sarpedon	XVI	654
Gods, an assembly of them	IV	2
..... engage, some on one side, and some on the other	XX	<u>91</u>
The fight of the Gods	XXI	450

	BOOK	VER.
Grecian sacrifices	I	599
..... they retreat from Troy	II	173
..... prepare for <u>war</u>	II	470
..... go to battle	II	522
..... <u>their forces march</u>	IV	484
..... their flight	VIII	97
..... their watch	IX	110
..... nine of them willing to accept Hector's challenge	VII	196
..... build a wall round the fleet	VII	521
..... buy wine	VII	567
..... an assembly of their Generals	XV	339
..... their ships are burnt	XVI	140
Guneus II	907
H.		
Hector sends out his forces to battle	II	988
..... tells Paris's challenge to the Greeks	III	123
..... retreats out of the battle into Troy	VI	296
..... exhorts the Trojans to supplicate Minerva	VI	338
..... goes to the house of Paris	VI	389
..... goes to his wife Andromache	VI	463
..... his discourse with her	VI	510
..... challenges the Greeks to single combat	VII	79
..... exhorts his men	VIII	210
..... encourages his horses	VIII	226

	BOOK	VER.
Hector sends Dolon as a spy	X	376
..... his glory.....	XI	83
..... he exhorts his forces, and rushes to battle	XI	368
..... derides Polydamus's advice	XII	267
..... forces open a gate of the Grecian wall	XII	537
..... exhorts his men	XIII	205
..... seeks for aid	XIII	967
..... rallies his forces, and attacks the enemy	XIII	991
..... answers Ajax	XIII	1044
..... kills Amphimachus.....	XIII	247
..... wounded, retreats	XIV	503
..... is encouraged by Apollo	XV	288
..... goes again to battle.....	XV	296
..... kills Lycophron.....	XV	500
..... exhorts Melanippus	XV	654
..... kills Peripœtes.....	XV	770
..... takes a ship.....	XV	854
..... is put to flight.....	{XVI	440
	{XVI	797
..... encounters with Patroclus	XVI	885
..... and kills him	XVI	987
..... excites his men.....	XVII	260
..... his speech to his warlike friends. .	XVII	205
..... he gives way to Ajax	XVII	140
..... answers Glaucus.....	XVII	187
..... puts on Achilles's armour	XVII	219

	BOOK	VER.
Hector, he pursues Achilles's horses with the assistance of Æneas.	xvii	550
..... again endeavours to take the body . of Patroclus.	xviii	187
..... resolves to combat with Achilles	xx	415
..... assaults Achilles.	xx	485
..... he deliberates with himself.	xxii	138
..... he fights with Achilles.	xxii	317
..... his death.	xxii	453
..... his funeral.	xxiv	989
Hecuba desires Hector would not fight Achilles.	xxii	110
..... renews her desires he would not fight Achilles	xxii	552
..... mourns his death.	xxiv	942
Helen goes to see the combat between Paris and Menelaus.	iii	185
..... the Trojans admire her beauty	iii	204
..... chides Paris.	iii	533
..... speaks to Hector.	vi	432
..... laments over Hector's body.	xxiv	962
Helenus advises Hector and Æneas . . .	{ vi vii	{ 95 48
Hippothoüs.	ii	1021

L.

Idæus carries Paris's challenge to the Greeks	vii	460
---	-----	-----

	BOOK	VER.
Idomeneus.....	{ II	791
	{ III	295
..... kills Othryoneus.....	XIII	457
..... Asius.....	XIII	483
..... Alcatheus.....	XIII	537
Iphidamas, his death finely described.....	XI	283
Iris orders the Trojans to arms.....	II	956
... tells Helen of the single combat of Paris and Menelaus.....	III	165
... is sent to Pallas and Juno with Jove's orders.....	VIII	488
... admonishes Achilles to succour his friends fighting for the body of Patroclus.....	XVIII	209
... summons the winds to raise the fire of Patroclus's pile.....	XXIII	244
Ithacans.....	II	769
Juno sends Minerva to hinder the Greeks from retreating.....	II	191
.... her quarrel with Jupiter.....	IV	35
.... she and Minerva prepare for fight....	v	883
.... asks leave of Jupiter to go to battle....	v	942
.... her speech to Neptune..	VIII	242
.... dresses herself to deceive Jupiter...	XIV	191
.... desires of Venus her girdle to de- ceive Jupiter.....	XIV	225
.... goes to the God of Sleep, to put Jupiter into a sleep.....	XIV	266
.... by large promises obtains her request	XIV	305

	BOOK	VER.
Juno goes to Jupiter	XIV	<u>331</u>
.... denies it was at her request that Neptune assisted the Greeks	xv	<u>41</u>
.... goes to the rest of the Gods	xv	<u>84</u>
.... tells the order of Jupiter to Apollo and Iris	xv	<u>162</u>
.... advises with the Gods concerning Æneas's fighting with Achilles	xx	<u>146</u>
.... sends Vulcan to oppose Xanthus	xxi	<u>386</u>
.... overcomes Diana	xxi	564
Jupiter promises Thetis to be revenged on the Greeks	I	672
..... inspires Agamemnon with a dream	ii	9
..... forbids the Gods to assist either part	viii	7
..... his golden chain	viii	<u>25</u>
..... descends on Ida	viii	<u>57</u>
..... sends Iris to order Juno and Mi- nerva to retreat from the battle	viii	488
..... sends Eris amongst the Greeks	xi	5
..... sends Iris to forbid Hector some time from personally engaging	xi	<u>241</u>
..... inspires Sarpedon to assault the Greek wall	xii	<u>348</u>
..... is caused by Juno to sleep	xiv	<u>405</u>
..... awaking from sleep he is angry with Juno	xv	5
..... orders Juno to send Iris and Apollo to him	xv	<u>59</u>

	BOOK	VER.
Jupiter sends Iris to order Neptune to de-		
sist from fighting.	xv	180
. sends Apollo to encourage Hector	xv	258
. encourages Hector himself	xv	722
. is grieved for Sarpedon's death . . .	xvi	530
. orders Apollo to take care of Sar-		
pedon's funeral.	xxi	811
. pities Hector	xvii	227
. examines Juno concerning the ex-		
citing Achilles to engage in battle	xviii	417
. sends Minerva to comfort Achilles	xix	364
. gives the Gods leave to assist which		
party they please	xx	35
. sends Thetis to Achilles, ordering		
him to deliver Hector's body to		
Priam	xxiv	137
. sends Iris to advise Priam to go to		
Achilles	xxiv	178
. orders Mercury to conduct Priam		
to Achilles	xxiv	411

L.

Lacedæmonians.	ii	704
Locrians	ii	630
Lycaon overcome by Achilles	xxi	41
. begs his life in vain.	xxi	111

M.

Machaon.	ii	889
. cures Menelaus	iv	250

	BOOK	PAGE.
Magnesians.....	II	916
Mars is wounded by Diomed.....	V	1050
.... expostulates with Jupiter on that account.....	V	1068
.... reprehended by Jupiter for the same..	V	1092
.... hearing of the death of his son is enraged.....	XV	126
Meges.....	II	761
Meleager, the story of him..	IX	653
Menelaus.....	II	710
..... undertakes to fight with Paris...	III	137
..... is treacherously wounded by Pandarus.....	IV	135
..... takes Adrastus.....	VI	45
..... would undertake to fight with Hector, but is hindered by Agamemnon	VII	727
..... and Ajax assist Ulysses.....	XI	582
.. wounds Helenus.....	XIII	733
..... kills Pisander.....	XIII	753
..... exhorts Antilochus.....	XV	680
..... despised by Euphorbus.....	XVII	12
..... kills Euphorbus.....	XVII	50
..... yields to Hector.....	XVII	101
..... exhorts the Generals.....	XVII	294
..... encouraged by Minerva.....	XVII	626
..... sends Antilochus to tell Achilles of the death of Patroclus.....	XVII	775
..... is angry with Antilochus.....	XXIII	651
Menestheus.....	II	665

	BOOK	VER.
Menestheus sends Thoös to the Ajaxes		
for aid.....	XII	411
Mercury accompanies Priam.....	XXIV	447
..... conducts Priam to Achilles....	XXIV	541
..... admonishes Priam in his sleep	XXIV	850
Merion	II	792
..... wounds Deïphobus.....	XIII	668
..... kills Harpalion.....	XIII	813
Nestles	II	1034
Minerva goes to Pandarus to induce him		
to break the truce.....	IV	115
..... strengthens Diomed.....	V	1
..... forces Mars from the battle.....	V	545
..... derides Venus.....	V	509
..... prepares herself for the war.....	{ V	884
	{ V	908
..... asks leave of Jupiter to go to		
the war.....	V	912
..... speaks to Diomed.....	V	998
..... encourages Diomed to assault		
Mars.....	V	1020
..... her speech to Jupiter.....	VIII	39
..... restrains Mars's anger.....	XV	140
..... knocks down Mars with a mighty		
stone.....	XXI	469
..... vanquishes Venus and her lover	XXI	498
..... in the shape of Deïphobus, per-		
suades Hector to meet Achilles	XXII	291
Mycenians	II	686

	BOOK	VER.
Myrmidons.....	. II	834
..... go to the fight	XVI	312

N.

Nastes.....	II	1062
Neptune, his and Jupiter's discourse con- cerning the Grecian wall.....	VII	530
..... his discourse with Idomeneus..	XIII	299
..... brings help to the Greeks.....	XIII	17
..... encourages the two Ajaxes....	XIII	73
..... encourages the Greeks.....	XIII	131
..... is angry with Jupiter.....	XV	206
..... advises about the preservation of Æneas.....	XX	341
..... preserves Æneas from Achilles's fury.....	XX	367
..... comforts Achilles.....	XXI	332
..... urges Apollo to fight.....	XXI	507
Nereïds, the catalogue and names of them.....	XVIII	42
Nestor endeavours to reconcile Achilles and Agamemnon.....	I	330
..... <u>praised</u> by Agamemnon.....	II	440
..... his speech to the soldiers.....	II	402
..... his forces.....	II	716
..... his speech to Agamemnon.....	IV	370
..... exhorts the soldiers....	VI	84
..... his speech for burying the dead and building a wall.....	VII	392

	BOOK	VER.
Nestor blames the Greeks for not daring to encounter Hector	VII	<u>145</u>
..... is in great danger.	VIII	<u>102</u>
..... flies with Diomed.	VIII	<u>190</u>
..... his advice for guards and refresh- ment.	IX	<u>86</u>
..... for pacifying Achilles.	IX	<u>141</u>
..... approves Diomed's speech to Agamemnon	IX	<u>73</u>
..... goes by night to Ulysses	X	<u>157</u>
..... encourages Diomed.	X	<u>180</u>
..... advises to send spies into the ene- my's camp	X	<u>241</u>
..... recites what he did in his youth.	XI	<u>817</u>
..... goes on an uproar to know the cause	XIV	<u>1</u>
..... prays to Jupiter	XV	<u>428</u>
..... exhorts the Greeks to oppose the enemy	XV	<u>796</u>
..... advises his son concerning the race.	XXIII	<u>369</u>
Niobe, her fable	XXIV	<u>757</u>
Nireus, the most handsome Greek.	II	<u>817</u>

O.

Orcus, his helmet.	V	<u>1037</u>
Odius.	II	<u>1043</u>

P.

	BOOK	PAGE
Pandarus.....	II	1001
..... treacherously wounds Menelaus	IV	135
..... is killed by Diomed.....	V	352
Paris boasts at the beginning of the fight..	III	26
.... cowardly flies.....	III	44
.... blamed of Hector.....	III	55
.... undertakes a single combat with		
Menelaus.....	III	101
.... is armed.....	III	409
.... fights with Menelaus.....	III	427
.... is taken from the combat by Venus..	III	467
.... blamed by Helen.....	III	533
.... rescued from fight, is put to bed		
with Helen.....	III	555
.... refuses to restore Helen.....	VII	438
.... wounds Diomed.....	XI	482
.... wounds Machaon.....	XI	629
.... wounds Eurypylus.....	XI	709
.... kills Euchenor.....	XIII	827
Patroclus returns to Achilles.....	XV	462
..... entreats Achilles to let him go		
to aid the Greeks.....	XVI	31
..... is armed.....	XVI	162
..... exhorts the Myrmidons.....	XVI	324
..... and his men kill many of the		
Trojans.....	XVI	448
	XVI	482
	XVI	847

	BOOK	VER.
Patroclus exhorts the two Ajaxes	XVI	681
..... kills Cebrion.	XVI	895
..... is struck by Apollo.	XVI	954
..... a fierce contest about his body	XVII	324
	472	613
..... appears to Achilles in a dream	XXIII	78
..... his funeral pile	XXIII	198
..... his sepulchre.	XXIII	306
..... his funeral games	XXIII	323
Phidippus	II	827
Phocians	II	620
Phœnix intreats Achilles to be reconciled		
to Agamœmnon	IX	562
..... sits as one of the judges at the		
race.	XXIII	435
Phorcis	II	1050
Podalirius	II	889
Podarces.	II	860
Polydamas advises to force the Greek		
lines	XII	67
..... interprets a prodigy, and gives		
his advice	XII	245
..... blames Hector.	XIII	907
..... kills Prothenor.	XIV	525
Polypœtes	II	904
..... and Leontius.	XII	141
Prayers and Injustice, their influence on		
the Gods	IX	624

	BOOK	VER.
Priam enquires of Helen about the Grecians which they saw.	III	219
..... is called by an herald to agree to a treaty	III	319
..... returns into the city.	III	386
..... speaks to the Trojans.	VII	444
..... commands the soldiers to open the gate	XXI	620
..... intreats Hector not to meet Achilles.	XXII	51
..... bemoans the death of Hector.	XXII	515
..... tells his wife the commands of Jupiter.	XXIV	233
..... takes the gifts to carry to Achilles.	XXIV	281
..... rebukes his sons	XXIV	311
..... Hecuba's council to him.	XXIV	355
..... prays to Jupiter.	XXIV	377
..... meets Achilles.	XXIV	579
..... desires to sleep.	XXIV	804
..... carries the body of Hector into the city.	XXIV	882
Prodigies.	XI	70
	XII	233
..... of a dragon which devoured a nest of birds and the dam	II	372
Protesilaüs.	II	853
Prothous.	II	916

	BOOK	VER.
Pylæmenes	II	1034
..... is slain	V	705
Pylians	II	715
Pyræchmes	II	1028

R.

Rhesus	X	505
..... is slain by Diomed	X	576
Rhodians	II	795

S.

Sarpedon	II	1069
..... wounded by Tlepolemus, desires the assistance of Hector	V	842
..... exhorts Glaucus to fight	XII	371
..... breaks down a battlement of the wall	XII	483
Soldiers, the good and bad described	XIII	359
Sleep (the God of Sleep) at the instance of Juno, puts Jupiter into a sleep ..	XIV	266
..... incites Neptune	XIV	411
Sthenelus	II	683
..... answers Agamemnon sharply	IV	456

T.

Talthybius	I	421
Teucer from behind the shield of Ajax, kills many Trojans	VIII	320

	BOOK	VER.
Teucer is wounded by Hector	VIII	387
. kills Imbrius	XIII	227
. kills Clitus	XV	522
. his bow is broke by a divine power	XV	544
Thalpius	II	755
Thamyris his story	II	721
Themis presents the nectar-bowl to Juno .	XV	96
Thersites, his loquacity	II	255
Thetis, her words to Achilles	I	540
. petition to Jove for her son	I	652
. in great grief speaks to the Nereïds	XVIII	69
. enquires of Achilles	XVIII	95
. promises Achilles armour made by Vulcan	XVIII	172
. goes to Vulcan	XVIII	431
. beseeches Vulcan to make Achilles's armour	XXVII	527
. carries the armour made by Vulcan to Achilles	XIX	13
Thoas	II	775
. kills Pirus	IV	610
Titaresius, a river	II	910
Tlepolemus	II	793
. fights with Sarpedon	V	776
Trojans and Grecians march to battle . . .	III	1
. sign a treaty	III	338
. and Greeks in battle	IV	508
. many of them killed	VI	5

	BOOK	VER.
Trojans watch	VIII	686
..... march, attack the Greek trenches {	XII	95
	XII	295
..... fly	XIV	596
..... make a great slaughter	XV	372
..... fight bravely at the Grecian fleet	XV	842
..... the Greeks fly before them	XVII	676
..... an assembly of them	XVIII	289

V.

Venus conveys Paris from the fight	III	467
..... bespeaks Helen	III	481
..... is angry with Helen	III	513
..... carries Helen to Paris	III	528
..... conveys Æneas out of the battle	v	385
..... is wounded by Diomed	v	417
..... complains of her being wounded to Dione	v	465
..... is laughed at by Minerva	v	509
..... with Apollo keeps the body of Hector from putrifying	XXIII	226
Ulysses {	II	765
	III	254
..... delivers Cryseis to her father	I	573
..... contends with Ajax in the course	XXIII	820
..... prevents the Greeks from re- treating	II	224
..... provokes Thersites	II	305
..... exhorts the soldiers to battle	II	347

	BOOK	VER.
Ulysses answers Agamemnon	IV	402
. . . . his speech to Achilles to reconcile him and Agamemnon	IX	295
. . . . exhorts Diomed to battle	XI	408
. . . . is surrounded by the enemy	XI	510
. . . . is wounded by Socus	XI	547
. . . . kills Socus	XI	561
. . . . advises to give the soldiers refresh- ment before the battle	XIX	153
. . . . advises to Achilles to refresh himself	XIX	215
Vulcan admonishes Juno	I	746
. . . . remembers the benefits he has re- ceived of Thetis	XVIII	461
. . . . enquires of Thetis the cause of coming	XVIII	495
. . . . makes a suit of armour for Achilles	XVIII	537
. . . . dries up the river Xanthus	XXI	400

X.

Xanthus, Achilles's horse, foreshews the destruction of Achilles	XIX	452
. . . . the river, speaks to Achilles	XXI	232
. . . . rises against Achilles	XXI	258
. . . . invokes Simoïs against Achilles	XXI	358
. . . . supplicates Vulcan and Juno	XXI	418
		432

A
POETICAL INDEX
TO
HOMER'S I L I A D.

The first number marks the book, the second the verse.

F A B L E.

THE great *Moral* of the *Iliad*, that *Concord among Governors is the preservation of States, and Discord the ruin of them: pursued through the whole Fable.*

The Anger of Achilles breaks this union in the opening of the poem, *L. i.* He withdraws from the body of the Greeks, which first interrupts the success of the common cause, *ibid.* The army mutiny, *ii.* The Trojans break the truce, *iv.* A great number of the Greeks slain, *vii.* *392.* Forced to build fortifications to guard their fleet, *ibid.* In great distress, from the enemy, whose victory is only stopt by the night, *viii.* Ready to quit their design, and return with infamy, *ix.* Send to Achilles to persuade him to a re-union, in vain,

F A B L E.

The family and history of Troy, xx, 255. The transformation of Niobe, xxiv, 757. Building of the walls of Troy by Neptune, xxi, 518.

Allegorical FABLES.

Moral.] Prudence restraining Passion, represented in the machine of Minerva descending to calm Achilles, i, 261. Love alluring, and extinguishing Honour, in Venus bringing Paris from the combat to the arms of Helen, iii, 460, &c. True Courage overcoming Passion in Diomed's conquest of Mars and Venus, by the assistance of Pallas, v, 1020, &c. *through that whole book.* Prayers the daughters of Jupiter, following Injustice, and persecuting her at the throne of heaven, ix, 625. The Cestus, or girdle of Venus, xiv, 245. The allegory of Sleep, xiv, 265. The allegory of Discord cast out of heaven to earth, xix, 93. The allegory of the two Urns of Pleasure and Pain, xxiv, 663.

Physical or Philosophical.] The combat of the *elements* till the *water* subsided, in the fable of the wars of Juno or the air, and Neptune or the Sea, with Jupiter or the *Æther*, till Thetis put an end to them, i, 516. Fire derived from heaven to earth, imaged by the fall of Vulcan on Lemnos, i, 761. The gravitation of the Planets upon the Sun, in the allegory of the *golden chain* of Jupiter,

F A B L E.

viii, [25](#). The influence of the Æther upon the Air, in the allegory of the congress of Jupiter and Juno, xiv, [395](#). The Air supplied by the vapours of the Ocean and Earth, in the story of Juno nourished by Oceanus and Tethys, xiv, [231](#). The allegory of the Winds, xxiii, [242](#). The quality of Salt preserving dead bodies from corruption, in Thetis or the Sea preserving the body of Patroclus, xix, [40](#).

For the rest of the Allegories, see the System of the Gods as acting in their allegorical characters, under the article CHARACTERS.

Allegorical or Fictitious Persons in HOMER.

The *lying dream* sent to Agamemnon by Jupiter, ii, [7](#). Fame the messenger of Jove, ii, [121](#). Furies punishers of the wicked, iii, [351](#). Hebe, or Youth, attending the banquets of the Gods, iv, [3](#). Flight and Terrour attendants upon Mars, iv, 500. Discord described, iv, 502. Bellona Goddess of war, v, [726](#). The Hours, keepers of the gates of heaven, v, 929. Nymphs of the mountains, vi, 532. Night, a Goddess, vii, [342](#). Iris, or the rainbow, viii, 486. Prayers the daughters of Jupiter, ix, [624](#). Eris or Discord, xi, [5](#). Ilythiæ, Goddesses presiding in women's labour, xi, [348](#). Terrour the son of Mars, xiii, [386](#). Sleep, xiv, [265](#). Night, xiv, [293](#). Death and Sleep,

F A B L E.

two twins, xvi, 831. Nereïds, or nymphs of the sea; a catalogue of them, xviii, 45. Ate, or the Goddess of Discord, xix, 92. Scamander the River-God, xxi, 230. Fire and Water made Persons in the battle of Scamander and Vulcan, xxi, 386. The East and West Winds, *ibid.* Iris, or the Rainbow, and the Winds, xxiii, 242.

*The MARVELLOUS or supernatural FICTIONS
in HOMER.*

Omen of the birds and serpent, representing the event of the Trojan war, ii, 370. The miraculous rivers Titharesius and Styx, ii, 910. The giant Typhon, under the burning mountain Typhæus, ii, 952. Battle of the cranes and pigmies, iii, 7. Prodigy of a comet, iv, 101. Diomed's helmet ejecting fire, v, 6. Horses of celestial breed, v, 327. Vast stone heaved by Diomed, v, 370. And Hector, xii, 537. And Minerva, xxi, 468. The miraculous chariot, and arms of Pallas, v, 885, 908, &c. The Gorgon, helmet, and Ægis of Jupiter, *ibid.* The gates of heaven, *ibid.* The leap of immortal horses, v, 960. Shout of Stentor, v, 978. Roaring of Mars, v, 1054. Helmet of Orcus, which rendered the wearer invisible, v, 1036. The blood of the Gods, v, 422. The immediate healing of their wounds, v, 1112. The chimæra, vi, 220.

F A B L E.

Destruction by Neptune of the Grecian rampart, xii, [15](#). Wall pushed down by Apollo, xv, [415](#). The golden chain of Jupiter, viii, [25](#). Horses and chariot of Jupiter, viii, [49](#). His balances, weighing the fates of men, viii, [88](#). xxii, [271](#). Jupiter's assisting the Trojans by thunders, and lightnings, and visible declarations of his favour, viii, [93](#), [161](#), &c. xvii, 670. Prodigy of an eagle and fawn, viii, [297](#). Horses of the Gods, stables and chariots, pompously described, viii, 535, &c. Hector's lance of ten cubits, viii, 615. Omen of an heron, x, [322](#). The descent of Eris, xi, [5](#). A shower of blood, xi, [70](#). xvi. 560. Omen of an eagle and serpent, xii, [230](#). The progress of Neptune through the seas, xiii, [42](#). The chain of War and Discord stretched over the armies, xiii, 451. The loud voice of Neptune, xiv, [173](#). Solemn oath of the Gods, xiv, [305](#). xv, [41](#). Minerva spreads a light over the army, xv, 808. Jupiter involves the combatants in thick darkness, xvi, 695. Horses begot by the wind on a harpy, xvi, [184](#). A shower of blood, xvi, 560. Miraculous transportation and interment of Sarpedon by Apollo, Sleep and Death, xvi, 810, &c. Prophecy at the hour of death, xvi, 1026. xxii, 450. Achilles unarmed puts the whole Trojan army to flight on his appearance, xviii, [235](#), &c. Moving tripods and

F A B L E.

living statues of Vulcan, xviii, 440, 487. The horse of Achilles speaks by a prodigy, xix, 450. The battle of the Gods, xx, 63, &c. Horses of a miraculous extraction, the transformation of Boreas, xx, 264. The wonderful battle of the Xanthus, xxi, 230, &c. Hector's body preserved by Apollo and Venus, xxiii, 226. The ghost of Patroclus, xxiii, 78. The two Urns of Jupiter, xxiv, 663. The vast quoit of Aëtion, xxiii, 975. The transformation of Niobe and her people into stones, xxiv, 757.

Under this head of the Marvellous may also be included all the immediate machines and appearances of the Gods in the Poem, and their transformations; the miraculous birth of Heroes; the passions in human and visible forms, and the rest.

 CHARACTERS OR MANNERS.

Characters of the GODS of HOMER, as acting in the Physical or Moral capacities of those Deities.

J U P I T E R.

Acting and governing all, as the supreme Being.] See the article Theology in the next Index.

CHARACTERS.

JUNO.

As the element of Air.] Her congress with Jupiter, or the Æther, and production of vegetables, xiv, [390](#). &c. Her loud shout, the air being the cause of sound, v, 976. Nourished by Oceanus and Tethys, xiv, [231](#).

As Goddess of Empire and Honour.] Stops the Greeks from flying ignominiously, ii, [191](#). and in many other places. Incites and commands Achilles to revenge the death of his friend, xviii, [203](#), &c. Inspires into Helen a contempt of Paris, and sends Iris to call her to behold the combat with Menelaus, iii, [165](#).

APOLLO.

As the Sun.] Causes the plague in the heat of summer, i, [61](#). Raises a phantom of clouds and vapours, v, 545. Discovers in the morning the slaughter made the night before, x, 606. Recovers Hector from fainting, and opens his eyes, xv, [280](#). Dazzles the eyes of the Greeks, and shakes his Ægis in their faces, xv, [362](#). Restores vigour to Glaucus, xvi, 647. Preserves the body of Sarpedon from corruption, xvi, 830. And that of Hector, xxiii, [232](#). Raises a cloud to conceal Æneas, xx, 513.

As [Destiny](#).] Saves Æneas from Death, v, [429](#).

CHARACTERS.

Hector, xx, 513. Saves Agenor, xxi, 705.

Deserts Hector when his hour is come, xxii, [277](#).

As Wisdom.] He and Minerva inspire Helenus to keep off the general engagement by a single combat, vii, [25](#). Advises Hector to shun encountering Achilles, xx, [431](#).

M A R S.

As mere martial courage without conduct.] Goes to the fight without the orders of Jupiter, v, 726. Again provoked to rebel against Jupiter by his passion, xv, [126](#). Is vanquished by Minerva, or Conduct, xxi, 480.

M I N E R V A.

As martial courage with Wisdom.] Joins with Juno in restraining the Greeks from flight, and inspires Ulysses to do it, ii, [210](#). Animates the army, ii, 524. Described as leading a hero safe through a battle, iv, 631. Assists Diomed to overcome Mars and Venus, v, [407](#), 1042. Overcomes them himself, xxi, 480. Restrains Mars from rebellion against Jupiter, v, [45](#). xv, [140](#). Submits to Jupiter, viii, [40](#). Advises Ulysses to retire in time from the night expedition, x, 593. Assists him through that expedition, x, [351](#), &c. Discovers the ambush laid against the Pylians by

C H A R A C T E R S.

night, and causes them to sally, xi, [851](#). Assists Achilles to conquer Hector, xxii, [277](#), &c.

As Wisdom separately considered.] Suppresses Achilles's passion, i, [261](#). Suppresses her own anger against Jupiter, iv, [31](#). Brings to pass Jupiter's will in contriving the breach of the truce, iv, [95](#). Teaches Diomed to discern Gods from men, and to conquer Venus, v, [154](#), &c. Called the best beloved of Jupiter, viii, [48](#). Obtains leave of Jupiter, that while the other Gods do not assist the Greeks, she may direct them with her counsels, viii, [45](#). Is again checked by the command of Jupiter, and submits, viii, 560, 572. Is said to assist, or save any hero, in general through the poem, when any act of prudence preserves him.

V E N U S.

As the passion of love.] Brings Paris from the fight to the embraces of Helen, and inflames the lovers, iii, 460, 529, &c. Is overcome by Minerva, or Wisdom, v, [407](#). And again, xxi, 596. Her Cestus, or girdle, and the effects of it, xiv, [245](#).

N E P T U N E.

As the sea.] Overturns the Grecian wall with his waves, xii, [15](#). Assists the Greeks at their fleet, Which was drawn up at the sea-side, xiii, [67](#), &c. Retreats at the order of Jupiter, xv, [245](#). Shakes

CHARACTERS.

the whole field of battle and sea-shore with earthquakes, xx, [77](#).

VULCAN.

Or the Element of Fire.] Falls from heaven to earth, [i](#), 761. Received in Lemnos, a place of subterraneous fires, *ibid*. His operations of various kinds, xviii, 440, 468, 537. Dries up the river Xanthus, xxi, [398](#). Assisted by the winds, xxi, [389](#).

Characters of the HEROES.

N. B. *The Speeches which depend upon, and flow from, these several Characters, are distinguished by an S.*

ACHILLES.

Furious, passionate, disdainful, and reproachful, *lib. i, ver. 155, S. 194, S. 297, S. ix, 405, S. 746, S. xxiv, 705.*

Revengeful and implacable in the highest degree, ix, 755, 765. xvi, [68](#), S. [122](#), S. xviii, [120](#), 125, S. xix, 211, S. xxii, [333](#), S. [437](#), S.

Cruel, xvi, [122](#). xix, [395](#). xxi, [112](#). xxii, [437](#), S. 495, S. [xxiii. 30. xxiv, 51.](#)

Superiour to all men in valour, xx, [60](#), [437](#), &c. [21](#), [22](#), throughout.

Constant and violent in friendship, ix, [730](#). xviii,

CHARACTERS.

30,—371. xxiii, 54, 272. xxiv, 5. xvi, 9, S. 208, S. xviii, 100, S. 380, S. xix, 335, S. xxii, 482, S. Achilles scarce ever speaks without mention of his friend Patroclus.

ÆNEAS.

Pious to the Gods, v, 226, S. xx, 132, 290, 345.
Sensible and moral, xx, 242, 290, &c. S.
Valiant, not rash, xx, 130, 240, S.
Tender to his friend, xiii, 590.

See his character in the notes on l. v. ver. 212, *and on* l. xiii, ver. 578.

AGAMEMNON.

Imperious and passionate, i, 33, 129, S.
Sometimes cruel, vi, 79. ii, 140, S.
Artful and designing, ii, 68, 95.
Valiant, and an excellent General, iv, 256, 265, &c. xi, *throughout.*
Eminent for brotherly affection, iv, 183, &c. S. vii, 121.

See his character in the notes on l. xi. ver. 1.

AJAX.

Of superiour strength and size, and fearless on that account, xiii, 410. vii, 227, S. 274, S. xv, 666.
Indefatigable and patient, xi, 683, &c. xiii, 877.

C H A R A C T E R S.

xv, *throughout*. xiv, 535, short in his speeches, vii, [227](#). ix, 735. xv, 666, &c.

See his character in the notes on l. vii. ver. [227](#).

D I O M E D.

Daring and intrepid, v, *throughout*, and viii, [163](#), [181](#), S. ix, [65](#), 820. x, [260](#).

Proud and boasting, vi, [152](#). xi, 500.

Vain of his birth, xiv, [124](#).

Generous, vi, [265](#).

Is guided by Pallas or Wisdom, and chuses Ulysses to direct him, v, *throughout*, x, [287](#), [335](#).

See his character in the notes on l. v. ver. [1](#).

H E C T O R.

A true lover of his country, viii, 621, S. xii, [284](#). xv, 582, S.

Valiant in the highest degree, iii, [83](#). vii, [80](#). xii, [273](#), S. xviii, [333](#), S. &c.

Excellent in conduct, viii, 610, S. xi, 663.

Pious, vi, [140](#), [330](#), 605.

Tender to his parents, vi, [312](#).

... ..to his wife, vi, 457.

.....to his child, vi, 605.

.....to his friends, xx, 485. xxiv, 962.

See his character in the notes on l. iii. ver. [53](#).

CHARACTERS.

IDOMENEUS.

- An old soldier, xiii, 455, 648.
 A lover of his soldiers, xiii, 280.
 Talkative upon subjects of war, xiii, 341,—355,
&c. iv, 305, S.
 Vain of his family, xiii, 563, &c.
 Stately and insulting, xiii, 472, &c.

See his character in the notes on l. xiii. ver. 278.

MENE LAUS.

- Valiant, iii, 35, xiii, 733. xvii, *throughout*.
 Tender of the people, x, 31.
 Gentle in his nature, x, 138. xxiii, 685.
 But fired by a sense of his wrongs, ii, 711. iii, 41.
 vii, 109, S. xiii, 780, S. xvii, 640.

See his character in the notes on l. iii. ver. 278.

NESTOR.

- Wise and experienced in council, i, 331, 340. ii, 441.
 Skilful in the art of war, ii, 436, 670. iv, 331, &c.
 S. vii, 393, S.
 Brave, vii, 165. xi, 817. xv, 796, S.
 Eloquent, i, 332, &c.
 Vigilant, x, 88, 186, 624.
 Pious, xv, 428.

CHARACTERS.

Talkative through old age, iv, [370](#). vii, [145](#). xi, 801. xxiii, [373](#), 718. and in general through the book.

See his character in the notes on [l. i.](#) ver. [339](#), *on* [ii.](#) 402, &c.

PRIAM.

A tender father to Hector, xxii, [51](#), S. xxiv, [275](#).
to Paris, iii, [381](#). to Helen, iii, [212](#), S.

An easy prince of too yielding a temper, vii, 444.

Gentle and compassionate, iii, [211](#), [382](#).

Pious, iv, [70](#). xxiv, 519, S.

See his character in the notes on [l. iii.](#) ver. [211](#).

PARIS.

Effeminate in dress and person, iii, [27](#), [55](#), [80](#), [409](#).

Amorous, iii, 543.

Ingenious in arts, musick, iii, [80](#). building, vi, [390](#).

Patient of reproof, iii, [86](#).

Naturally valiant, vi, 669. xiii, 986.

See his character in the notes on [l. iii.](#) ver. [26](#), [37](#), [86](#).

PATROCLUS.

Compassionate of the sufferings of his countrymen,
xi, 947. xvi, [4](#), [31](#), S.

Rash, but valiant, xvi, 709.

Of a gentle nature, xix, [320](#). xvii, 755.

CHARACTERS.

SARPEDON.

Valiant out of principle and honour, v, 575, S. xii, [371](#), S.

Eloquent, *ibid.*

Careful only of the common cause in his death, xvi, 605, S.

See his character in the notes on [l.](#) xvi. ver. 512.

U L Y S S E S.

Prudent, iii, [261](#). x, [287](#). xix, [218](#).

Eloquent, iii, [283](#). ix, [295](#), S. &c.

Valiant in the field with caution, iv, 567. xi, 515, &c.

Bold in the council with prudence, xiv, [90](#).

See his character in the notes on [l.](#) ii. ver. [402](#). & *sparsim*.

Characters of other HEROES.

Agenor, valiant and considerate, xxi, 648.

Antenor, a prudent counsellor, vii, [419](#).

Ajax Oileus, famous for swiftness, ii, 631. xiv, 618.

Antilochus, bold,² spirited, but reasonable; and artful, iv, 522. xxiii, 503, 619, [667](#), S. xxiii, 923, 936.

Euphorbus, beautiful and valiant, xvi, 973. xvii, [11](#), [57](#).

CHARACTERS.

Glaucus, pious to his friend, xvi, 660. xvii, [166](#), [180](#).

Helenus, a prophet and hero, vi, [91](#).

Meriones, dauntless and faithful, xiii, [325](#), &c.

Machaon, an excellent physician, ii, 890. xi, 630.

Phoenix, his friendship and tenderness for Achilles, ix, 605.

Polydamas, prudent and eloquent. *See his speeches*, xii, [69](#), [245](#). xiii, 907. xviii, 300.

Teucer, famous for archery, viii, [320](#). xv, 510, &c.

Thoas, famous for eloquence, xv, [322](#).

For other less distinguished characters, see the article,
Descriptions of the Passions.

SPEECHES OR ORATIONS.

A TABLE of the most considerable in the ILIAD:

In the exhortatory or deliberative kind.

The oration of Nestor to Agamemnon and Achilles, persuading a reconciliation, [i](#), [339](#). The orations of Nestor, Ulysses, and Agamemnon, to persuade the army to stay, ii, [348](#), [402](#), 440. Of Sarpedon to Hector, v, 575. Of Nestor to encourage the

SPEECHES.

Greeks to accept the challenge of Hector, vii, [145](#). Of Hector to the Trojans, viii, 621. Of Nestor to send to Achilles, ix, [127](#). Of Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax, to move Achilles to a reconciliation, ix, [295](#), 562, 743. Achilles's reply to each, *ibid*. Sarpedon to Glaucus, xii, [371](#). Of Neptune to the Greeks, to defend the fleet, xiii, [131](#). Of Ajax to the Greeks, xv, 666. Nestor to the same, xv, 796. Of Ajax again, xv, 890. Scamander to the river Simois, xxi, [357](#). Juno to Vulcan, xxi, [386](#). Achilles to Patroclus, xvi, [68](#), &c.

In the vituperative kind.

The speech of Thersites, ii, [275](#). That of Ulysses answering him, ii, [306](#). Of Hector to Paris, iii, [55](#). Of Agamemnon to Diomed, iv, [422](#). Of Hector to Paris, vi, [406](#). Of Diomed to Agamemnon, ix, [43](#). Of Ulysses to the same, xiv, 90. Sarpedon to Hector, v, 575. Glaucus to Hector, xvii, [155](#).

In the narrative.

Achilles to Thetis, [i](#), 476. Pandarus to Æneas, v, [230](#). Glaucus to Diomed, vi, [179](#). Phœnix to Achilles, ix, 562, 633. Agamemnon to the Greeks, xix, [81](#). Æneas to Achilles, xx, [240](#). Of Nestor, vii, [163](#). xi, 801, and the speeches of Nestor in general.

S P E E C H E S.

In the pathetick.

- Agamemnon on Menelaus wounded, iv, 186.
 Andromache to Hector, and his answer, vi, 510, 570
 Patroclus and Achilles, xvi, 9, &c.
 Jupiter on sight of Hector, xvii, 231.
 Lamentation of Briseïs for Patroclus, xix, 303.
 of Achilles for Patroclus, xix, 335.
 of Priam to Hector, xxii, 51, 530.
 of Hecuba to the same, xxii, 116, and
 again, xxiv, 243, 943.
 of Andromache at Hector's death, xxii,
 608.
 of Andromache at his funeral, xxiv, 908.
 of Helena, xxiv, 962.
 Lycaon to Achilles, xxi, 85.
 Thetis to the Nereids, xviii, 70.
 The Ghost of Patroclus to Achilles, xxiii, 83.
 Priam to Achilles, xxiv, 598.

In the irony, or sarcasm.

- The speech of Pallas on Venus being wounded, v,
 509. Ulysses over Socus, xi, 566. Idomeneus
 over Othryoneus, xiii, 472.
 Four sarcastick speeches over the dead, xiv, 529,
 550, 561, 587. Juno to Mars, concerning Asca-
 laphus, xv, 120. Æneas to Meriones, xvi, 745.

S P E E C H E S.

Patroclus on Cebriones, xvi, 903. Hector on Patroclus, xvi, 1003. Achilles to Otryntides, xx, 449. to Lycaon, xxi, 105. to Hector, xxii, 415.

Speeches to Horses.

Hector to his horses, viii, 226.
 Achilles to his horses, xix, 440.
 Jove to the horses of Achilles, xvii, 504.
 Antilochus, xxiii, 483.
 Menelaus, xxiii, 524.

D E S C R I P T I O N S O F I M A G E S.

A COLLECTION of the most remarkable throughout the POËM.

D E S C R I P T I O N S O F P L A C E S.

Of the apartment of Juno, xiv, 191.
 Of a burning mountain, ii, 950.
 City in flames, xvii, 825.
 Court of justice, xviii, 577.
 Ends of the earth and sea, the residence of Saturn and Iapetus, viii, 597.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Fountains of Scamander, xxii, [195](#).
- Field, ploughed, xviii, 627.
- Forest, when timber is felled, xi, 119. xxiii, [144](#).
- Heaven, the seat and pleasures of the Gods, [i](#), 589,
772. iv, [1](#). The gates of heaven, v, 928. viii, 478.
The Gods assembled, xx, [9](#).
- Ida, its forests, temple, and prospect, viii, [57](#). xiv,
[320](#).
- Landscape of a fine country, ii, 830, 1036, 1040.
Of pasture-grounds and sheep, xviii, 677.
- Mount of Hercules near Troy, xx, [174](#).
- Palace of Neptune, xiii, [34](#).
- Palace of Priam described, vi, [304](#). Of Paris, vi,
[389](#).
- River Axius described, ii, 1030.
- River Titaresius and Peneus, ii, 910.
- Sea, and islands rising out of it, ii, 770.
- Tempe described, ii, 920.
- Tent of Achilles described, xxiv, 553.
- Troy, the country about, and roads, xxii, [191](#). xiii,
[22](#). xiv, [260](#).
- Tomb of Illus, xi, 477. Of Batiea, ii, 984. Of
Sarpedon, xvi, 820.
- Vulcan, his palace, forge, &c. xviii, [431](#), &c.
- A vineyard, xviii, 651.
- Wall of the Grecians, vii, 521.
- Winds, their court and mansion described, xxiii, [245](#).

Descriptions of PERSONS.

Achilles's dreadful appearance, xx, [59](#). xxii, [31](#), &c. [393](#).

Apollo's person, ensigns, and descent to earth, [i](#), [61](#).

Apollo's appearance in the war, xv, [348](#).

Ajax, his sullen retreat described, xi, [675](#), &c. to 696.

Brothers, two killed together, xx, 531.

A coward, described in Thersites, beaten, ii, [326](#).

A coward described throughout, xiii, 359. Again in Thestor, xvi, [486](#). A coward surprised, x, [443](#).

Diana cuffed and buffeted, xxi, 566.

Gods, Homer's great ideas of them, in the descriptions of their armour, v, 907. Motion, xiii, [30](#). xv, [90](#). v, 960. Battles, xv, [252](#). xx, [63](#), &c. xxi, 450, &c.

Hours at the gates of heaven, v, 929.

Hector's horrible appearance in battle, viii, [417](#). xii, 553. xiii, 1010. xv, 730. Hector's dead body dragged at the chariot of Achilles, xxii, 500.

Jupiter in his glory, [i](#), [647](#), 683. viii, 550, in his chariot, viii, [49](#), 542, &c. in his terrours, xvii, 670.

Juno drest, xiv, [209](#).

Lycaon, his youth and unhappy death, xxi, [40](#), &c.

Mars and Bellona before Hector in battle, [v](#), [726](#). Mars in arms, vii, [252](#). xiii, [384](#). xv, 726. His monstrous size, xxi, 473.

Mercury described, xxiv, 417.

Neptune, his chariot and progress, xiii, [28](#), &c.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Niobe turned into a rock, xxiv, 773.
 Old man, a venerable one, [i](#), [330](#). Old counsellors
 of Tröy conversing, iii, [191](#), &c. A miserable
 old man in Priam, xxii, [80](#), &c.
 Priam passing through his people, in sorrow, to go
 to redeem Hector, xxiv, [402](#). Priam weeping at
 the feet of Achilles, xxiv, 636.
 Pallas, her descent from heaven, iv, [99](#). Her armour,
 spear, and veil, v, 904. viii, 466.
 Teucer, behind Ajax's shield, viii, [321](#).
 Youth, a beautiful one killed, iv, 542, xvii, [53](#), &c.
 xx, 537. Interceding for mercy in vain, xxi, [75](#).
 A young and old man slain in war, their pictures,
 xxii, [100](#).

Descriptions of THINGS.

- Of an assembly gathering together, ii, [109](#).
 Battle. [*See the article Military Descriptions.*]
 Burning up of a field, xxi, [399](#). A bow, iv, [137](#).
 Blood trickling from a wound, iv, [170](#), &c.
 Brightness of a helmet, v, [5](#).
 Burial of the dead, vii, 495.
 A breach made in an attack, xii, 485.
 Boiling water in a cauldron, xviii, [405](#). xxi, 424.
 Beacon, xix, [405](#).
 Beasts sacrificed, xxiii, [41](#).
 A bird shot through, xxiii, 1034.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Chariot of Jupiter, viii, [49](#), 542. Of Neptune, xiii, [40](#). Chariot described at large, xxiv, [335](#), v. 889, &c. A chariot-race, xxiii, [355](#), &c. Chariots overturned, xvi, 445. Chariots crushing the bodies, xx, 577.

A child frightened at a helmet, vi, 595.

Golden chain of Jupiter, viii, [25](#).

A conflagration, xxi, [387](#), [400](#).

Cookery described, ix, [277](#).

Cestus, the game described, xxiii, 766, &c.

Deformity, ii, [263](#).

Dancing, xviii, 681, &c.

Discus, the game described, xxiii, 973, &c.

Diving, xxiv, [105](#).

Driving a chariot, xi, [360](#), 655.

Dreadful appearance of the Myrmidons, xvi, [192](#).

Of Achilles, xviii, [253](#).

Darkness, [xvii](#), [422](#).

Death, xvi, 1032. xxii, 455.—*The descriptions of different sorts of deaths in Homer are innumerable, and scattered throughout the battles.*

Ægis, or shield of Jupiter, ii, 526. v, 909. xv, [350](#). xxi, 465.

An entrenchment, vii, 521.

Eagle, stung by a serpent, xii, [233](#). Eagle soaring, xxiv, [391](#).

Furnace and forge described, xviii, 540.

Fishes scorched, xxi, [412](#).

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Flowers of various kinds, xiv, [306](#).
 Famine, xix, [165](#), &c.
 Fall of a warrior headlong into the deep sands, v, 715.
 Fatigue in the day of battle, ii, 458. xvi, [132](#). xvii, 445.
 Fainting, v, 856. xi, 460. xiv, 487, 509.
 Fires by night described, viii, 685, &c.
 Recovery from fainting, xv, [271](#).
 Fortification attacked, xii, [170](#), &c. [201](#), [304](#), [401](#).
 Funeral of a warrior, xxiii, [156](#). Funeral pile described, xxiii, [200](#).
 Gates of a fortification broken, xii, 545.
 Goblet described, xi, [774](#).
 Girdle of Venus, xiv, [245](#).
 Horses, the famous ones of Eumelus, ii, 926. Of Hector, viii, [226](#). Of Achilles, xvi, [181](#). Of Tros, v, [327](#). Of Erichonius, xx, [262](#).
 Horse pampered and prancing, vi, 652. Horse killed by a dart, viii, [105](#). Horses afraid of leaping a ditch, xii, [57](#). Horses of Achilles mourning for Patroclus, xvii, 490.
 A feat of horsemanship, xv, 822.
 Helmet of Jupiter, v, 918. Helmets nodding their plumes, xiii, 947.
 Hospitable life of a good man, vi, 16.
 Harvest, xviii, 637.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Herds of oxen, xviii, 665.

Inundation, xii, [16](#). xvi, 465. Of Scamander against Achilles, xxi, [258](#), &c. [348](#), &c.

Lightnings and Thunder, vii, 574. viii, [93](#), &c. [161](#), &c.

Light coming over a plain, xv, 810. xvii, [430](#).

Light streaming from a beacon by night, xix, [405](#).

Majesty of a prince, ii, 564. iii, [221](#).

Majestick march of Sarpedon, xii, [356](#). Of Juno, xiv, [26](#).

Melancholy, vi, [245](#).

Moon and Stars described, viii, 687.

Marriage-Pomp, xviii, 570.

Monument over the dead, xvii, 492.

Noise, a loud one, v, 1054. xiii, 1056. xiv, [172](#), 457. xvi, 767.

Night past in inquietude by the soldiers, and their several postures of taking rest, x, [82](#), [170](#).

Old age, iii, [149](#). The picture of its miseries in a state of war, xxii, [80](#).

Orphan, its misery, xxii, 620, &c.

Procession described, vi, [368](#).

Peaceful life, ix, 520.

Posture of a man receiving a dart on his shield lifted up, xiii, [511](#). xx, [325](#), &c.

Panting described, xiii, 554, 720.

Perfumes, xiv, [198](#).

Plume of a helmet, xix, [410](#). xiii, 947.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Ploughing, xviii, 627.
- Rainbow, xi, [37](#). xxiv, 99. xvii, 616.
- Reaping, xviii, 637.
- Running away, xxi, 634. Running round Troy,
Hector and Achilles, xxii, [250](#), &c. Seeming to
run in a dream, xxii, [257](#).
- Rough way described, xxiii, [140](#).
- A race described, xxiii, 881, &c.
- Shield of Achilles described at large, xviii, 551,
&c. Of Hector, vi, [143](#). Of Ajax, vii, [265](#).
- Scales of Jupiter, xxii, [271](#).
- Smoke cleared, and light returning, xvi, [350](#).
- Sailing of a ship, [i](#), 624. Ship anchoring and coming
into port, [i](#), 566.
- The stately stalk of a hero, vii, [251](#). xv, 815.
- A sacrifice described, [i](#), 600. vii, [381](#).
- Sleep, ii, *init.* xiv, [265](#), &c.
- A slaughter by night, x, 560.
- Snow, xii, [331](#).
- Soldiers, when off from duty, their amusements, ii,
939.
- Shooting with the bow, iv, [144](#) to [156](#). xxiii, 1006.
viii, [389](#).
- Spear of Achilles, xix, [420](#). A spear driven deep
into the earth, xxi, [187](#).
- A stone whirling on the ground with vast force, xiii,
[191](#). xiv, 475.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Stone thrown by a hero, v, [370](#). vii, [321](#). xii, 537. xiv, 472.
- Swiftness of horses, xx, [270](#).
- Swooning, xvi, 955.
- Vintage, xviii, 651.
- Wall, overwhelmed by waters, vii, 553. xii, [23](#).
- Woodman's dinner, xi, [120](#).
- Woods felled down, xxiii, [144](#). xvi, 767.
- War, its miseries, ix, 699.
- Watch by night, x, [208](#).
- Wrestling described, xxiii, [821](#).
- Wound of Venus described, v, [417](#). Diomed wounded, v. A wound healing, v, 1111.
- Water, troops plunging in, xxi, [9](#). A fight in the water, xxi. A tree falling in the water, xxi, [269](#).
- Water rolling down a hill in a current, xxi, [290](#).
- Arms floating upon the water, xxi, [351](#).
- Winds rising, xxiii, [263](#).

Descriptions of TIMES and SEASONS.

- Day-break, x, [295](#).
- Morning, ii, [60](#). vii, 517. viii, [183](#). ix, 828. xi, [1](#). xi, [115](#). xix, [1](#).
- Sun-rising, xi, 871.
- Noon, xvi, 938.
- Sun-setting, [1](#), 776. vii, 556. viii, 605.
- Evening, xvi, 942.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Night, ii, *init. tenth book throughout*. A starry night, viii, 687.
 Spring, xiv, [3](#), [5](#).
 Summer, xviii, 637.
 Autumn, xviii, 651. v, 1060. xxii, [39](#).
 Winter, xii, [175](#), [331](#).

MILITARY Descriptions.

- An army descending on the shore, ii, [117](#). An army marching, ii, [181](#), [247](#). The day of battle, ii, 458. A vast army on the plain, 534, &c. to 563.
 An army going forth to battle, ii, 977. xiii, [61](#), xvi, [255](#). xix, [378](#).
 A chariot of war, v, 890, &c.
 Confusion and noise of battle, xvi, 921.
 A single combat, with all the ceremonial, iii, [123](#), &c.
 The combat between Paris and Menelaus, iii, 423.
 of Hector and Ajax, vii, [250](#) to [335](#).
 of Hector and Achilles, xxii.
 Squadrons embattled, iv, [322](#). v, 637. viii, [260](#).
 First onset of a battle, iv, 498 to 515.
 A circle inclosing the foe, v, 772.
 Stand of an army, vii, [75](#). Joining in battle, viii, [75](#), &c. xiii, [422](#). A rout, xi, [193](#). xiv, [166](#). xvi, 440, &c. xxi, 720. A fortification attacked, xii, [170](#), [201](#), [304](#). A breach made, xii, [485](#).

DESCRIPTIONS.

An obstinate close fight, xii, 507. xv, 860. An army in close order, xiii, [177](#) to [185](#). xvii, [406](#). An attack on the sea-side, xiv, 452. Levelling and passing a trench, xv, [408](#). Attack of the fleet, xv, 677, &c. 786, 855, &c. A hero arming at all points, Agamemnon, xi, [21](#). Patroclus, xvi, [162](#). Achilles, xix, [390](#). Siege of a town, xviii, 591, &c. Surprise of a convoy, *ibid.* Skirmish, *ibid.* Battle of the Gods, xx, [63](#) to [90](#). Two heroes meeting in battle, xx, [192](#). The rage, destruction, and carnage of a battle, xx, 574, &c.

*Descriptions of the INTERNAL PASSIONS,
or of their visible EFFECTS.*

- Anxiety in Agamemnon, x, [13](#), &c. [100](#), &c.
 Activity in Achilles, xix, [416](#).
 Admiration, xxi, [62](#). xxiv, 800.
 Affright, xvi, 968.
 Amazement, xxiv, 590.
 Ambition, xiii, 458.
 Anger, i, [252](#).
 Awe, i, 430.
 Buffoonry in Thersites, ii, [255](#), &c.
 Contentment, ix, 520.
 Conjugal love, in Hector and Andromache, vi, 510, &c.
 Courage, xiii, [109](#), [366](#). xvii, [250](#).

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Cowardice, xiii, [359](#). xvi, 488.
- Curiosity in old men, iii, [191](#), &c.
- Despair, xxii, [377](#).
- Diffidence, iii, [280](#).
- Distress, viii, [290](#). ix, [12](#), &c. x, [96](#).
- Doubt, xiv, [21](#), &c. xxi, 651, &c. xxii, [138](#).
- Fear, x, 443. xxiv, 441.
- Fear in Priam, xxi, 615. . For his son, xxii, [43](#), [51](#),
[&c.](#)
- Fear of a child, vi, 596.
- Fidelity, in Lycophron, servant of Ajax, xv, 502,
 Calesius, servant of Axylus, vi, [23](#).
- Grief in a fine woman, i, 450. iii, [185](#).
- Grief of a sister for her dead brothers, iii, [301](#), &c.
- Grief in two parents in tenderness for their child, vi,
 504.
- Grief occasioned by love of our country, in Patroclus,
 xvi. *init.*
- Grief for a friend, in Achilles for Patroclus, xviii, [25](#),
[100](#), &c. xix, [335](#). xxii, 481. xxiv, [5](#).
- Furious grief, xviii, [367](#).
- Frantick grief, xxiv, [291](#).
- Grief of a father for his son, in Priam, xxii, 522, &c.
[xxiv](#), [200](#), [275](#), [291](#).
- Grief of a wife for her husband, xxii, 562, to the
 end, the episode of Andromache, and again,
 xxiv, 906.

DESCRIPTIONS.

- Grief out of gratitude, in Briseïs, xix, [319](#). In Helen, xxiv.
- Haste, expressed in Hector, xv, [394](#), [402](#), &c.
- Hate, in Achilles to Hector, xxii, [335](#), [433](#), &c.
- Hardness of heart, ix, 750.
- Insolence, in Tlepolemus, v, [783](#). In Epeus, xxiii, 767.
- Joy, its visible effects, xxiii, 679.
- Love, in Helen and Paris, iii, 551, &c. In Jupiter and Juno, xiv, [332](#), &c. [357](#).
- Conjugal love, in Hector and Andromache, vi, &c.
- Love of a mother to her son, in Thetis to Achilles, xviii, [70](#). xxiv, [117](#).
- Brotherly love, in Agamemnon and Menelaus, iv, [183](#).
- Filial love, in Harpalion, xiii, 805.
- Lovers sorrow at parting, in Achilles and Briseïs, i, 450. In Hector and Andromache, vi, 640. Effects of beauty on old men, iii, [203](#).
- Malice in Thersites, ii, [255](#).
- Modesty, xiv, [373](#).
- Pride, in Othryoneus, xiii, 457.
- Pity, of a people for their Prince in misery, xxiv, [403](#).
- Repentance, in Helen, iii, [226](#), 493. vi, [432](#) to 450.
- Rashness, in Asius, xii, [125](#), &c.
- Resentment, in Achilles, i, 635. xv, [71](#).
- Revenge, in Menelaus, ii, 712. In Achilles, for Patroclus, xviii, [125](#), &c. xix, [211](#), [394](#).
- Revenge and glory, xvi, [122](#).
- Resolution, xix, 466. In Hector, xxii, [47](#), [127](#).

DESCRIPTIONS.

Shame, in Helen, iii, [185](#), &c. 521. In Juno, xiv, [373](#).

Spite, in Juno, xv, [110](#). In Menelaus, xvii, 640.

Tenderness, of parents for their child, in Hector and Andromache, vi, 504, 598, 616.

Wish, of Hector to be immortal, xiii, 1046.

..... of Achilles, for a general destruction, xvi, [122](#).

..... of Ajax, to die in the day-light, xvii, 727.

SIMILES.

FROM BEASTS.

The stateliness of a bull, to the port of Agamemnon, ii, 566. Of a ram stalking before the flock, to Ulysses, iii, [259](#). A wanton stallion breaking from the pastures and mares, to Paris issuing from his apartment, vi, 652. A hound following a lion, to Hector following the Grecians, viii, [407](#). Dogs watching the folds, to the guards by night, x, [211](#). Hounds chasing a hare through thick woods, to Diomed and Ulysses pursuing an enemy by night, x, 427. A hind flying from a lion, to the Trojans flying from Agamemnon, xi, [153](#). Beasts flying from a lion, to the same, xi, [227](#). Hounds cheared by the hunter, to troops en-

SIMILES.

couraged by the general, xi, [378](#). A hunted boar, to Ajax, xi, 526. A wounded deer encompassed with wolves, to Ulysses surrounded by enemies, xi, 595. An ass surrounded by boys, to Ajax, xi, 683. A fawn carried off by two lions, to the body of Imbrius carried by the Ajaxes, xiii, [265](#). A boar enraged, to Idomeneus meeting his enemy, xiii, 594. An ox rolling in the pangs of death, to a dying warrior, xiii, 721. Beasts retreating from hunters, to the Greeks retreating, xv, [308](#). Oxen flying from lions, to the Greeks flying from Apollo and Hector, xv, [366](#). A hound fastening on a roe, to a hero flying on an enemy, xv, 697. A wild beast wounded and retreating from a multitude, to Antilochus's retreat, xv, 702. A hideous assembly of wolves, to the fierce figure of the Myrmidons, xvi, [194](#). Wolves invading the flocks, to the Greeks, xvi, [420](#). A bull torn by a lion, to Sarpedon killed by Patroclus, xvi, 599. A bull sacrificed, to Aretus, xvii, 589. Hounds following a boar, to the Trojans following Ajax, xvii, 811. Mules dragging a beam, to heroes carrying a dead body, xvii, 832. A panther hunted, to Agenor, xxi, 677. A hound pursuing a fawn, to Achilles pursuing Hector, xxii, [243](#).

SIMILES.

From LIONS.

A lion fousing at his prey, to Menelaus at sight of Paris, iii, [37](#). A lion falling on the flocks, and wounded by a shepherd, to Diomed wounded, v, [174](#). A lion among heifers, to the same, v, [206](#). Two young lions killed by hunters, to two young warriors, verse 581. A lion destroying the sheep in their folds, to Ulysses slaughtering the Thracians asleep, x, 564. The sour retreat of a lion, to that of Ajax, xi, 675. A lion, or boar hunted, to a hero distressed, xii, [47](#). A lion rushing on the flocks, to Sarpedon's march, xii, [357](#). A lion killing a bull, to Hector killing Periphas, xv, 760. A lion slain after he has made a great slaughter, applied to Patroclus, xvi, 909. Two lions fighting, to Hector and Patroclus, xvi, 915. A lion and boar at a spring, to the same, xvi, 993. A lion putting a whole village to flight, to Menelaus, xvii, [69](#). Retreat of a lion, to that of Menelaus, xvii, [117](#). A lioness defending her young, to his defence of Patroclus, xvii, [146](#). Another retreat of a lion, to that of Menelaus, xvii, 741. The rage and grief of a lion for his young, to that of Achilles for Patroclus, xviii, [371](#). A lion rushing on his foe, to Achilles, xx, [199](#).

SIMILES.

From BIRDS.

A flight of cranes or swans, to a numerous army, ii, 540. The noise of cranes to the shouts of an army, iii, 5. An eagle preserving and fighting for her young, to Achilles protecting the Grecians, ix, 424. A falcon flying at a quarry, to Neptune's flight, xiii, 91. An eagle stooping at a swan, to Hector's attacking a ship, xv, 836. Two vultures fighting, to Sarpedon and Patroclus, xvi, 522. A vulture driving geese, to Automedon, scattering the Trojans, xvii, 528. An eagle casting his eyes on the quarry, to Menelaus looking through the ranks for Antilochus, xvii, 761. Cranes afraid of falcons, to the Greeks afraid of Hector and Æneas, xvii, 846. A dove afraid of a falcon, to Diana afraid of Juno, xxi, 575. A falcon following a dove, to Achilles pursuing Hector, xxii, 183. The broad wings of an eagle extended, to palace-gates set open, xxiv, 391.

From SERPENTS.

A traveller retreating from a serpent, to Paris afraid of Menelaus, iii, 47. A snake rolled up in his den, and collecting his anger, to Hector expecting Achilles, xxii, 130.

SIMILES.

From INSECTS.

Bees swarming, to a numerous army issuing out, ii, 111. Swarms of flies, to the same, ii, 552. Grasshoppers chirping in the sun, to old men talking, iii, 201. Wasps defending their nest, to the multitude and violence of soldiers defending a battlement, xii, 189. Wasps provoked by children flying at the traveller, to troops violent in an attack, xvi, 314. A hornet angry, to Menelaus incensed, xvii, 642. Locusts driven into a river, to the Trojans in Scamander, xxi, 14.

From FIRES.

A forest in flames, to the lustre of armour, ii, 534. The spreading of a conflagration, to the march of an army, ii, 948. Trees sinking in a conflagration, to squadrons falling in battle, xi, 201. The noise of fire in a wood, to that of an army in confusion, xiv, 461. A conflagration to Hector, xv, 728. The rumbling and rage of a fire, to the confusion and roar of a routed army, xvii, 825. Fires on the hills, and beacons to give signals of distress, to the blaze of Achilles's helmet, xviii, 245. A fire running over fields and woods, to the progress and devastations made by Achilles, xx, 569. Fire boiling the waters, to Vulcan operating on Scamander, xi, 424. A fire raging in a town, to

SIMILES.

Achilles in the battle, xxi, 607. A town on fire, xxii, 518.

From ARTS.

The staining of ivory, to the blood running down the thigh of Menelaus, iv, 170. An architect observing the rule and line, to leaders preserving the line of battle, xv, 474. An artist managing four horses, and leaping from one to another, compared to Ajax striding from ship to ship, xv, 822. A builder cementing a wall, to a leader embodying his men, xvi, 256. Curriers straining a hide, to soldiers tugging for a dead body, xvii, 450. Bringing a current to water a garden, to the pursuit of Scamander after Achilles, xxi, 289. The placing of rafters in a building, to the posture of two wrestlers, xxiii, 826. The motions of a spinster, the spindle and thread, to the swiftness of a racer, xxiii, 890. The sinking of a plummet, to the passage of Iris, through the sea, xxiv, 107.

From TREES.

The fall of a poplar, to that of Simoësius, iv, 552. Of a beautiful olive, to that of Euphorbus, xvii, 57. Two tall oaks on the mountains, to two heroes, xii, 145. The fall of an ash, to that of Imbrius, xiii, 241. Of a pine or oak stretched on the ground, to Asius dead, xiii, 493. An oak

SIMILES.

overturned by a thunderbolt, to Hector felled by a stone, xiv, 481. An oak, pine or poplar, falling, to Sarpedon, xvi, 591. The short duration and quick succession of leaves on trees, to the generation of men, vi, 181. xxi, 539.

From the SEA.

Rolling billows, to an army in motion, ii, 175. The murmurs of waves, to the noise of a multitude, ii, 249. Succession of waves, to the moving of troops, iv, 478. A fresh gale to weary mariners, like the coming of Hector to his troops, vii, 5. The seas settling themselves, to thick troops composed in order and silence, vii, 71. The sea agitated by different winds, to the army in doubt and confusion, ix, 5. The waves rolling neither way, till one wind sways them, to Nestor's doubt and sudden resolution, xiv, 21. A rock breaking the billows, to the body of the Greeks, resisting the Trojans, xv, 746. The sea roaring at its reception of a river into it, to the meeting of armies at a charge, xvii, 310. A beacon to mariners at sea, to the light of Achilles's shield, xix, 404. A dolphin pursuing the lesser fish, to Achilles in Scamander, xxi, 30.

From the SUN, MOON, STARS.

The moon and stars in glory, to the brightness and

SIMILES.

number of the Trojan fires, viii, 687. A star sometimes shewing and sometimes hiding itself in clouds, to Hector seen by fits through the battalions, xi, 83. The sun in glory, to Achilles, xix, 436. The evening star, to the point of his spear, xxii, 399. The dog-star rising, to Diomed's dreadful appearance, v, 8. to Achilles, xxii, 37. The red rays of the dog-star, to Achilles's helmet, xix, 412. The morning-star, its beauty, to young Astyanax, vi, 499.

From TORRENTS, STORMS, WINDS.

Torrents rushing to the vallies, to armies meeting in an engagement, iv, 516. Torrents drowning the field, to the rage of a hero, v, 116. A torrent stopping a shepherd, to Hector stopping Diomed, v, 734. The violence of a torrent, to Ajax, xi, 615. A storm overwhelming a ship at sea, to the Trojans mounting a breach, xv, 440. An autumnal storm and a deluge, to the ruin of a routed army, xvi, 465. A storm roaring in a wood, to armies shouting, xvi, 923. The wind tossing the clouds, to Hector driving the Greeks, xi, 396. Different winds driving the dust, to different passions urging the combatants, xiii, 424. A whirlwind on the waters, to the hurry of an army in motion, xiii, 999. Winds roaring through woods, or on the seas, to the noise of an army

SIMILES.

xiv, 457. A tempest and shipwreck, compared to the rage of Hector and terrours of the Greeks, xv, 752. The north wind drying a garden, to Vulcan drying the field after an inundation, xxi, 402.

From heavenly appearances, THUNDER and LIGHTNING, COMETS, CLOUDS, &c.

A mountain shaken by thunder, to the trampling of an army, ii, 950. The blaze of a comet, to the descent of Pallas, iv, 101. The darkness of troops, to the gathering of clouds, iv, 314. The regular appearance of clouds on the mountain tops, to a line of battle, v, 641. Pestilential vapours ascending, to Mars flying to heaven, v, 1058. The quick flashes of lightning, to the thick sighs of Agamemnon, x, 5. Thick flakes of snow, to showers of arrows, xii, 175. Snow covering the earth, to heaps of stones hiding the fields, xii, 331. The blaze of lightning, to the arms of Idomeneus, xiii, 318. Clouds dispersed and the prospect appearing, to the smokes being cleared from the ships, and the navy appearing, xvi, 354. A cloud shading the field as it rises, to the rout of the Trojans flying over the plain, xvi, 434. The figure of a rainbow, to the appearance of Pallas, xvii, 616. The lustre of snow, to that of armour, xix, 380.

SIMILES.

From RURAL AFFAIRS.

Waving of corn in the field, to the motion of plumes and spears, ii, [179](#). A shepherd gathering his flocks, to a general ranging his army, ii, 562. A thick mist on the mountains, to the dust raised by an army, iii, [15](#). The bleating of flocks, to the noise of men, iv, 492. Chaff flying from the barn-floor, to the dust, v, 611. Corn falling in ranks, to men slain in battle, xi, [89](#). The joy of a shepherd seeing his flock, to the joy of a general surveying his army, xiii, 621. The corn bounding from the threshing floor, to an arrow bounding from armour, xiii, 739. Two bulls ploughing, to two heroes labouring in a battle side by side, xiii, 879. Felling of timber, to the fall of heroes in battle, xvi, 767. Oxen trampling out the corn, to horses trampling on the slain, xx, 577. The morning dew reviving the corn, to the exultation of joy in a man's mind, xxiii, 679.

From LOW LIFE.

A mother defending her child from a wasp, to Minerva's sheltering Menelaus from an arrow, [iv, 162](#). An heifer standing over her young one, to Menelaus guarding the body of Patroclus, xvii, [5](#). Two countrymen disputing about the limits of their land, to two armies disputing a post, xii, 511. A poor woman weighing wool, the scales hanging

SIMILES.

uncertain, to the doubtful fates of two armies, xii, 521. Boys building and destroying houses of sand, to Apollo's overturning the Grecian wall, xv, 416. A child weeping to his mother, to Patroclus's supplications to Achilles, xvi, 11.

SIMILES exalting the characters of men by comparing them to GODS.

Agamemnon compared to Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, ii, 568. Ajax to Mars, vii, 252. Meriones to Mars rushing to the battle, xiii, 384. Hector, to Mars destroying armies, xv, 726.

SIMILES disadvantageous to the CHARACTERS.

Paris running from Menelaus, to a traveller frightened by a snake, iii, 47. A gaudy, foppish soldier, to a woman dressed out, ii, 1063. Teucer skulking behind Ajax's shield, to a child, viii, 325. Thestor pulled from his chariot, to a fish drawn by an angler, xvi, 404. Ajax to an ass, patient and stubborn, xi, 683. Patroclus weeping, to an infant, xvi, 11. Cebriones tumbling, to a diver, xxi, 904.

MISCELLANEOUS SIMILES.

Soft piercing words, to snow, iii, 284. The closing of a wound, to milk turning to curd, v, 1112.

SIMILES.

The fall of a hero, to a tower, iv, 528. Indefatigable courage, to an axe, iii, 89. Agamemnon weeping, to a fountain, ix, 19. Juno flying, to the mind passing over distant places, xv, 86. Dancers, to a wheel turning round, xviii, 695. A warrior breaking the squadrons, to a mound dividing the course of a river, xvii, 839. Men seeming to run in a dream, to the course of Hector and Achilles, xxii, 257. A father mourning at the funeral of his son, to Achilles for Patroclus, xxiii, 274. A fragment of a rock falling, to the furious descent of Hector, xiii, 191. A poppy bending the head, to Gorgythion dying, viii, 371. The swift motion of the Gods, to the eye passing over a prospect, v, 960. The smoothness of their motion, to the flight of doves, v, 971.

VERSIFICATION.

Expressing in the sound the things described.

Made *abrupt* (and without conjunctions) in expressing haste, vii, 282. xv, 402.

Short, in earnest and vehement entreaties, xxi, 418. xxiii, 507.

Full of breaks, where disappointment is imaged, xviii, 101, 144. xxii, 378.

Full of breaks, where rage and fury is expressed, xviii, [137](#).

..... where grief is scarce able to go on, xviii, [101](#). xxii, 616, 650.

Broken and disordered in describing a stormy sea, xiii, 1005.

Straining, imaged in the sound, xv, 544.

Trembling, imaged in the sound, x, 444.

Panting, xiii, 721.

Relaxation of all the limbs in death, vii, [18](#), [22](#).

A confused noise, xii, [410](#).

A hard-fought spot of ground, xii, 513, &c.

Tumbling of a wall, vii, 554.

Bounding of a stone from a rock, xiii, [198](#).

A sudden stop, xiii, [199](#).

Stiffness and slowness of old age, xiii, 649, 653. xxiii, 424.

A sudden fall, xxiii, [147](#).

The rustling and crashing of trees falling, xxiii, [149](#).

The rattling and jumping of carts over rough and rocky ways, xxiii, [142](#), [143](#).

A sudden shock of chariots stopped, xvi, 445.

Leaping over a ditch, xvi, 460.

The quivering of feathers in the sun, xix, [415](#).

Supplanted by a stream, xxi, [266](#), [267](#).

The flashing of waters, xxi, [272](#).

Bounding and heaving on the waters, xxi, [349](#).

Out of breath, xxi, [419](#), &c.

Voice of different animals expiring, xxiii, [41](#), [42](#), &c.

INDEX

OF

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The first number marks the book, the second the verse.

ART MILITARY.

- PRAISE** of art military, iv, 630.
- Ambush esteemed a venturous manner of fighting,
 L i, ver. [299](#). *L xiii*, ver. [355](#).
- Ambuscade described, xviii, 605.
- Attack, xii, [95](#), &c. *ibid.* [171](#), *ibid.* [305](#), &c.
- Arming, the policy of giving the best arms to the
 strongest, xiv, [431](#).
- Besieging, xi, [61](#). xii, [170](#), [303](#), 534. viii, [262](#).
 xxii, [5](#).
- Single combat, iii, [123](#), &c. vii, [80](#), &c.
- Courts of Justice in the camp, xi, 938.
- Councils of war, vii, 415. viii, 610. ix, 121, &c.
 x, 146—232—357. xviii, [289](#).
- Military exercise, vii, [289](#), &c.
- Encamping, the manner of encampment of the Tro-
 jans, x, 496. Of the Thracians in three lines,
 their weapons on the ground before them, the
 chariots as a fence, outward, x, 544.

- Fortification, walls with battlements, in the line, towers upon those walls, gates at proper distances, and trenches inclosed with palisadoes, vii, [401](#), 527. The strong gates to a fortification, how composed, xii, 545.
- Marshalling armies, ii, 665, &c. Cantoning the troops of each nation under their own leaders, ii, [432](#). Embodying in an orb, iv, [312](#). Disposing in order of battle, iv, [342](#), &c. Lines of battle in exact order, v, 637, &c. Where to place the worst soldiers, iv, [344](#).
- Another order of battle, xi, [62](#). In an Orb, xvii, [411](#). Close fight, xv, 860. In the Phalanx, xiii, [177](#), &c. xv, 744. In the Testudo, xxii, [6](#).
- Armies drawn up in two wings, with a centre, xiii, [396](#).
- The strength of the army placed in the centre, xiii, [401](#).
- Marching an army in silence and discipline, iii, [11](#), iv. 487.
- Method of passing a trench and palisadoes, xii, [65](#), &c.
- Plunder and Pillage forbidden till the conquest is compleat, vi, [85](#).
- Retreat. The manner of retreat prescribed, v, 746. That of Ajax, xi, 675. xvii, 837.
- Soldiers taught to row in the gallies, serving both as soldiers and sailors, ii, 876.
- Scouts, x, 43—245. and at large in the story of Diomed, Ulysses, and Dolon, in that book.

Spies, xviii, 605.

Watch towers, to observe the motions of the foe, vi, 480. xxii, [192](#).

Watch, at set stations, vii, 455. Nightly watch by fires, viii, 632. at the fortifications in regular bodies under distinct captains, ix, [117](#), &c. Management of the army by night, under fears of surprize, x, 63—226. The manner of the warriors sleeping, x, [170](#). The posture of the guards, x, [210](#). Better to trust the guard to native troops, than to foreigners, x, 490, &c.

AGRICULTURE AND RURAL ARTS.

Tillage. The manner of ploughing, x, [420](#). xviii, 627. Ploughing with oxen, xiii, 880. with mules, x, [420](#). Usual to plough the field three times over, xviii, 628. Reaping, xi, [89](#). xviii, 627. Treading out the corn by oxen instead of threshing, xx, 580. Fanning the chaff, v, 611. xiii, 740.

Pasturage, xviii, 667. Meadow grounds with running water, *ibid.* Vintage, xviii, 651. Bringing currents to water gardens, xxi, [290](#).

Fishing, by angling, xxiv, [107](#). by diving, xvi, 904.

Hunting, the boar, xvii, 814. xi, 526. Lion, xi, [378](#). xvii, 743. The deer, xi, 595. xv, 697. The panther, xxi, 677. The hare, x, 427.

Shooting, flying, xxiii, 1030.

ARCHITECTURE.

- Architecture, the gift of Minerva, v, [80](#).
 Architecture of a palace upon arches, with apartments round a court built entirely of marble, vi, [304](#).
 Paris skilful in architecture, brings together architects to erect his palace, vi, [392](#).
 Rafters, how placed, xxiii, 826.
 Building walls, xvi, [256](#).
 The rule of line, xv, 477.
 Architecture of a tent, with a suit of apartments within one another, xxiv, 555, [&c.](#)

ASTRONOMY.

- In general, xviii, 560.
 Orion and the Bear, xviii, 563.
 The rising of the dog-star, v, [8](#).
 A comet described, iv, [101](#).
 The rainbow, xi, [36](#).
 Power of the stars in nativities, xxii, 610.

DIVINATION.

- Divination by augury, ii, [376](#), [&c.](#) viii, [297](#). x, [321](#). xii, [231](#). xiii, 1039. xxiv, [361](#), [&c.](#)
 Hector's opinion of augury, xii, [277](#).
 By omens, thunder and lightnings, vii, 573. ix, [310](#). xi, [58](#). xiii, [318](#).
 The rainbow, xi, [37](#). xvii, 616.
 Comets, iv, [101](#).

Showers of blood, xi, [70](#). xvi, 560.

By Lots, vii, [219](#).

By Dreams, i, [85](#). v, [191](#).

By Oracles, xvi, [54](#). xvi, [290](#). that of Dodona, and the manner of it, &c.

GYMNASTICKS.

Dancing, xvi, [217](#). The different kinds for men and women, xvii, 684. The circular, xviii, 693. Mixed, xviii, 690.

..... practised by warriors, xvi, 746.

..... with swords, xviii, 688.

Diving, xvi, 904.

Tumblers, xviii, 698.

Horsemanship.] Manage of the horse, v, [279](#).

Precepts of horsemanship, and the art of racing, xxiii, [391](#), &c. Four horses rid by one man at once, xv, 822. Three thousand breeding mares at once in the stables of Erichthonius, xx, [262](#).

The Cestus, xxiii, 753, &c.

The Quoit, or Discus, xxiii, 973, &c.

Wrestling, xxiii, 820, &c.

Racing, xxiii, 860, &c.

GEOGRAPHY.

A TABLE of those Places, whose situation, products, people, or history, &c. are particularized by HOMER,

Ætolia, and its royal family, ii, 779.

Arcadia, and the genus of the inhabitants, ii, 740.

Aulis, its rocky situation, ii, 590.

Imbrus and Tenedos, islands near Troy, xiii, 50.

Istiaëa, famous for vineyards, ii, 645.

Ithaca, and the neighbouring islands in prospect, ii, 769, &c.

Larissa, its fertility, ii, 1019.

Lectos, situate on the top of mount Ida, xiv, 320.

Lemnos, traded in wines, vii, 561.

Mæander, the river, ii, 1056.

Mæonia, under the mountains of Tinolus, ii, 1052.

Messe, a town of Sparta, abounding in doves, ii, 705.

Mycalessus, its plain, ii, 593.

Anthedon, the last town in Bœotia, ii, 607.

Arene, its plain, watered by the river Minyas, xi, 859.

Arisba, on the river Selleis, ii, 1014.

Arne, celebrated for vines, ii, 606.

Æsepus, a Trojan river of black water, ii, 1000.

Argos, its sea-coast described, with the products of that part of the country, ix, 195, &c.

Athens, and some customs of the Athenians, with mention of the temple of Minerva, ii, 657, 663.

Alybe, famous anciently for silver mines, ii, 1045.

Axius, the river, described, ii, 1030.

Boagrius, the river, and places adjacent, ii, 638.

Bœbe, the lake and parts adjacent, ii, 865.

Calydon, its rocky situation, ii, 776. ix, 653.

Cephissus, the river and places upon its banks, ii, 622.

- Cerinthus, situate on the sea-shore, ii, 648.
Cyllene, the Arcadian mountain, with the tomb of Æpytus, ii, 731.
Crete, its hundred cities, ii, 790.
Carians, a barbarous mix'd people, ii, 1058.
Dodona, its site, temple, grove, &c. xvi, [287](#). ii, 909.
Dorion, the place of Thamyris's death, the celebrated musician, ii, 721.
Elis, its exact boundaries, ii, 747, and the islands opposite to that continent, 760—[774](#).
Ephyre, the ancient name of Corinth, vi, [193](#).
Epidaurus, planted with vineyards, ii, 679.
Eteon, its hills, ii, 591.
Haliartus, pasture grounds, ii, 598.
Hellespont, ii, 1024.
Helos, a maritime town, ii, 708.
Henetia, famous for its breed of mules, ii, 1035.
Hermion and Asine, seated on the bay, ii, 680.
Hippemolgians, their long life and nutriment, xiii, [9](#).
Hippoplacian woods, vi, 539. xxii, 611.
Hyla, its watry situation and the genius of the inhabitants, v, 872.
Hyperia, its fountains, ii, 895.
Mount Ida, its fountains and forests, xiv, [320](#).
Catalogue of the rivers that run from mount Ida, xii, [16](#).
Jardanus and Celadon, two rivers, vii, [163](#).
Mycenæ, and its maritime towns, ii, 686.
Onchestus, the grove of Neptune, ii, 600.

- Orchonemos, one of the principal cities for wealth in Homer's time, ix, 499.
- Parthenius, the river and places adjacent, ii, 1040.
- Pedasus, seated on the river Satnio, vi, 41.
- Peneus, the river running through Tempe, and mount Pelion, described, ii, 918.
- Phthia, its situation, i, 201. Famous for horses, 202.
- Phylace and Pyrrhasus, a beautiful country with groves and flowery meadows, described, ii, 847.
- Rhodes, its wealth, its plantation by Tlepolemus, and division into three dynasties, ii, 808, &c.
- Samothracia, the view from its mountains, xiii, 19.
- Scamander, its two springs, xxii. Its confluence with Simois, v, 965.
- Scyros, the island, xix, 353.
- Sidon, famous for works of sculpture, xxiii, 867, and embroidery, vi, 560.
- Sipylus, its mountains, rocks, and desarts, xxiv, 777.
- Sperchius, a river of Thessaly, xxiii, 175.
- Styx, the river described, ii, 915.
- Thebæ, in Ægypt, anciently the richest city in the world, with a hundred gates, described, ix, 500.
- Thessaly, its ancient division, and inhabitants, ii, 835.
- Thisbe, famous for doves, ii, 601.
- Thrace, its hills and promontories, xiv, 260, &c.
- Titaresius, the river, ii, 910.
- Troy, its situation and remarkable places about it, ii, 982. xi, 217.
- Typhœus, the burning mountain, ii, 953.

Xanthus, the river of Troy described, its banks, and plants produced there, xxi, [407](#), &c.

Xanthus, the river of Lycia, ii, ver. *ult.*

Zelia, situate at the foot of mount Ida, ii, 998.

HISTORY.

History preserved by Homer.] Of the heroes before the siege of Troy, Centaurs, &c. [i](#), 347—358. Of Tlepolemus planting a Colony in Rhodes, ii, 808. Of the expulsion of the Centaurs from Greece, ii, 902. Of the wars of the Phrygians and Amazons, iii, [245](#). Of the war of Thebes, and embassy of Tydeus, iv, [430](#). Of Bellerophon, vi, [194](#). Of Eruthalion and Lycurgus, vii, [167](#). Of the Curetes and Ætolians, ix, 653. Of the wars of the Pylians and Ætolians, xi, 818. Of the race of Troy, xx, [255](#), &c. *To this head may be referred the numerous Genealogies in our Author.*

MUSICK.

Musick practised by princes, the use of the harp in Achilles, ix, [247](#). In Paris, iii, [80](#).

The use of the pipe, x, [15](#), xviii, 609.

Vocal musick accompanying the instruments, [i](#), [775](#).

Choruses at intervals, xxiv, 902.

Musick used in the army, x, [15](#).

..... at funerals, xxiv, 900.

..... in the vintage, xviii, 661.

Trumpets in war, xviii, [259](#).

MECHANICKS.

Archery, making a bow; and all its parts described, iv, [136](#), &c.

Chariot-making, a chariot described in all its parts, v, 889, &c. xxiv, [334](#).

Poplar proper for wheels, iv, 552.

Sycamore fit for wheels, xxi, [44](#).

Clock-work, xviii, 441.

Enamelling, xviii, 635.

Ship-building, v, [80](#). xv, 474.

Pine, a proper wood for the mast of a ship, xvi, 592.

Smithery, iron-work, &c. The forge described, xviii, [435](#), 540. Bellows, [435](#), 482, 540. Hammer, tongs, anvil, 547.

Mixing of metals, *ibid.*

Spinning, xxiii, 890.

Weaving, iii, [169](#). vi, 580.

Embroidery, vi, [361](#).

Armory and instruments of war.] A compleat suit, that of Paris, iii, [410](#), &c. Of Agamemnon, xi, [22](#), &c.

Scale-armour, xv, 629.

Helmets, with four plumes, v, 919.

..... without any crests, x, [303](#).

..... lined with wool, and ornamented with boars' teeth, of a particular make, x, [311](#).

..... lined with fur, x, [397](#).

Bows, how made, iv, [137](#).

Battle-Ax described, xiii, 766.

Belts, crossing each other, to hang the sword and the shield, xiv, 468.

Corselets, ornamented with sculpture, xi, 33.

..... how lined, iv, 165.

Mace, or club, vii, 170. xv, 816.

Shields, so large as to cover from the neck to the ankles, vi, 145. How made and covered, vii, 267. Described in every particular, xi, 43, &c.

Slings, xiii, 899.

Spears, with brass points, viii, 617.

Ash fit to make them, xvi, 143, xix, 422.

How the wood was joined to the point, viii, 618.

Swords, how ornamented with ivory, gems, xix, 400.

ORATORY.

See the article Speeches in the POETICAL INDEX.

POLICY.

Kings.] Derive their honour from God, ii, 233. i, 315. Their names to be honoured, ii, 313. One sole monarch, ii, 243. Hereditary right of kings represented by the sceptre of Agamemnon given by Jove, ii, 129. Kings not to be disobeyed on the one hand, nor to stretch too far their prerogative on the other, i, 360, &c. Kings not absolute in council, ix, 133. Kings made so, only for their excelling others in virtue and valour, xii, 377. Vigilance continually necessary in princes, ii, 27. x, 102. Against monarchs delighting in war, ix,

[87](#), &c. [xxiv](#), [55](#). The true valour, that which preserves not destroys mankind, [vi](#), [196](#). Kings may do wrong, and are obliged to reparation, [ix](#), [144](#). Character of a great prince in war and peace, [iii](#), [236](#).

Counsels.] The danger of a subject's too bold advice, [i](#), [103](#). The advantage of wise counsels seconded by a wise prince, [ix](#), [101](#). The use of advice, [ix](#), [137](#). The singular blessing to a nation and prince, in a good and wise counsellor, [xiii](#), [918](#). The deliberations of a council to be free, the prince only to give a sanction to the best, [ix](#), [133](#).

Laws.] Derived from God, and legislators his delegates, [i](#), [315](#). Committed to the care of kings, as guardians of the laws of God, [ix](#), [129](#).

Tribute paid to princes from towns, [ix](#), [206](#).

Taxes upon subjects to assist foreign allies, [xvii](#), [266](#).

Ambassadors, a sacred character, [i](#), [435](#). [ix](#), [261](#).

Volunteers, listed into service, [xi](#), [904](#).

See the article Art Military.

PHYSICK.

The praise of a physician, [xi](#), [637](#).

Chiron learned it from Æsculapius, [iv](#), [251](#).

Machaon and Podalirius professors of it, [ii](#), [890](#).

Botany.] Professed by skilful women; Agamede famous for it, [xi](#), [877](#).

Anatomy.] Of the *head*, xvi, [415](#), &c.

The *eye*, xiv, 577.

Under the *ear*, a wound there mortal, xiii, 841.

The juncture of the *head* and *nerves*, xiv, 544.

The juncture of the *neck* and *chest*, the *collar-bone*, and its insertion, the disjoining of which renders the arm useless, viii, [393](#), &c.

The *spinal marrow* express'd by the vein that runs along the chine; a wound there mortal, xiii, 692. xx, 559.

The *elbow*, its tendons and ligaments, xx, 554.

Blood, a great effusion of it, by cutting off the arm, the cause of immediate death, v, [105](#).

The *heart* and its fibres, xvi, 590.

The force of the muscle of the heart, xiii, 554.

A wound in the bladder by piercing the Ischiatick joint, mortal, xiii, 813.

The insertion of the thigh-bone and its ligaments, described, v, [375](#).

The wounds of the Abdomen mortal, and excessively painful, xiii, 718.

The tendons of the ankle, iv, 597.

Chirurgery.] Extraction of darts, iv, [228](#).

Sucking the blood from the wound, iv, [250](#).

Infusion of balms into wounds, iv, [250](#). v, 1110.

Washing the wound with warm water, and the use of lenitives, xi, 965.

Stanching the blood by the bitter root, xi, 983.

Ligatures of wool, xiii, 752.

Use of baths for wounded men, xiv, 10.

Sprinkling water to recover from fainting, xiv, 509.

Pharmacy and Diureticks.] The use of wine forbidden, vi, 330.

Cordial potion of Nestor, xi, 782, &c.

Infection, seizing first on animals, then men, i, 69.

Nine days the crisis of diseases, i, 71. Fevers and plagues from the dog-star, v, 1058. xix, 412. xxii, 41.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, &c.

See the whole shield of Achilles, and the notes on lib. xviii.

The CHARACTERS. Homer distinguishes the character in the figures of Gods superiour to those of men, xviii, 602.

Characters of majesty.] The majesty of Jupiter, from whence Phidias copied his statue, i, 683. Of Mars and Neptune, ii, 569.

The majesty of a prince, in the figure of Agamemnon, ii, 564, &c. Of a wise man in Ulysses's aspect, iii, 280. Of an old man, in Nestor and Priam, i, 330. xxiv, 600. Of a young hero, in Achilles, xix, 390, &c. All variously characterised by Homer.

Characters of beauty.] Alluring beauty in the Goddess Venus, xiv, 250. Majestick beauty in Juno, xiv, 216. Beauty of a woman in Helen, iii, 205.

Beauty of a young man in Paris, iii, [26](#). Euphorbus, xvii, [53](#), &c. Beauty of a fine infant in Astyanax, vi, 497.

Beauties of the parts of the body.] Largeness and majesty of the eyes in Juno's. Blackness, in those of Chryseïs. Blue, in Minerva's, &c. Eye-brows, black, graceful, [i](#), [683](#). The beauty of the cheeks, and the fairness of hair, in the epithets of Helen. Whiteness of the arms in those of Juno. Fingers rather red than pale, in the epithet of rosy-fingered, to Aurora. Whiteness of the feet in that of silver-footed, to Thetis, &c. Colour of the skin to be painted differently according to the condition of the personages, applied to the whiteness of the thigh of Menelaus, iv, [176](#).

Character of Deformity.] The opposites to beauty in the several parts, considered in the figure of Thersites, ii, [263](#), &c.

For pictures of particular things, see the article Images in the POETICAL INDEX.

History, landscape-painting, animals, &c. in the buckler of Achilles, xviii. at large.

The design of a goblet in sculpture, xi, [775](#).

Sculpture of a corselet, xi, [33](#), &c. Of a bowl, xxiii.

Horses carved on monuments, xvii, 495.

Enamelling and Inlaying, in the buckler of Achilles, xviii, 635, 655. and breast-plate of Agamemnon, xi, 33.

Tapestry, or weaving histories, flowers, &c. iii, 171. vi, 580. xxii, 567.

Embroidery of garments, vi, 360.

POETRY.

SEE THE INTIRE INDEX.

THEOLOGY.

A VIEW OF HOMER'S THEOLOGY.

JUPITER, OR THE SUPREME BEING,

Superiour to all powers of heaven, vii, 241. viii, 10, &c. Enjoying himself in the contemplation of his glory and power, xi, 107. Self-sufficient, and above all second causes, or inferiour deities, i, 647. The other deities resort to him as their sovereign appeal, v, 1065. xxi, 590. His will is fate, viii, 10. His sole will the cause of all human events, i, 8. His will takes certain and instant effect, i, 685. His will immutable and always just, i, 730. All-seeing, viii, 65. ii, 4. Supreme above all, and sole-sufficient, xi, 107. The sole governour and fate of all things, ii, 147. xvi, 845. Disposer of all the glories and success of men, xvii, 198. Foreseeing all things, xvii, 228. The

giver of victory, vii, 118. Disposer of all human affairs, ix, 32. His least regard, or thought, restores mankind, xv, 274. or turns the fate of armies, xvii, 675. Dispenser of all the good and evil, that befalls mankind, xxiv, 663. His favour superiour to all human means, ix, 152. His counsels unsearchable, i, 705. Themis or Justice is his messenger, xx, 5. God prospers those who worship him, i, 290. Constantly punishes the wicked, though late, iv, 194. The avenger of injustice, iv, 202. Nothing so terrible as his wrath, v, 227. His divine justice sometimes punishes whole nations by general calamities, xvi, 468. Children punished for the sins of their parents, xi, 166. xvi, 393.

The inferiour DEITIES.

Have different offices under God: some preside over elements, xviii, 46. xxiii, 240.

Some over cities and countries, iv, 75.

Some over woods, springs, &c. xx, 12.

They have a subordinate power over one another.

Inferiour Deities or Angels subject to pain, imprisonment, v, 475, 1090. Threatened by Jupiter to be cast into Tartarus, viii, 15. Are supposed to converse in a language different from that of mortals, ii, 984. Subsist not by material food, v, 425. Compassionate mankind, viii, 42. xxiv, 412.

Able to assist mortals at any distance, xvi, 633.
Regard and take care of those who serve them,
even to their remains after death, xxiv, 520. No
resisting heavenly powers, v, 495. The meanness
and vileness of all earthly creatures in comparison
of the divine natures, v, 535.

Prayer recommended on all enterprizes, *throughout
the poem.*

Prayers intercede at the throne of heaven, ix, 624.

Opinions of the ancients concerning *hell*, the place
of punishment for the wicked after death, viii, 15.
xix, 271.

Opinions of the ancients concerning the state of
separate spirits, xxiii, 89, &c. 1205, &c.

FINIS.





